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# GOSPEL HYMNS

COMBINED

EMBRACING VOLUMES

**No. 1, 2 and 3,**

AS USED IN

**GOSPEL MEETINGS**

—AND—

Other Religious Services.

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PUBLISHED BY

**BIGLOW & MAIN,**

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## PREFACE.

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THIS collection embraces in one volume all the hymns and tunes, as used by D. L. MOODY, and others, found in "Gospel Hymns and Sacred Songs," (vol. 1,) "Gospel Hymns No. 2," compiled by P. P. BLISS and IRA D. SANKEY, and "Gospel Hymns No. 3," by IRA D. SANKEY, JAMES McGRANAHAN and GEORGE C. STEBBINS.

The hymns from No. 2 and No. 3 have been *renumbered* in consecutive order; all duplicates omitted, and for convenience of reference the *original* numbers are printed at the top of each hymn in brackets. The first figure in the bracket indicating the number of the book, and the last the original number of the hymn. No new or additional pieces have been inserted.

We trust that "**Gospel Hymns Combined**" may prove acceptable and helpful to all who may desire the three books in one.

THE PUBLISHERS.

# GOSPEL HYMNS

## COMBINED.

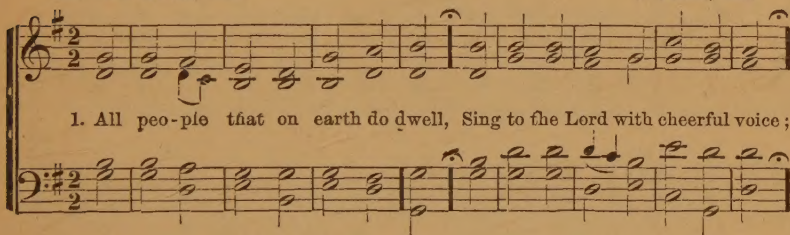


### No. 1. Old Hundred. L. M.

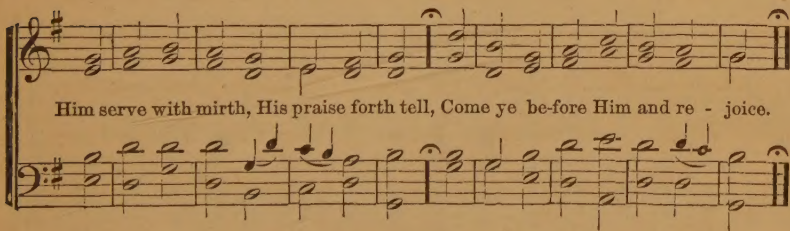
"Come before His presence with singing."—PSA. 100: 2.

Rev. WM. KETHE, 1561.

G. FRANC, 1545.



1. All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;



Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore Him and re - joice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed ;  
Without our aid He did us make :  
We are His flock, He doth us feed,  
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto :  
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,  
For it is seemly so to do.

4 For why ? the Lord our God is good,  
His mercy is for ever sure ;  
His truth at all times firmly stood,  
And shall from age to age endure.

#### DOXOLOGY. L. M.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;  
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Bp. THOS. KEN. 1697.



"For God so loved the world, that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—JOHN 3 : 16.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. 'Tis the prom - ise of God, full sal - va - tion to give  
2. Tho' the path - way be lone - ly, and dan - ger - ous too,

Un - to him who on Je - sus, his Son, will be - lieve.  
Sure - ly Je - sus is a - ble to car - ry me through.

Hal - le - lu - jah, 'tis done! I be - lieve on the Son; I am

1st. saved by the blood of the cru - ci - fied One; 2nd. cru - ci - fied One.

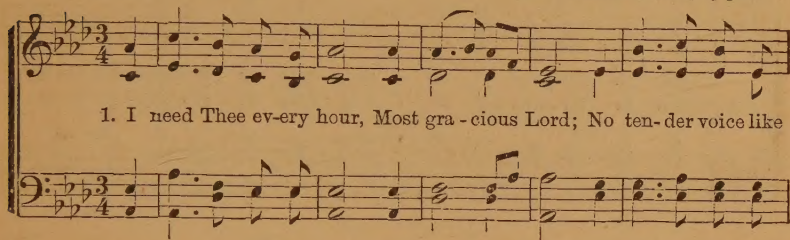
- 3 Many loved ones have I in yon heavenly throng,  
They are safe now in glory, and this is their song :  
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 4 Little children I see standing close by their King,  
And He smiles as their song of salvation they sing  
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 5 There are prophets and kings in that throng I behold,  
And they sing as they march through the streets of pure gold :  
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.
- 6 There's a part in that chorus for you and for me,  
And the theme of our praises forever will be :  
Hallelujah, 'tis done! etc.



"Without Me ye can do nothing." JOHN 15: 5.

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWES.

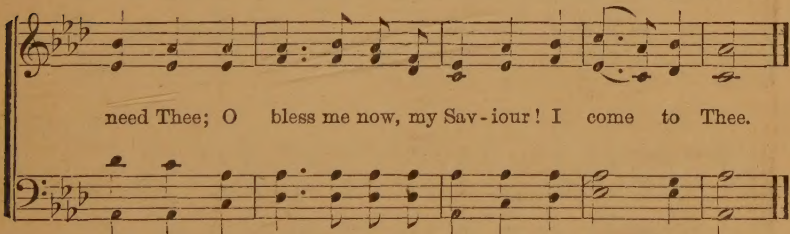
REV. ROBERT LOWRY, ly per.



1. I need Thee ev-ery hour, Most gra-cious Lord; No ten-der voicelike



Thine Can peace af - ford. I need Thee, oh! I need Thee; Ev-ery hour I



need Thee; O bless me now, my Sav-iour! I come to Thee.

2 I need Thee every hour;  
Stay Thou near by;  
Temptations lose their power  
When Thou art nigh. *Ref*

3 I need Thee every hour,  
In joy or pain;  
Come quickly and abide,  
Or life is vain. *Ref.*

4 I need Thee every hour;  
Teach me Thy will;  
And Thy rich promises  
In me fulfil. *Ref.*

5 I need Thee every hour,  
Most Holy One;  
Oh, make me Thine indeed,  
Thou blessed Son. *Ref.*

## No. 4.

## Safe in the Arms of Jesus.

"Underneath are the everlasting arms."—DEUT. 33: 27.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,  
 CHO.—Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on His gen - tle breast,

*rit.* There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.  
 There by His love o'er-shad - ed, Sweet-ly my soul shall rest.

Hark! 'tis the voice of an - gels, Borne in a song to me,

O - ver the fields of glo - ry, O - ver the jas - per sea.....

2 Safe in the arms of Jesus,  
 Safe from corroding care,  
 Safe from the world's temptations,  
 Sin cannot harm me there.  
 Free from the blight of sorrow,  
 Free from my doubts and fears;  
 Only a few more trials,  
 Only a few more tears!—*Cho.*

3 Jesus, my heart's dear refuge,  
 Jesus has died for me;  
 Firm on the Rock of Ages  
 Ever my trust shall be.  
 Here let me wait with patience,  
 Wait till the night is o'er;  
 Wait till I see the morning  
 Break on the golden shore.—*Cho.*

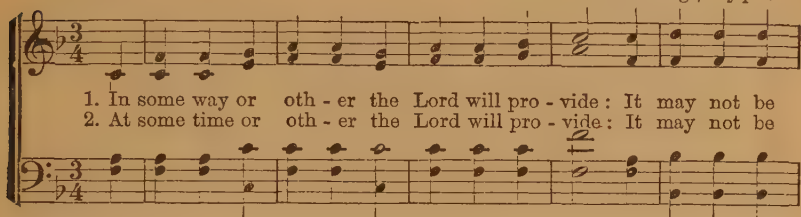
## No. 5.

## The Lord will Provide.

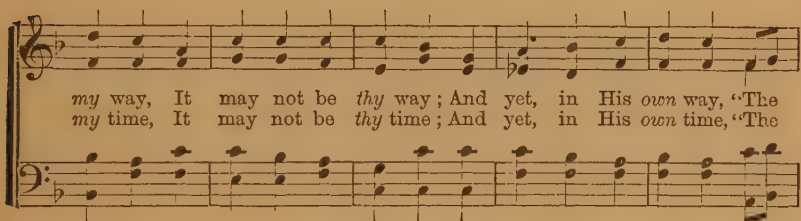
'Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you.'—1 PETER, 5: 7.

Mrs. M. A. W. COOK.

From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

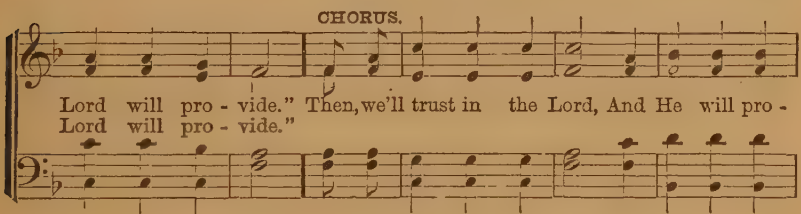


1. In some way or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide: It may not be  
2. At some time or oth - er the Lord will pro - vide: It may not be

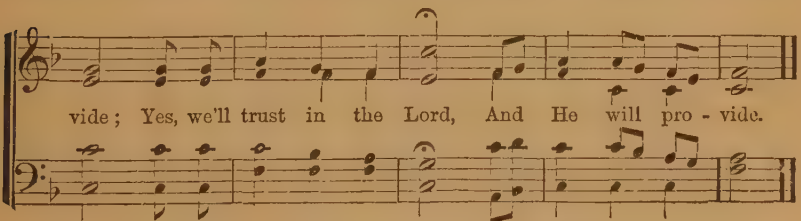


my way, It may not be thy way; And yet, in His own way, 'The  
my time, It may not be thy time; And yet, in His own time, 'The

CHORUS.



Lord will pro - vide." Then, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro -  
Lord will pro - vide."



vide; Yes, we'll trust in the Lord, And He will pro - vide.

3 Despond then no longer: the Lord will provide;

And this be the token—  
No word He hath spoken  
Was ever yet broken:  
"The Lord will provide."

4 March on then right boldly; the sea shall divide;

The pathway made glorious,  
With shoutings victorious,  
We'll join in the chorus,  
"The Lord will provide."

"Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep that was lost."—LUKE 15: 6.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, 1868.

IRA. D. SANKET, by per.

TO BE SUNG ONLY AS A SOLO.

1. There were ninety and nine that safe - ly lay In the shel - ter of the  
2. "Lord, Thou hast here Thy ninety and nine; Are they not e - nough for

fold, But one was out on the hills away, Far off from the gates of  
Thee?" But the Shepherd made answer: "'Tis of mine Has wandered away from

*Rit.*  
gold— A - way on the mountains wild and bare, Away from the tender  
me And although the road be rough and steep I go to the desert to

Shepherd's care, A - way from the ten - der Shepherd's care.  
find my sheep, I go to the desert to find my sheep."

3.

But none of the ransomed ever knew  
How deep were the waters crossed;  
Nor how dark was the night that the Lord  
passed through  
Ere He found His sheep that was lost.  
Out in the desert He heard its cry—  
Sick and helpless, and ready to die.

4.

"Lord, whence are those blood-drops all  
the way  
That mark out the mountain's track?"  
"They were shed for one who had gone  
astray

Ere the Shepherd could bring him back."  
"Lord, whence are Thy hands so rent and  
torn?"  
"They are pierced to-night by many a  
thorn."

5.

But all thro' the mountains, thunder-riven,  
And up from the rocky steep,  
There rose a cry to the gate of heaven,  
"Rejoice! I have found my sheep!"  
And the angels echoed around the throne,  
"Rejoice, for the Lord brings back His  
own!"



# No. 7. We Shall Meet By and By.

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISAIAH 30: 10.

REV. JOHN ATKINSON.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.

1. We shall meet be - yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;  
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by;

And the darkness shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by;  
We shall sing redemption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;

With the toil - some journey done, And the glorious bat - tle won,  
And the strains for ev - er - more Shall re - sound in sweetness o'er

We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.  
Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.

We shall see and be like Jesus,  
By and by, by and by;  
Who a crown of life will give us,  
By and by, by and by;  
And the angels who fulfil  
All the mandates of His will  
Shall attend, and love us still,  
By and by, by and by.

4 There our tears shall all cease flowing,  
By and by, by and by;  
And with sweetest rapture know'ng,  
By and by, by and by;  
All the blest ones, who have gone  
To the land of life and song,—  
We with shoutings shall rejoice,  
By and by, by and by.

# No. 8. Jesus of Nazareth Passeth By.

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK 10: 47. (G. H. 2-115.)

MISS ETA CAMPBELL.

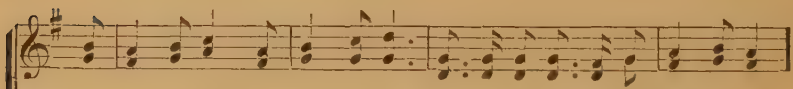
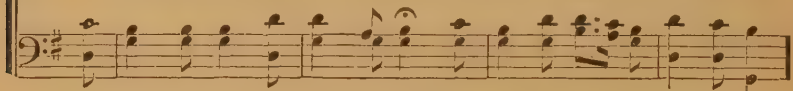
THEO. E. PERKINS, by per.



1. What means this ea-ger, anxious throng, Which moves with busy haste along—
2. Who is this Je-sus? Why should He The cit-y move so might-i-ly?



These wondrous gatherings day by day? What means this strange commotion pray?  
A pass-ing stranger, has He skill To move the mul-ti-tude at will?



In accents hush'd the throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth passeth by."  
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth passeth by."



In accents hush'd the throng re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth passeth by."  
A-gain the stir-ring notes re-ply: "Je-sus of Naz-a-reth passeth by."



# Jesus of Nazareth.—Concluded.

3 Jesus! 'tis He who once below

Man's pathway trod, 'mid pain and woe;  
And burdened ones, where'er He came,  
Brought out their sick, and deaf, and lame  
The blind rejoiced to hear the cry:  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

4 Again He comes! From place to place

His holy footprints we can trace.  
He pauseth at our threshold—nay,  
He enters—condescends to stay.  
Shall we not gladly raise the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by?"

5 Ho! all ye heavy-laden come!

Here's pardon, comfort, rest, and home  
Ye wanderers from a Father's face.  
Return, accept His proffered grace.  
Ye tempted ones, there's refuge nigh.  
"Jesus of Nazareth passeth by."

6 But if you still this call refuse,

And all His wondrous love abuse,  
Soon will He sadly from you turn,  
Your bitter prayer for pardon spurn.  
"Too late! too late!" will be the cry—  
"Jesus of Nazareth *has passed by*."

## No. 9.

## Calling Now.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."—HEB. 3:15.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. This lov-ing Sav-iour Stands pa-tient-ly; Tho' oft re-ject-ed.  
2. Oh, boundless mer-cy, Free, free to all! Stay, child of er-ror,  
3. Tho' all un-wor-thy, Come, now, come home—Say, while he's waiting,

Calls a-gain for thee. Calling now for thee, prodigal, Calling now for  
Heed the ten-der call. Calling, etc.  
"Je-sus, dear, I come." Calling, etc.

thee; Thou hast wandered far away, But He's calling now for thee.

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—REV. 22: 17.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

*Joyfully.*

1. "Who-so-ev-er heareth," shout, shout the sound! Send the blessed tidings  
 2. Who-so-ev-er com-eth, need not de-lay, Now the door is o-pen,  
 3. "Who-so-ev-er will," the promise secure; "Whoso-ev-er will," for

all the world around; Spread the joy-ful news wher-ev-er man is found:  
 en-ter while you may; Je-sus is the true, the on-ly Liv-ing Way:  
 ev-er must en-dure; "Who-so-ev-er will," 'tis life for e-vermore:

CHORUS.

"Who-so-ev-er will, may come." "Who-so-ev-er will, who-so-ev-er will,"

Send the proc-la-ma-tion o-ver vale and hill; 'Tis a lov-ing

Fa-ther calls the wand'rer home: "Who-so-ev-er will, may come."



"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray."—Psa. 55: 17.

S. O'MALEY CLUFF.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I have a Saviour, He's pleading in glo - ry, A dear, loving Saviour tho'

earth-friends be few; And now He is watching in ten - derness o'er me, And

## CHORUS.

oh that my Saviour were your Saviour too! For you I am praying, For

you I am praying, For you I am praying, I'm pray - ing for you.

2.  
I have a Father: to me He has given  
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;  
And soon will He call me to meet Him in  
heaven,  
But oh that He'd let me bring you with  
me too!

3.  
I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,  
Awaiting in glory my wondering view;  
Oh, when I receive it all shining in bright-  
ness,  
Dear friend, could I see you receiving  
one too!

4.  
I have a peace: it is calm as a river—  
A peace that the friends of this world  
never knew;  
My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,  
And oh, could I know it was given to you!

5.  
When Jesus has found you, tell others the  
story, [too;  
That my loving Saviour is your Saviour  
Then pray that your Saviour may bring  
them to glory,  
And prayer will be answered--'twas an-  
swered for you!

Read LUKE 17: 12-19.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. Wand'ring a - far from the dwellings of men, Hear the sad cry of the  
 2. Loud-ly the stranger sang praise to the Lord, Knowing the cure had been

lep - ers—the ten; "Je - sus, have mer-cy!" brings healing di - vine;  
 wrought by His word, Grateful - ly own-ing the Heal-er Di - vine;

## CHORUS.

One came to wor-ship, but where are the nine? Where are the nine?  
 Je - sus says ten - der-ly, "Where are the nine?"

Where are the nine? Were there not ten cleansed? Where are the nine?

- 3 "Who is this Nazarene?" Pharisees say;  
 "Is He the Christ? tell us plainly, we pray."  
 Multitudes follow Him seeking a sign,  
 Show them His mighty works—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*
- 4 Jesus on trial to-day we can see,  
 Thousands deridingly ask, "Who is He?"  
 How they're rejecting Him, your Lord and mine!  
 Bring in the witnesses—Where are the nine?—*Cho.*

# No. 13. That will be Heaven for Me.

"We know that, when He shall appear we shall be like Him; for we shall see Him as He is."—1 JOHN 3: 2.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. I know not the hour when my Lord will come To
2. I know not the song that the an - gels sing, I
3. I know not the form of my man - sion fair, I



take me a-way to His own dear home; But I know that His presence will know not the sound of the harp's glad ring; But I know there'll be mention of know not the name that I then shall bear; But I know that my Sav-iour will



light-en the gloom, And that will be glo - ry for me.  
Je - sus our King, And that will be mu - sic for me.  
wel - come me there, And that will be heav-en for me.

## CHORUS.



And that will be glory for me,..... Oh, that will be glo-ry for me.....  
And that will be music for me,..... Oh, that will be music for me.....  
And that will be heaven for me,..... Oh, that will be heaven for me.....

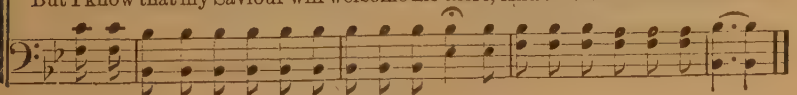


Yes, that will be glory, oh, that will be glory for me...  
Yes, that will be music, oh, that will be music for me...  
Yes, that will be heaven, oh, that will be heaven for me..

*Ritard.*



But I know that His presence will lighten the gloom, And that will be glory for me.  
But I know there'll be mention of Jesus our King, And that will be music for me.  
But I know that my Saviour will welcome me there, And that will be heaven for me.



"That which ye have, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2: 25.

P. P. Bliss.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

1. Ho! my comrades, see the sig - nal Wav - ing in the sky!

Re - in - force - ments now ap - pear - ing, Vic - to - ry is nigh!

CHORUS.

“Hold the fort, for I am com - ing,” Je - sus sig - nals still,

Wave the an - swer back to Hea - ven,—“By Thy grace we will.”

- 2 See the mighty host advancing,  
Satan leading on;  
Mighty men around us falling,  
Courage almost gone.—*Cho.*
- 3 See the glorious banner waving,  
Hear the bugle blow.

- In our Leader's name we'll triumph  
Over every foe.—*Cho.*
- 4 Fierce and long the battle rages,  
But our Help is near;  
Onward comes our Great Commander,  
Cheer, my comrades, cheer!—*Cho.*



## The Gate Ajar for Me.

"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day; for there shall be no night there."—REV. 21: 25.

MRS. LYDIA BAXTER.

From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

1. There is a gate that stands a - jar, And through its portals gleaming,

A radiance from the Cross a - far, The Saviour's love re - veal - ing.

## REFRAIN.

Oh, depth of mer - cy! can it be That gate was left a - jar for me?

For me,.... for me?.... Was left a - jar for me?

For me, for me?

2 That gate ajar stands free for all  
Who seek through it salvation;  
The rich and poor, the great and small,  
Of every tribe and nation. *Ref.*

3 Press onward then, though foes may  
While mercy's gate is open: [frown,  
Accept the cross, and win the crown,  
Love's everlasting token. *Ref.*

4 Beyond the river's brink we'll lay  
The cross that here is given,  
And bear the crown of life away,  
And love Him more in heaven. *Ref.*

"Justified by His grace, through the redemption that is in  
Christ Jesus."—ROMANS 3: 24.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Free from the law, oh, hap-py con-di-tion, Je-sus hath

bled, and there is re-mis-sion; Curs'd by the law and bruised by the

CHORUS.

fall, Grace hath redeemed us once for all. Once for all, oh, sinner re-

ceive it. Once for all, oh, brother, be-lieve it; Cling to the

Cross, the bur-den will fall, Christ hath redeemed us once for all.

## Once for all.—Concluded.

2 Now are we free—there's no condemnation,  
Jesus provides a perfect salvation;  
"Come unto *Me*," oh, hear His sweet call,  
Come, and He saves us once for all.—*Cho.*

3 "Children of God," oh, glorious calling,  
Surely His grace will keep us from falling;  
Passing from death to life at His call,  
Blessed salvation once for all.—*Cho.*

### No. 17. Knocking, Knocking, Who is There?

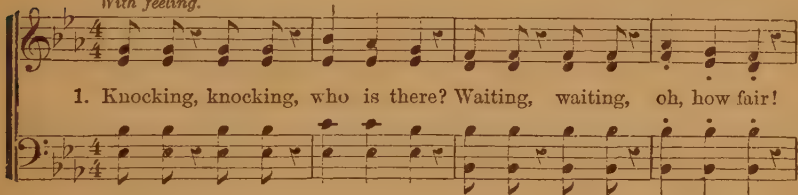
(G. H. 2-27.)

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice and open the door, I will come in to him and will sup with him, and he with Me."—REV. 3: 20.

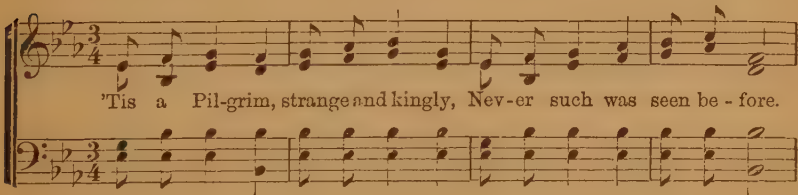
Mrs. H. B. STOWE, arr.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

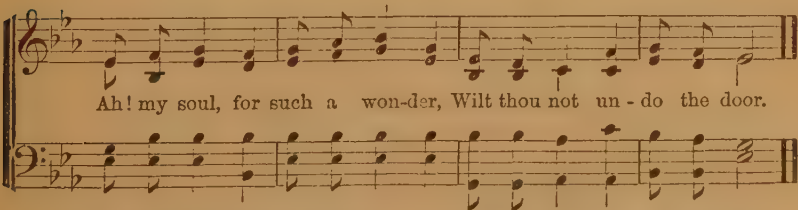
*With feeling.*



1. Knocking, knocking, who is there? Waiting, waiting, oh, how fair!



'Tis a Pil-grim, strange and king-ly, Nev-er such was seen be-fore.



Ah! my soul, for such a won-der, Wilt thou not un-do the door.

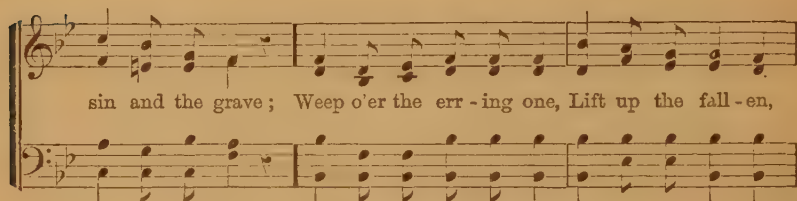
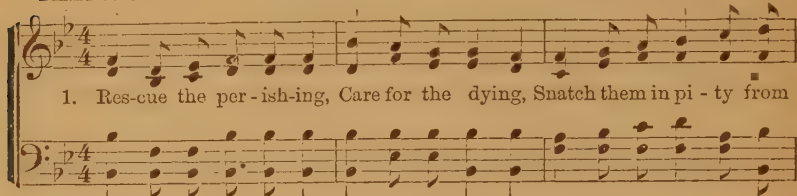
2 Knocking, knocking, still He's there,  
Waiting, waiting, wondrous fair;  
But the door is hard to open,  
For the weeds and ivy-vine,  
With their dark and clinging tendrils,  
Ever round the hinges twine.

3 Knocking, knocking—what still there?  
Waiting, waiting, grand and fair;  
Yes, the pierc'd hand still knocketh,  
And beneath the crown'd hair  
Beam the patient eyes, so tender,  
Of thy Saviour, waiting there.

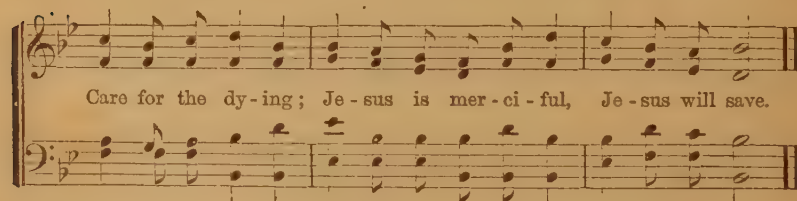
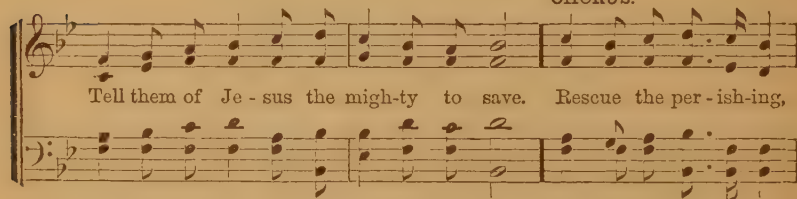
"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that my house may be filled."—LUKE 14: 23.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



## CHORUS.



2 Though they are slighting Him,  
Still He is waiting,  
Waiting the penitent child to receive.  
Plead with them earnestly,  
Plead with them gently:  
He will forgive if they only believe.

3 Down in the human heart,  
Crushed by the tempter,  
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore:

Touched by a loving heart,  
Wakened by kindness, [more.  
Chords that were broken will vibrate once

4 Rescue the perishing,  
Duty demands it: [provide:  
Strength for thy labor the Lord will  
Back to the narrow way  
Patiently win them;  
Tell the poor wanderer a Saviour has died.



# Ring the Bells of Heaven.

"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

Rev. Wm. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*Joyfully.*

1. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For a soul re-  
 2. Ring the bells of heav-en! there is joy to-day, For the wanderer  
 3. Ring the bells of heav-en! spread the feast to-day, An-gels, swell the

turn-ing from the wild; See! the Father meets him out up-on the way,  
 now is re-con-ciled; Yes, a soul is res-cued from his sin-ful way,  
 glad triumphant strain! Tell the joy-ful tid-ings! bear it far a-way!

## CHORUS.

Wel-com-ing His wea-ry, wand'ring child. Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the  
 And is born a-new a ransomed child.  
 For a precious soul is born a-gain.

an-gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring; 'Tis the ransomed

ar-my, like a mighty sea, Peal-ing forth the anthem of the free.

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

1. I will sing you a song of that beau - ti - ful land,

The far a - way home of the soul, Where no storms ev - er

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty

roll. While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll; Where no storms ev - er

beat on the glit - ter - ing strand, While the years of e - ter - ni - ty roll.

## Home of the Soul.—Concluded.

- 2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams,  
Its bright, jasper walls I can see;  
Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes  
||: Between the fair city and me. :|| Till I fancy, etc.
- 3 That unchangable home is for you and for me,  
Where Jesus of Nazareth stands;  
The King of all kingdoms forever, is He,  
||: And He hoideth our crowns in His hands. :|| The King of, etc.
- 4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain;  
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands  
||: To meet one another again. :|| With songs on, etc.

## No. 21. What Hast Thou Done for Me? (G.H. 2-59.)

"So Christ was once offered to bear the sins of many."—HEB. 9: 28.

MISS FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. I gave My life for thee, My pre-cious blood I shed,  
2. My Fa-ther's house of light, — My glo - ry - cir - cled throne

That thou might'st ransom'd be, And quicken'd from the dead;  
I left, for earth-ly night, For wand'rings sad and lone;

I gave, I gave My life for thee, What hast thou given for Me?  
I left, I left it all for thee, Hast thou lett aught for Me?

3 I suffered much for thee,  
More than thy tongue can tell,  
Of bitterest agony,  
To rescue thee from hell;  
I've borne, I've borne it all for thee,  
What hast thou borne for Me?

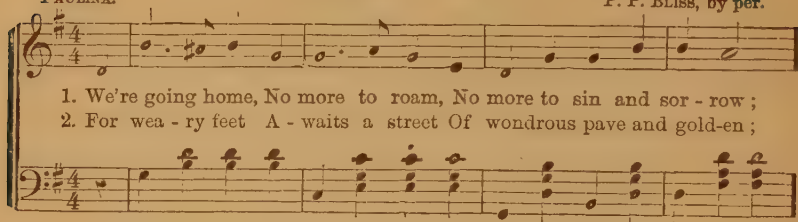
4 And I have brought to thee,  
Down from My home above,  
Salvation full and free,  
My pardon and My love;  
I bring, I bring rich gifts to thee,  
What hast thou brought to Me?

# No. 22. We're Going Home To-morrow.

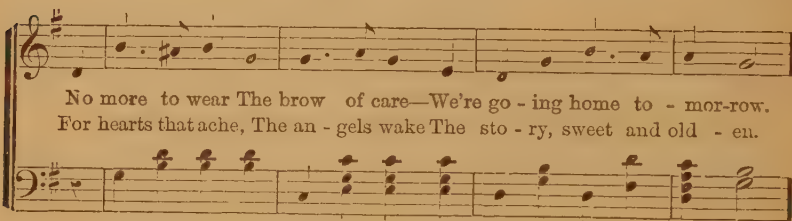
"Willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord."—2 Cor. 5: 8.

PAULINA.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

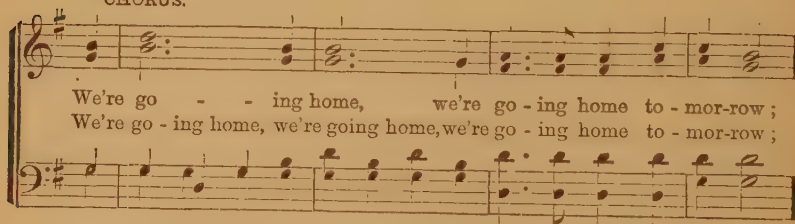


1. We're going home, No more to roam, No more to sin and sor-row;  
2. For wea-ry feet A-waits a street Of wondrous pave and gold-en;

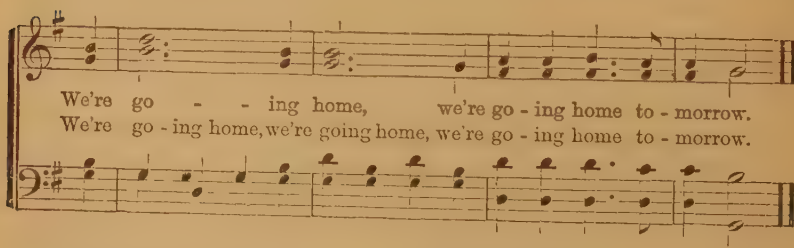


No more to wear The brow of care—We're go-ing home to - mor-row.  
For hearts that ache, The an-gels wake The sto-ry, sweet and old - en.

CHORUS.



We're go - - ing home, we're go-ing home to - mor-row;  
We're go-ing home, we're going home, we're go-ing home to - mor-row;



We're go - - ing home, we're go-ing home to - morrow.  
We're go-ing home, we're going home, we're go-ing home to - morrow.

3 For those who sleep,  
And those who weep,  
Above the portals narrow,  
The mansions rise  
Beyond the skies—  
We're going home to-morrow.

4 Oh, joyful song!  
Oh, ransomed throng!  
Where sin no more shall sever;  
Our King to see,  
And, oh, to be  
With Him at home forever!



P. P. BLISS.

"God is love."—1 JOHN 4: 8.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. { I am so glad that our Fa - ther in heaven Tells of His love in the  
Wonderful things in the Bi - ble I see; This is the dear - est, that

## CHORUS.

Book He has given, } I am so glad that Je - sus loves me,  
Je - sus loves me. }

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves me, I am so glad that

Je - sus loves me, Je - sus loves e - ven me.....

2 Though I forget Him and wander away,  
Still He doth love me wherever I stray;  
Back to His dear loving arms would I flee,  
When I remember that Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad, etc.

3 Oh, if there's only one song I can sing.  
When in His beauty I see the great King,  
This shall my song in eternity be,  
"Oh, what a wonder that Jesus loves me."  
I am so glad, etc.

1 Jesus loves me, and I know I love Him,  
Love brought Him down my poor soul to  
redeem:  
Yes, it was love made Him die on the tree,  
Oh, I am certain that Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad, etc.

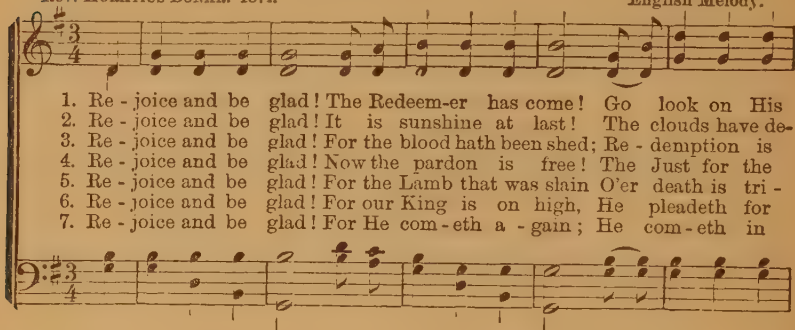
2 If one should ask of me, how could I tell?  
Glory to Jesus, I know very well:  
God's Holy Spirit with mine doth agree,  
Constantly witnessing—Jesus loves me.  
I am so glad, etc.

3 In this assurance I find sweetest rest,  
Trusting in Jesus, I know I am blest;  
Satan dismayed, from my soul now doth flee,  
When I just tell him that Jesus loves me. I am so glad, etc.

"The poor among men shall rejoice in the Holy One of Israel."—ISA. 29: 19.

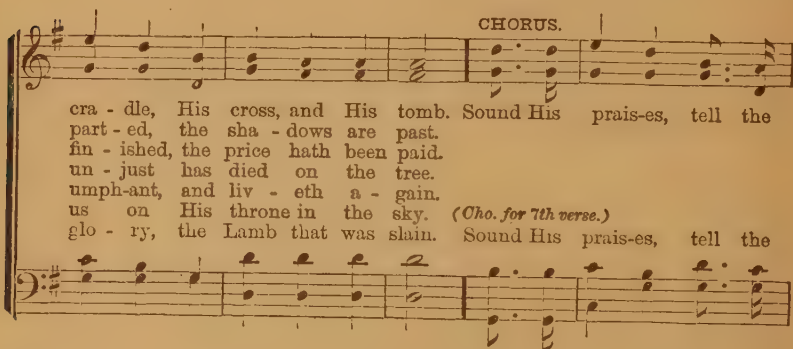
Rev. HORATIUS BONAR. 1874.

English Melody.

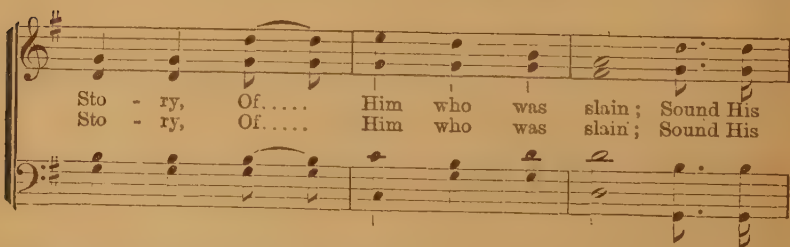


1. Re-joice and be glad! The Redeem-er has come! Go look on His  
 2. Re-joice and be glad! It is sunshine at last! The clouds have de-  
 3. Re-joice and be glad! For the blood hath been shed; Re- demption is  
 4. Re-joice and be glad! Now the pardon is free! The Just for the  
 5. Re-joice and be glad! For the Lamb that was slain O'er death is tri-  
 6. Re-joice and be glad! For our King is on high, He pleadeth for  
 7. Re-joice and be glad! For He com-eth a - gain; He com-eth in

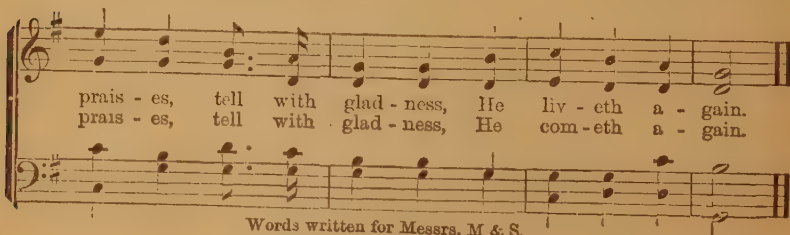
CHORUS.



cra - dle, His cross, and His tomb. Sound His prais-es, tell the  
 part - ed, the sha - dows are past.  
 fin - ished, the price hath been paid.  
 un - just has died on the tree.  
 umph-ant, and liv - eth a - gain.  
 us on His throne in the sky. (*Cho. for 7th verse.*)  
 glo - ry, the Lamb that was slain. Sound His prais-es, tell the



Sto - ry, Of..... Him who was slain; Sound His  
 Sto - ry, Of..... Him who was slain; Sound His



prais - es, tell with glad - ness, He liv - eth a - gain.  
 prais - es, tell with glad - ness, He com-eth a - gain.

Words written for Messrs. M & S.

# No. 25.

# Revive us Again.

(Tune on Page 26.)

"O Lord, revive Thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.

- 1 We praise Thee O God! for the Son of Thy love,  
For Jesus who died, and is now gone above.  
CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory, Hallelujah! amen.  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory, revive us again.
- 2 We praise Thee, O God! for Thy Spirit of light,  
Who has shown us our Saviour, and scattered our night. *Cho.*
- 3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain,  
Who has borne all our sins, and cleansed every stain. *Cho.*
- 4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,  
Who has bought us; and sought us, and guided our ways. *Cho.*
- 5 Revive us again; fill each heart with Thy love;  
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above. *Cho.*

REV. WM. PATON MACKAY, 1866.

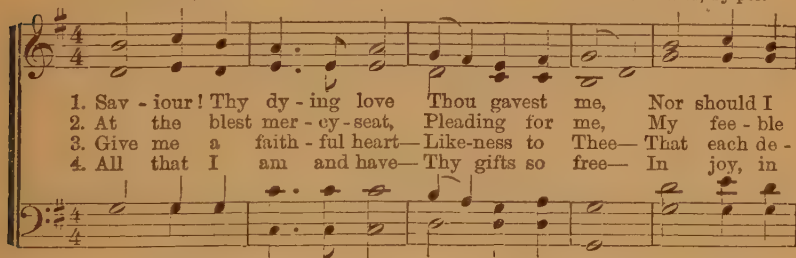
# No. 26.

# Something for Jesus.

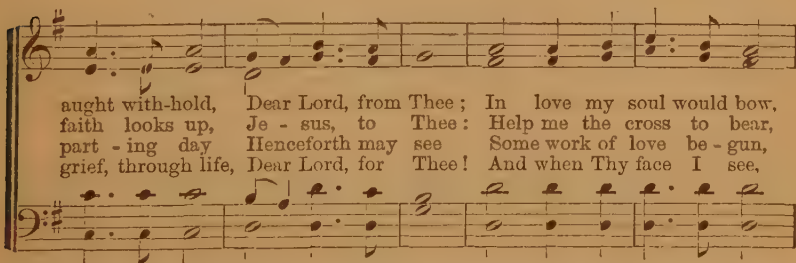
"Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?"—ACTS 9: 6.

Rev. S. D. PHELPS, D. D.

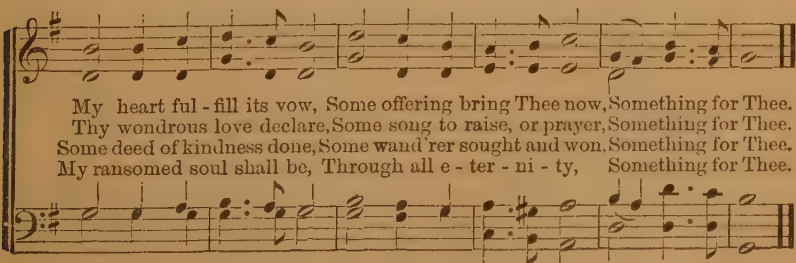
Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Sav - iour! Thy dy - ing love Thou gavest me, Nor should I  
2. At the blest mer - cy - seat, Pleading for me, My fee - ble  
3. Give me a faith - ful heart—Like-ness to Thee—That each de -  
4. All that I am and have—Thy gifts so free—In joy, in



aught with-hold, Dear Lord, from Thee; In love my soul would bow,  
faith looks up, Je - sus, to Thee: Help me the cross to bear,  
part - ing day Henceforth may see Some work of love be - gun,  
grief, through life, Dear Lord, for Thee! And when Thy face I see,



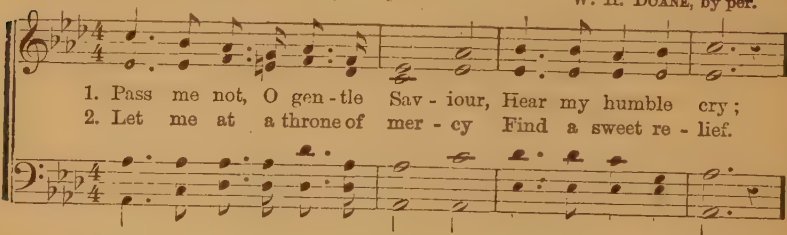
My heart ful - fill its vow, Some offering bring Thee now, Something for Thee.  
Thy wondrous love declare, Some song to raise, or prayer, Something for Thee.  
Some deed of kindness done, Some wand rer sought and won, Something for Thee.  
My ransomed soul shall be, Through all e - ter - ni - ty, Something for Thee.

# Pass Me Not.

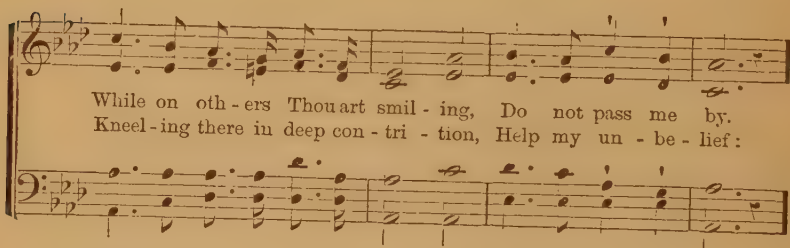
"Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."—Acts 2: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1868.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

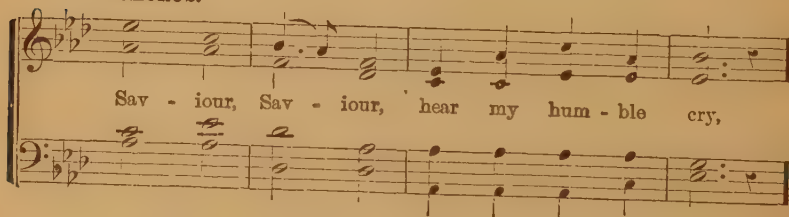


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-iour, Hear my humble cry;  
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief.

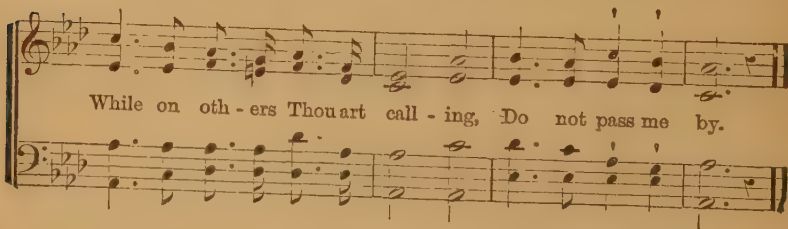


While on oth-ers Thou art smil-ing, Do not pass me by.  
Kneel-ing there in deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief:

## CHORUS.



Sav-iour, Sav-iour, hear my hum-ble cry,



While on oth-ers Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

3.

Trusting only in Thy merit,  
Would I seek Thy face;  
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,  
Save me by Thy grace. *Cho.*

4.

Thou the Spring of all my comfort  
More than life to me,  
Whom have I on earth beside Thee!  
Whom in Heaven but Thee? *Cho.*

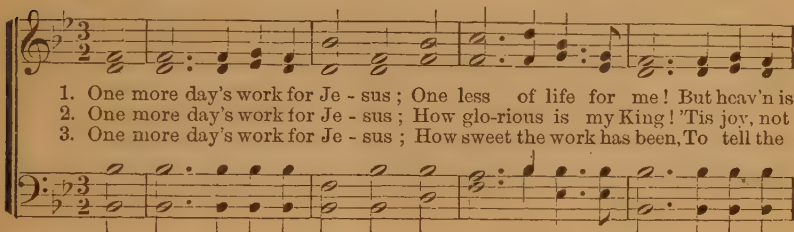


# No. 28. One more Day's Work for Jesus.

"I must work the works of HIM that sent Me, while it is day."—JOHN 9: 4.

MISS ANNA WARNER.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

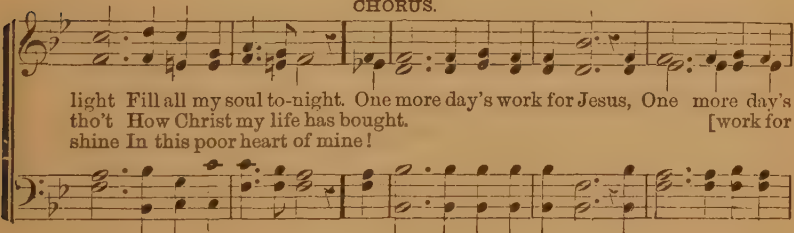


1. One more day's work for Je - sus ; One less of life for me ! But heav'n is  
 2. One more day's work for Je - sus ; How glo - rious is my King ! 'Tis joy, not  
 3. One more day's work for Je - sus ; How sweet the work has been, To tell the

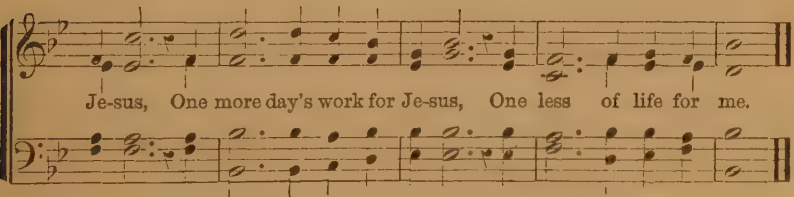


near-er, And Christ is dearer, Than yes - ter-day to me ; His love and  
 du - ty, To speak His beauty ; My soul mounts on the wing At the mere  
 sto - ry, To show the glo-ry, When Christ's flock enter in ! How it did

## CHORUS.



light Fill all my soul to-night. One more day's work for Jesus, One more day's  
 tho't How Christ my life has bought. [work for  
 shine In this poor heart of mine !



Je-sus, One more day's work for Je-sus, One less of life for me.

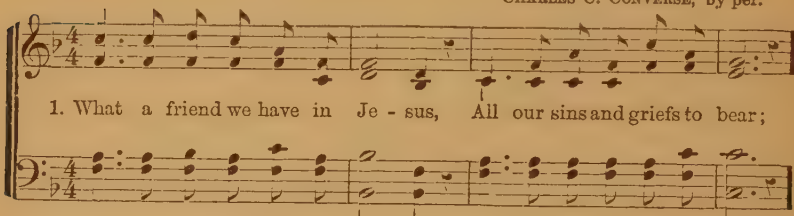
4 One more day's work for Jesus—  
 Oh yes, a weary day ;  
 But heaven shines clearer,  
 And rest comes nearer,  
 At each step of the way ;  
 And Christ in all—  
 Before His face I fall.—*Cho.*

5 Oh, blessed work for Jesus !  
 Oh, rest at Jesus' feet !  
 There toil seems pleasure,  
 My wants are treasure,  
 And pain for Him is sweet.  
 Lord, if I may,  
 I'll serve another day.—*Cho.*

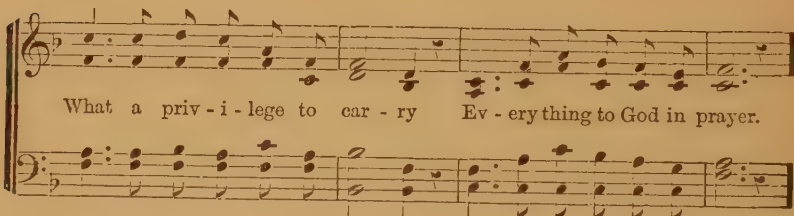
# No. 29. *What a Friend We have in Jesus.* (G. II. 2-57.)

"There is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

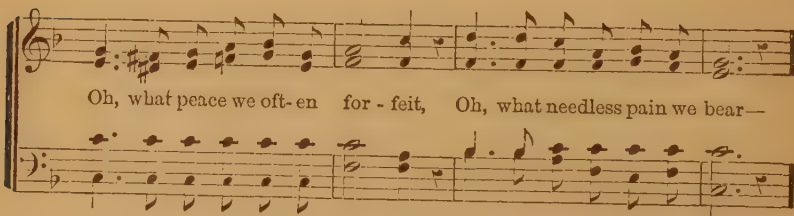
CHARLES C. CONVERSE, by per.



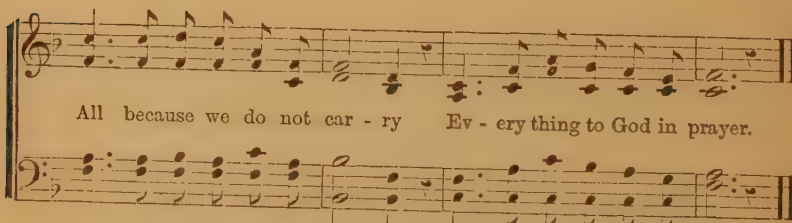
1. What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear;



What a priv - i - lege to car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer.



Oh, what peace we oft - en for - feit, Oh, what needless pain we bear—



All because we do not car - ry Ev - ery thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations?  
Is there trouble anywhere?  
We should never be discouraged,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Can we find a Friend so faithful,  
Who will all our sorrows share?  
Jesus knows our every weakness,  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,  
Cumbered with a load of care?  
Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—  
Take it to the Lord in prayer.  
Do thy friends despise, forsake thee?  
Take it to the Lord in prayer;  
In His arms He'll take and shield thee,  
Thou wilt find a solace there.

"God so loved the world."—JOHN 3: 16.

Mrs. M. STOCKTON.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. God loved the world of sin - ners lost And ru - ined by the

fall; Sal - va - tion full, at highest cost, He of - fers free to all.

## CHORUS.

Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love! The love of God to me; It

brought my Saviour from a - bove, To die on Cal - va - ry.

2 E'en now by faith I claim Him mine,  
The risen Son of God;  
Redemption by His death I find,  
And cleansing through the blood.

3 Love brings the glorious fulness in,  
And to His saints makes known  
The blessed rest from inbred sin,  
Through faith in Christ alone.

4 Believing souls, rejoicing go;  
There shall to you be given  
A glorious foretaste, here below,  
Of endless life in heaven.

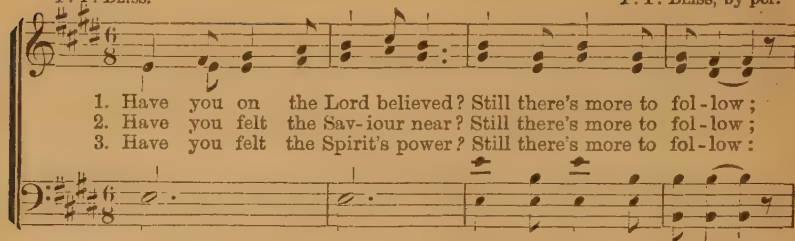
5 Of victory now o'er Satan's power  
Let all the ransomed sing,  
And triumph in the dying hour  
' Through Christ the Lord our King.

# "More to Follow."

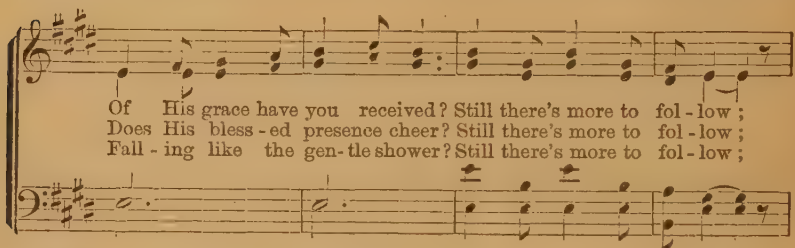
"Bring me yet a vessel."—2 KINGS 4: 6.

P. P. BLISS.

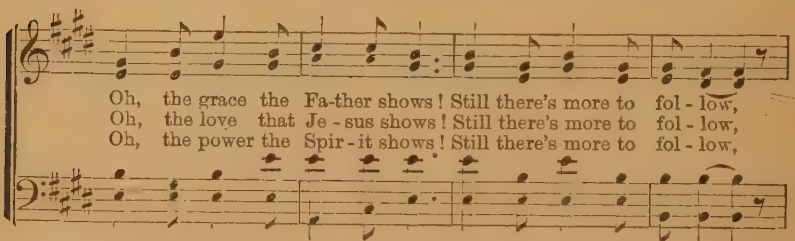
P. P. BLISS, by per.



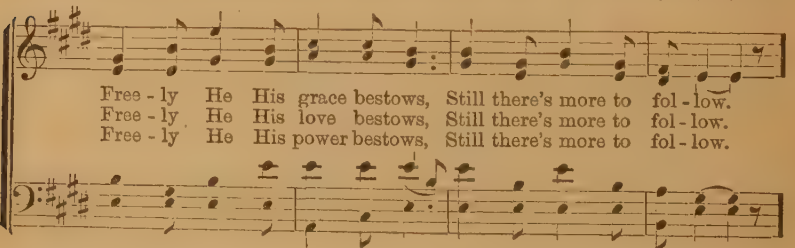
1. Have you on the Lord believed? Still there's more to fol-low;  
 2. Have you felt the Sav-iour near? Still there's more to fol-low;  
 3. Have you felt the Spirit's power? Still there's more to fol-low;



Of His grace have you received? Still there's more to fol-low;  
 Does His bless-ed presence cheer? Still there's more to fol-low;  
 Fall-ing like the gen-tle shower? Still there's more to fol-low;

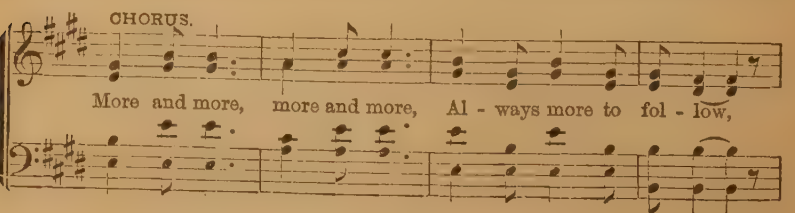


Oh, the grace the Fa-ther shows! Still there's more to fol-low,  
 Oh, the love that Je-sus shows! Still there's more to fol-low,  
 Oh, the power the Spir-it shows! Still there's more to fol-low,



Free-ly He His grace bestows, Still there's more to fol-low.  
 Free-ly He His love bestows, Still there's more to fol-low.  
 Free-ly He His power bestows, Still there's more to fol-low.

CHORUS.



More and more, more and more, Al-ways more to fol-low,



# "More to Follow."—Concluded.



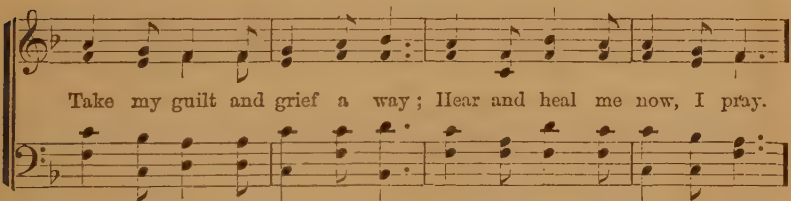
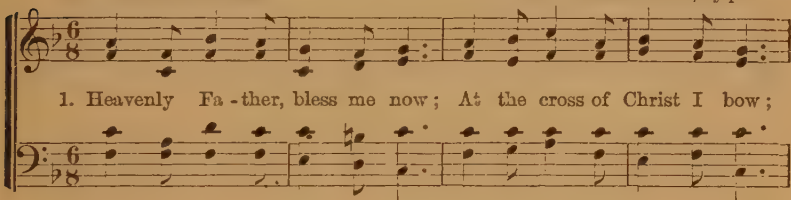
## No. 32.

## Bless Me Now.

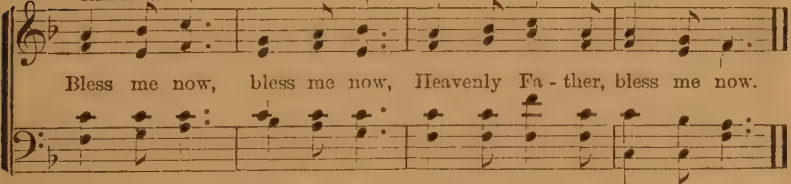
"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."—2 COR. 6: 2.

Rev. ALEXANDER CLARK.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



### REFRAIN.



2 Now, O Lord! this very hour,  
Send Thy grace and show Thy power;  
While I rest upon Thy word,  
Come and bless me now, O Lord! *Ref.*

3 Now, just now, for Jesus' sake,  
Lift the clouds, the fetters break;

While I look, and as I cry,  
Touch and cleanse me ere I die. *Ref.*

4 Never did I so adore  
Jesus Christ, thy Son, before;  
Now the time! and this the place!  
Gracious Father, show Thy grace. *Ref.*

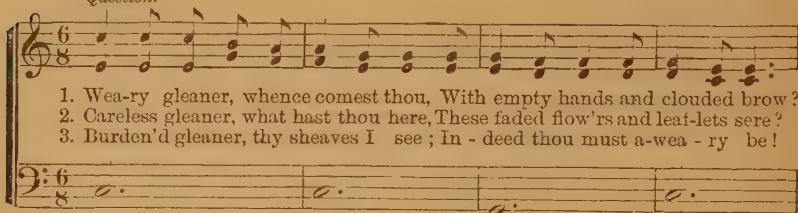
# No. 33. Where Hast Thou Gleaned To-day?

"The field is the world \* \* \* and the reapers are the angels"—MATT. 13: 38.

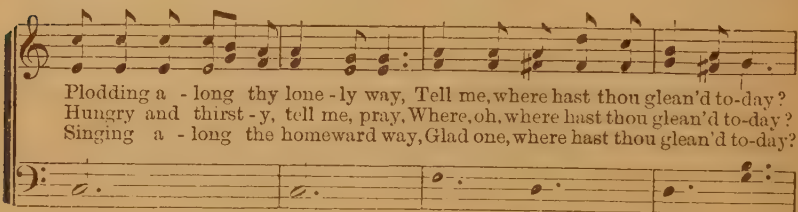
P. P. BLISS.

*Question.*

P. P. BLISS, by per.

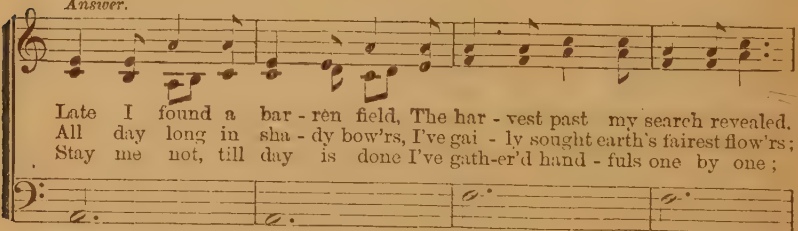


1. Wea-ry gleaner, whence comest thou, With empty hands and clouded brow?  
2. Careless gleaner, what hast thou here, These faded flow'rs and leaf-lets sere?  
3. Burden'd gleaner, thy sheaves I see; In - deed thou must a-wea - ry be!

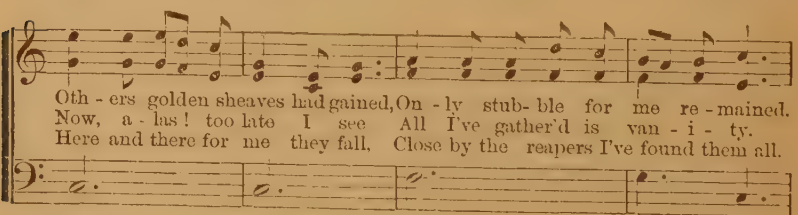


Plodding a - long thy lone - ly way, Tell me, where hast thou glean'd to-day?  
Hungry and thirst - y, tell me, pray, Where, oh, where hast thou glean'd to-day?  
Singing a - long the homeward way, Glad one, where hast thou glean'd to-day?

*Answer.*

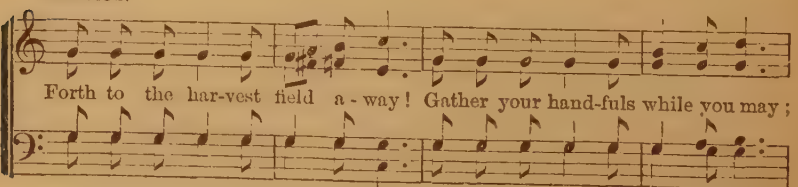


Late I found a bar - ren field, The har - vest past my search revealed.  
All day long in sha - dy bow'rs, I've gai - ly sought earth's fairest flow'rs;  
Stay me not, till day is done I've gath-er'd hand - fuls one by one;



Oth - ers golden sheaves had gained, On - ly stub - ble for me re - mained.  
Now, a - las! too late I see All I've gather'd is van - i - ty.  
Here and there for me they fall, Close by the reapers I've found them all.

CHORUS.



Forth to the har-vest field a - way! Gather your hand-fuls while you may;

# Where Hast Thou Gleaned?—Concluded.

All day long in the field a - bide, Gleaning close by the reap-ers' side.

## No. 34.

## Ah, My Heart.

Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden."—MATT. 11: 28.

Tr. JOHN M. NEALE.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1st SOLO.

1. Ah, my heart is heav-y la - den, Wea - ry and op-pressed!

2d SOLO.

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"

CHORUS. Repeat last two lines of each verse.

*Rit.*

*p*

"Come to Me," saith One, "and com - ing, Be at rest!"

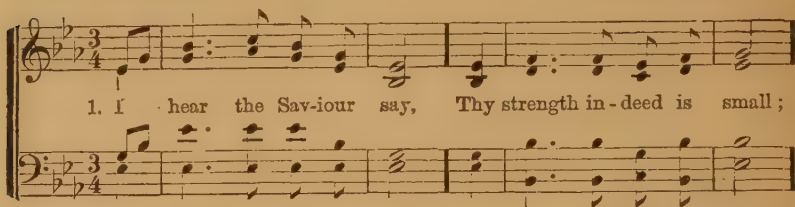
- 2 Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide?  
"In His feet and hands are wound-prints,  
And His side."—*Cho.*
- 3 Is there diadem, as monarch,  
That His brow adorns?  
"Yes, a crown in very surety,  
But of thorns!"—*Cho.*
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
What's my portion here?

- "Many a sorrow, many a conflict,  
Many a tear."—*Cho.*
- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
What have I at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
Jordan past!"—*Cho.*
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
"Not till earth and not till heaven  
Pass away!"—*Cho.*

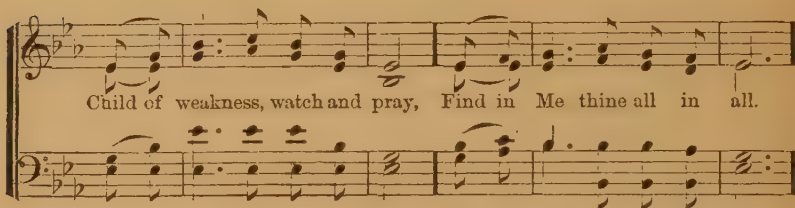
"Who His own self bare our sins."—1 PETER 2: 24.

Mrs. ELVINA M. HALL.

JOHN T. GRAPE, by per.

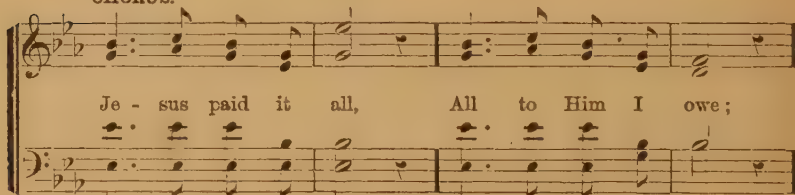


1. I hear the Sav-iour say, Thy strength in-deed is small;

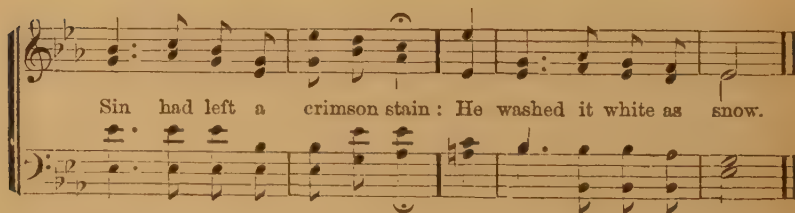


Child of weakness, watch and pray, Find in Me thine all in all.

## CHORUS.



Je - sus paid it all, All to Him I owe;



Sin had left a crimson stain: He washed it white as snow.

2 Lord, now indeed I find  
Thy power, and Thine alone,  
Can change the leper's spots,  
And melt the heart of stone.—*Cho.*

3 For nothing good have I  
Whereby Thy grace to claim—  
I'll wash my garment white  
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—*Cho.*

4 When from my dying bed  
My ransomed soul shall rise,  
Then "Jesus paid it all"  
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—*Cho.*

5 And when before the throne  
I stand in Him complete,  
I'll lay my trophies down,  
All down at Jesus' feet.—*Cho.*

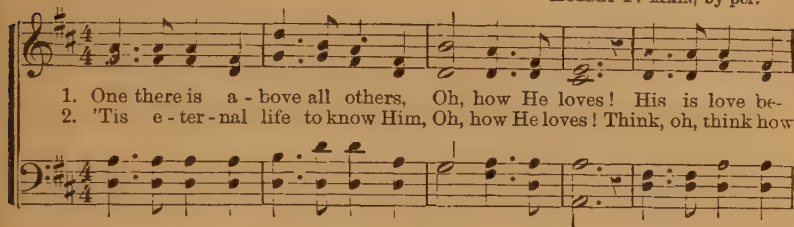


## Oh, how He Loves.

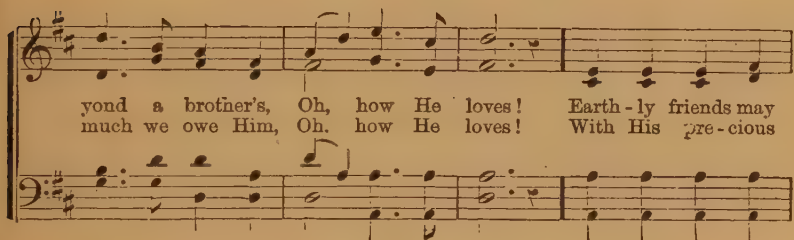
"A Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

Miss MARTIANNE NUNN.

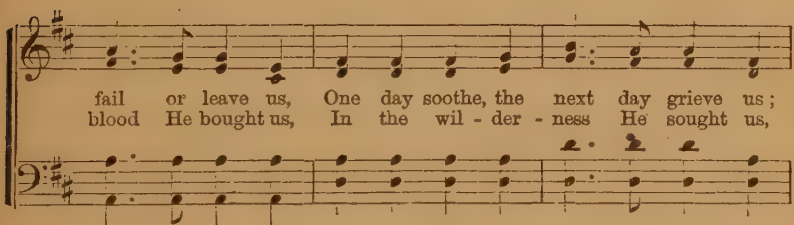
HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



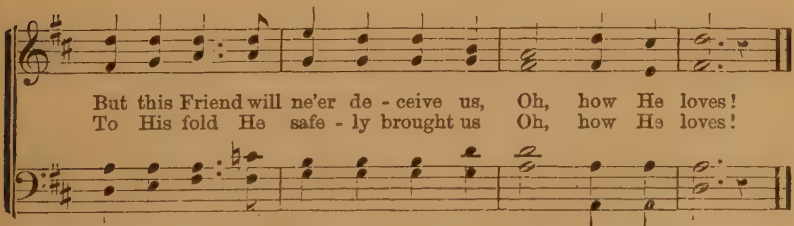
1. One there is a - bove all others, Oh, how He loves! His is love be-  
2. 'Tis e - ter - nal life to know Him, Oh, how He loves! Think, oh, think how



yond a brother's, Oh, how He loves! Earth - ly friends may  
much we owe Him, Oh, how He loves! With His pre - cious



fail or leave us, One day soothe, the next day grieve us;  
blood He bought us, In the wil - der - ness He sought us,



But this Friend will ne'er de - ceive us, Oh, how He loves!  
To His fold He safe - ly brought us Oh, how He loves!

3.

Blessed Jesus! would you know Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Give yourselves entirely to Him,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Think no longer of the morrow,  
From the past new courage borrow,  
Jesus carries all your sorrow,  
Oh, how He loves!

4.

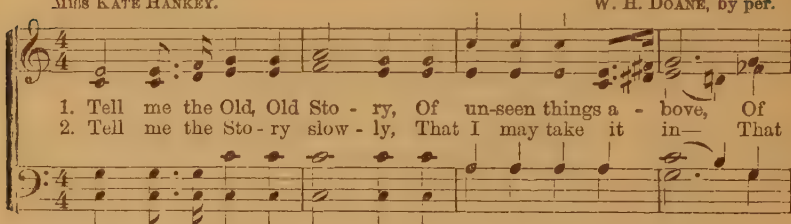
All your sins shall be forgiven,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Backward shall your foes be driven,  
Oh, how He loves!  
Best of blessings He'll provide you,  
Nought but good shall e'er betide you.  
Safe to glory He will guide you,  
Oh, how He loves!

# No. 37. Tell Me the Old, Old Story.

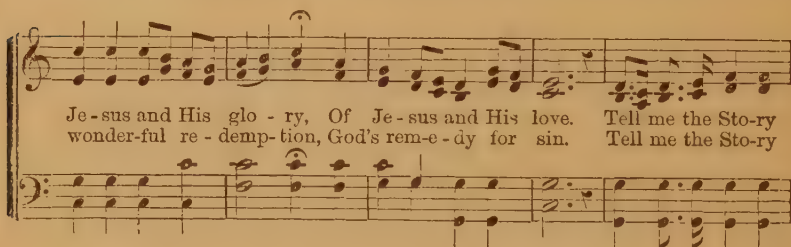
"Tell them how great things the Lord hath done."—MARK 5: 19.

MISS KATE HANKEY.

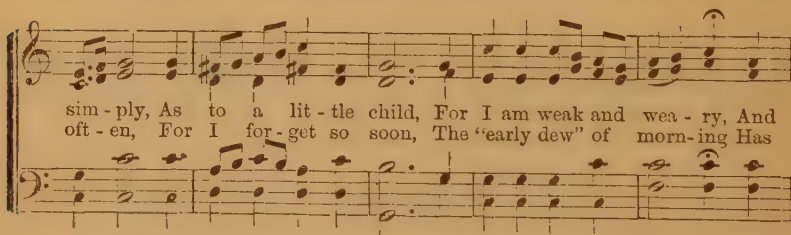
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Of un-seen things a - bove, Of  
2. Tell me the Sto - ry slow - ly, That I may take it in - That

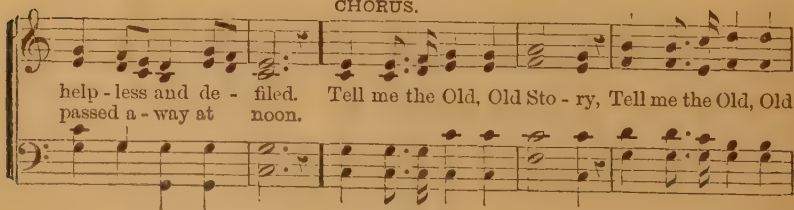


Je - sus and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love. Tell me the Sto - ry  
wonder - ful re - demp - tion, God's rem - e - dy for sin. Tell me the Sto - ry

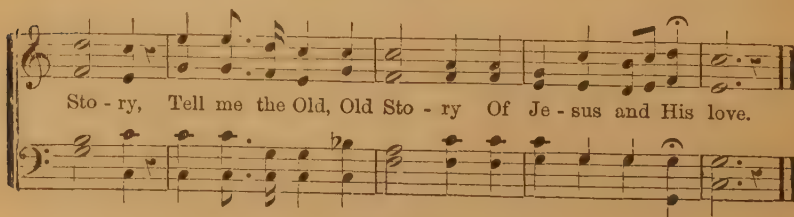


sim - ply, As to a lit - tle child, For I am weak and wea - ry, And  
oft - en, For I for - get so soon, The "early dew" of morn - ing Has

## CHORUS.



help - less and de - filed. Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old  
passed a - way at noon.



Sto - ry, Tell me the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

# Tell Me the Old, Old Story.—Concluded.

3 Tell me the story softly,  
With earnest tones, and grave;  
Remember! I'm the sinner  
Whom Jesus came to save,  
Tell me that story always,  
If you would really be,  
In any time of trouble,  
A comforter to me.

4 Tell me the same old story,  
When you have cause to fear  
That this world's empty glory  
Is costing me too dear.  
Yes, and when that world's glory  
Is dawping on my soul,  
Tell me the old, old story:  
"Christ Jesus makes thee whole."

No. 38.

## The Prodigal Child.

"I will arise, and go to my father."—LUKE 15: 18.

Mrs. ELLEN H. GATES.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Come home! come home! You are wea-ry at heart, For the way has been  
2. Come home! come home! For we watch and we wait, And we stand at the

dark, And so lone-ly and wild. O prod-i-gal child! Come  
gate, While the shadows are piled. O prod-i-gal child! Come

CHORUS. rit.

home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home!  
home! oh come home! Come home! Come, oh come home, come home!

Come home, come home!

3 Come home! come home!  
From the sorrow and blame,  
From the sin and the shame,  
And the tempter that smiled,  
O prodigal child!  
Come home, oh come home!

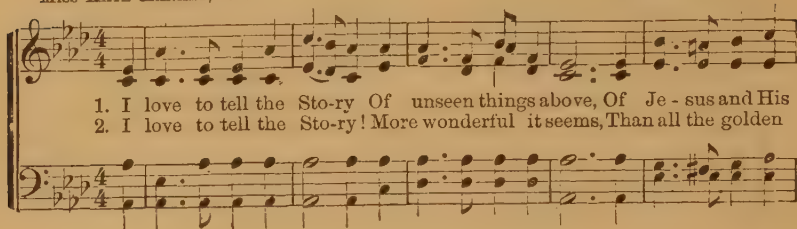
4 Come home! come home!  
There is bread and to spare,  
And a warm welcome there,  
Then, to friends reconciled,  
O prodigal child!  
Come home, oh, come home!

# No. 39. I Love to Tell the Story.

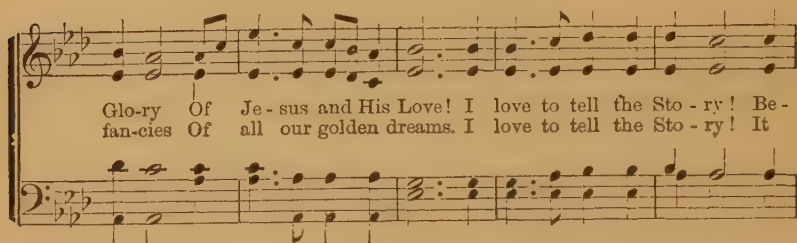
"I will speak of Thy wondrous work."—PSAL. 145: 5.

Miss KATE HANKEY, 1867.

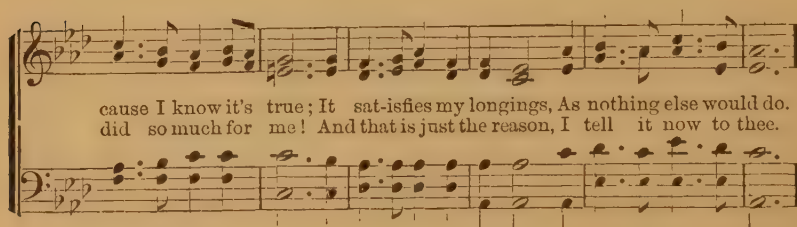
W. G. FISCHER, by per.



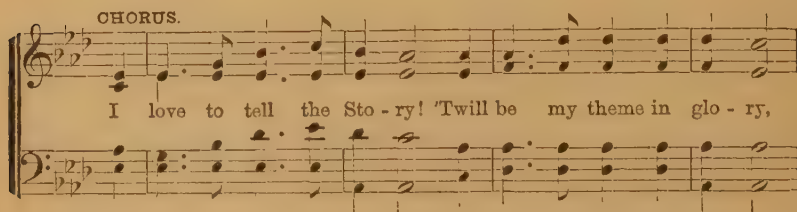
1. I love to tell the Sto-ry Of unseen things above, Of Je - sus and His  
2. I love to tell the Sto-ry! More wonderful it seems, Than all the golden



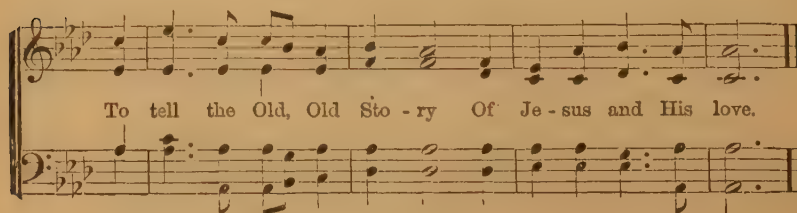
Glo-ry Of Je - sus and His Love! I love to tell the Sto - ry! Be -  
fan-cies Of all our golden dreams. I love to tell the Sto - ry! It



cause I know it's true; It sat-isfies my longings, As nothing else would do.  
did so much for me! And that is just the reason, I tell it now to thee.



CHORUS.  
I love to tell the Sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry,



To tell the Old, Old Sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

# I Love to Tell the Story.—Concluded.

3 I love to tell the Story!

'Tis pleasant to repeat  
What seems, each time I tell it,  
More wonderfully sweet.

I love to tell the Story;

For some have never heard  
The message of salvation  
From God's own Holy Word.

4 I love to tell the Story!

For those who know it best  
Seem hungering and thirsting  
To hear it, like the rest.  
And when, in scenes of glory,  
I sing the NEW, NEW SONG,  
'Twill be—the OLD, OLD STORY  
That I have loved so long.

## No. 40. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

"I will guide thee with mine eye."—PSALM 32: 8.

M. M. WELLS, 1858.

M. M. WELLS, by per.

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful guide, Ev - er near the Chris - tian's side ;

Gent - ly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land ;  
D. C. Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come ! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home.

Wea - ry souls for e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweetest voice

2 Ever present, truest Friend.

Ever near Thine aid to lend,  
Leave us not to doubt and fear,  
Groping on in darkness drear,  
When the storms are raging sore,  
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,  
Whispering softly, wanderer come !  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease.

Waiting still for sweet release,  
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,  
Wond'ring if our names were there ;  
Wading deep the dismal flood,  
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood ;  
Whispering softly, wanderer come !  
Follow me, I'll guide thee home !

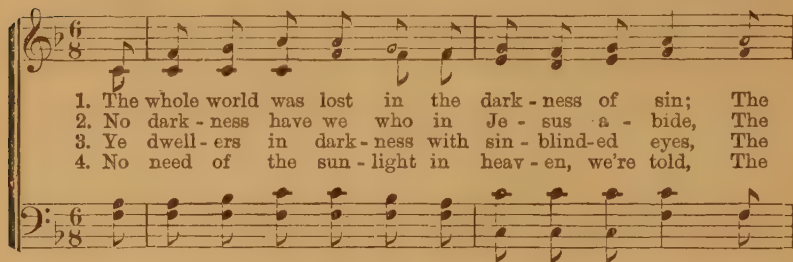


# No. 41. The Light of the World is Jesus.

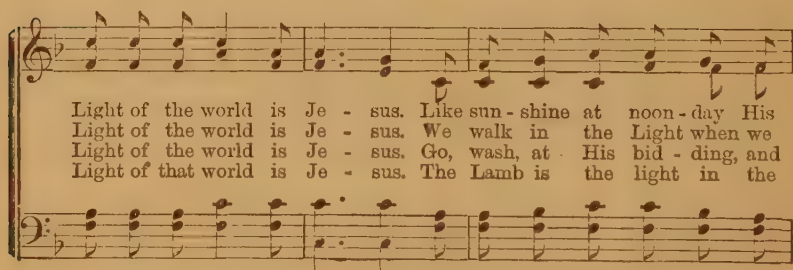
"I am the light of the world."—JOHN 9: 5.

P. P. BLISS.

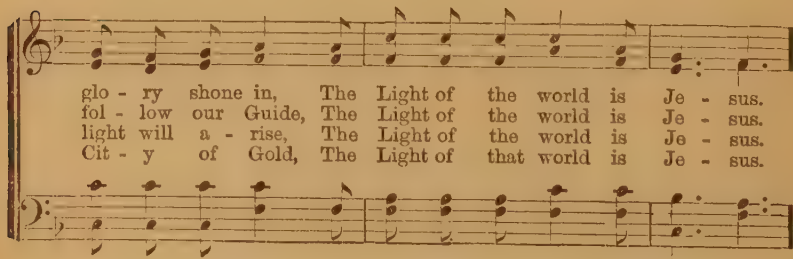
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. The whole world was lost in the dark-ness of sin; The  
 2. No dark-ness have we who in Je-sus a-bide, The  
 3. Ye dwell-ers in dark-ness with sin-blind-ed eyes, The  
 4. No need of the sun-light in heav-en, we're told, The

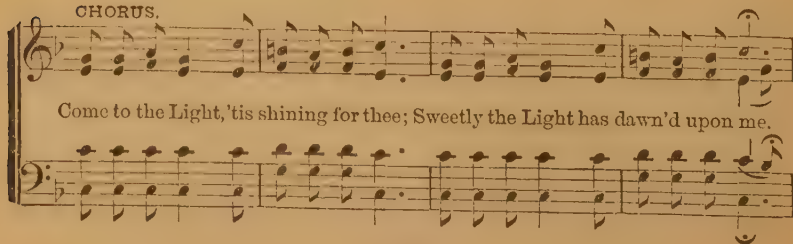


Light of the world is Je - sus. Like sun-shine at noon-day His  
 Light of the world is Je - sus. We walk in the Light when we  
 Light of the world is Je - sus. Go, wash, at His bid-ding, and  
 Light of that world is Je - sus. The Lamb is the light in the



glo - ry shone in, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 fol - low our Guide, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 light will a - rise, The Light of the world is Je - sus.  
 Cit - y of Gold, The Light of that world is Je - sus.

## CHORUS.



Come to the Light, 'tis shining for thee; Sweetly the Light has dawn'd upon me.

# The Light of the World.—Concluded.

Once I was blind, but now I can see : The Light of the world is Je - sus.

No. 42.

## The Holy Spirit.

Three warnings : Resist not, Grieve not, Quench not.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. The Spir-it, oh, sin-ner, In mer-cy doth move, Thy heart, so long  
2. Oh, child of the kingdom, From sin service cease: Be filled with the  
3. De-filed is the tem-ple. Its beau-ty laid low, On God's ho-ly

hardened, Of sin to re-prove; *Re-sist* not the Spir-it, Nor  
Spir-it, With com-fort and peace. Oh, *grieve* not the Spir-it, Thy  
al-tar The em-bers faint glow. By love yet re-kin-dled, A

long-er de-lay; God's gracious entreaties, May end with to-day  
Teacher is He, That Jesus, thy Saviour, May glo-ri-fied be.  
flame may be fanned; Oh, *quench* not the Spirit, *The Lord is at hand!*

"His children shall have a place of refuge."—PROV. 14: 26.

Miss E. C. CLEPHANE.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Be - neath the Cross of Je - sus I fain would take my stand— The

sha - dow of a mighty Rock, With-in a wea - ry land. A

home within the wilderness, A rest up - on the way, From the

burning of the noon-tide heat, And the bur - den of the day.

2 O safe and happy shelter,  
O refuge tried and sweet,  
O trysting-place where Heaven's love,  
And Heaven's justice meet!  
As to the Holy Patriarch  
That wondrous dream was given,  
So seems my Saviour's Cross to me,  
A ladder up to heaven.

3 There lies beneath its shadow,  
But on the further side,  
The darkness of an awful grave  
That gapes both deep and wide;  
And there between us stands the Cross,  
Two arms outstretched to save,  
Like a watchman set to guard the way  
From that eternal grave.

4 Upon that Cross of Jesus,  
Mine eye at times can see  
The very dying form of One,  
Who suffered there for me  
And from my smitten heart with tears,  
Two wonders I confess,—  
The wonders of His glorious love,  
And my own worthlessness.

5 I take, O Cross, Thy shadow,  
For my abiding place;  
I ask no other sunshine  
Than the sunshine of His face:  
Content to let the world go by,  
To know no gain nor loss,—  
My sinful self, my only shame,—  
My glory all the Cross.

## The New Song.

"And they sung as it were a new song before the throne."—REV. 14: 3.

REV. A. T. PIERSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Allegretto.*

1. With harps and with vi - ols, there stand a great throng

In the pre - sence of Je - sus, and sing this new song:—

CHORUS.

Un - to Him who hath loved us and washed us from

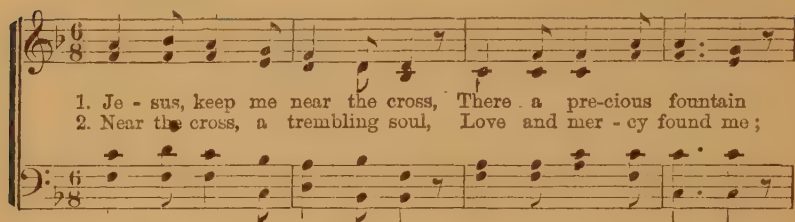
sin, Un - to Him be the glo - ry for ev - er. A - men.

- 2 All these once were sinners, defiled in His sight,  
Now arrayed in pure garments in praise they unite.—*Cho.*
- 3 He maketh the rebel a priest and a king.  
He hath bought us and taught us this new song to sing.—*Cho.*
- 4 How helpless and hopeless we sinners had been,  
If He never had loved us till cleansed from our sin.—*Cho.*
- 5 Aloud in His praises our voices shall ring,  
So that others believing, this new song shall sing.—*Cho.*

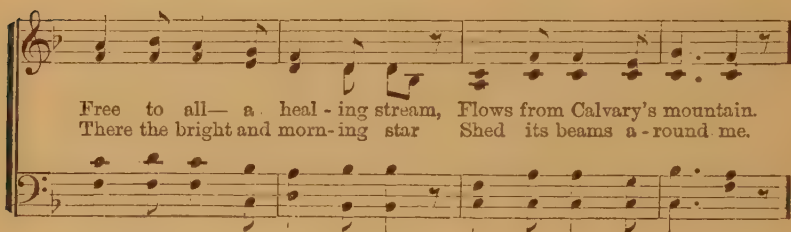
"Peace through the blood of His cross."—COLL. 1: 29.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

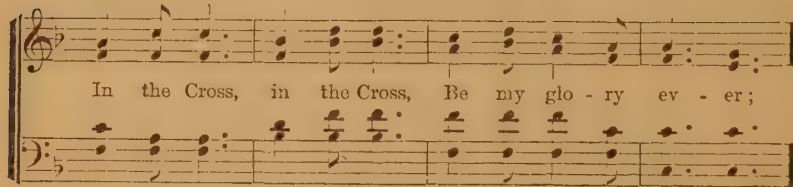


1. Je - sus, keep me near the cross, There a pre-cious fountain  
2. Near the cross, a trembling soul, Love and mer - cy found me;

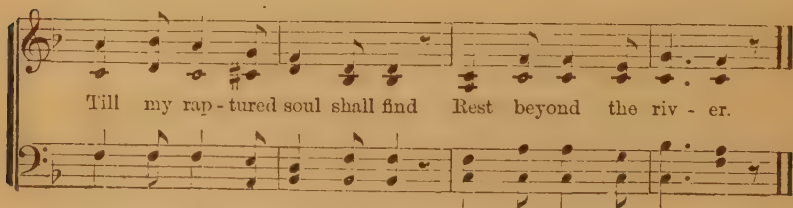


Free to all— a heal - ing stream, Flows from Calvary's mountain.  
There the bright and morn - ing star Shed its beams a - round me.

## CHORUS.



In the Cross, in the Cross, Be my glo - ry ev - er;



Till my rap - tured soul shall find Rest beyond the riv - er.

3 Near the Cross! O Lamb of God,  
Bring its scenes before me;  
Help me walk from day to day,  
With its shadows o'er me. *Cho.*

4 Near the Cross I'll watch and wait,  
Hoping, trusting ever,  
Till I reach the golden strand,  
Just beyond the river. *Cho.*

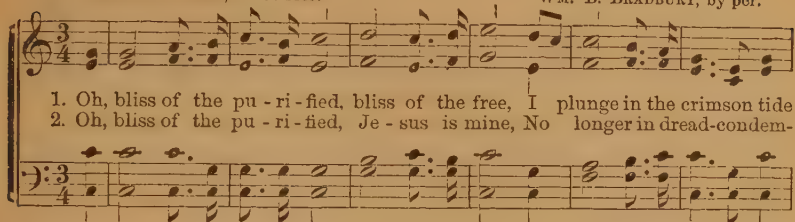


# No. 46. Oh, Sing of His Mighty Love.

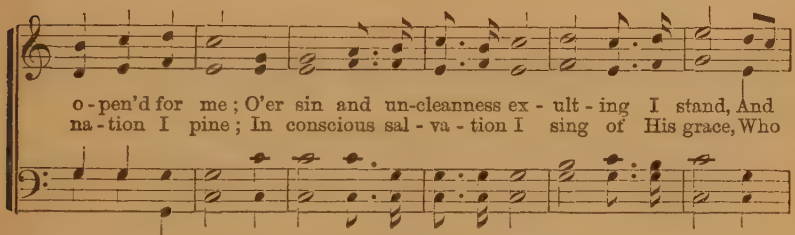
"Mighty to save."—ISAIAH 63: 1.

Rev. FRANK BOTTOME, D. D. 1869.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

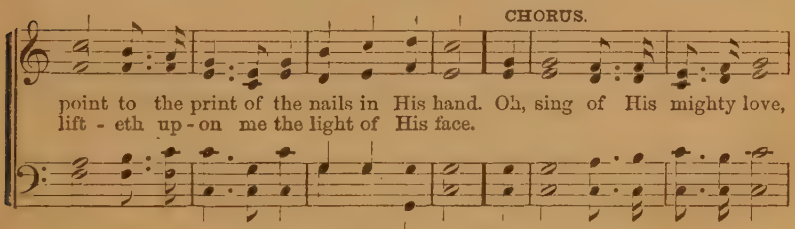


1. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, bliss of the free, I plunge in the crimson tide  
2. Oh, bliss of the pu - ri - fied, Je - sus is mine, No longer in dread-condem-



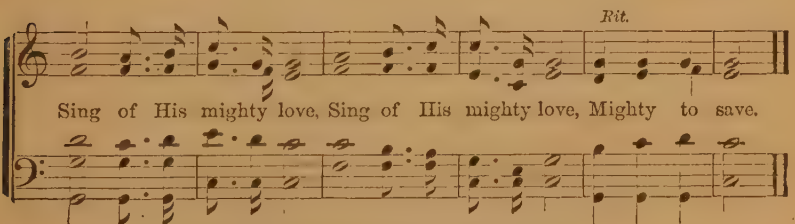
o - pen'd for me; O'er sin and un-cleanness ex - ult - ing I stand, And  
na - tion I pine; In conscious sal - va - tion I sing of His grace, Who

CHORUS.



point to the print of the nails in His hand. Oh, sing of His mighty love,  
lift - eth up - on me the light of His face.

*Rit.*



Sing of His mighty love, Sing of His mighty love, Mighty to save.

- 3 Oh, bliss of the purified! bliss of the pure!  
No wound hath the soul that His blood cannot cure;  
No sorrow-bowed head but may sweetly find rest,  
No tears but may dry them on Jesus' breast. *Cho.*
- 4 O Jesus the crucified! Thee will I sing,  
My blessed Redeemer, my God and my King;  
My soul, filled with rapture, shall shout o'er the grave,  
And triumph in death in the "Mighty to Save." *Cho.*

# Not Now, My Child.

"Oh, that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away, and be at rest."—PSALM 4: 6.

Mrs. CATHERINE PENNEFATHER. 1863.

Art. by IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

*Slow, and with expression.*

1. Not now, my child,— a lit - tle more rough toss - ing, A  
2. Not now; for I have wanderers in the dis - tance, And

lit - tle lon - ger on the bil-lows' foam; A few more journeyings  
thou must call them in with pa-tient love; Not now, for I have

in the des-ert darkness, And then, the sun-shine of thy Fa-ther's Home!  
sheep up-on the mountains, And thou must fol-low them where'er they rove.

3 Not now; for I have loved ones sad and weary;  
Wilt thou not cheer them with a kindly smile?  
Sick ones, who need thee in their lonely sorrow;  
Wilt thou not tend them yet a little while?

4 Not now; for wounded hearts are sorely bleeding.  
And thou must teach those widowed hearts to sing:  
Not now; for orphans' tears are quickly falling,  
They must be gathered 'neath some sheltering wing.

5 Go, with the name of Jesus, to the dying,  
And speak that Name in all its living power;  
Why should thy fainting heart grow chill and weary?  
Canst thou not watch with Me one little hour?

6 One little hour! and then the glorious crowning.  
The golden harp-strings, and the victor's palm;  
One little hour! and then the hallelujah!  
Eternity's long, deep, thanksgiving psalm!

## Every Day and Hour.

"Cleanse me from my sin."—Ps. 51: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

*Slowly.*

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Saviour, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee ;  
 2. Thro' this changing world below, Lead me gently, gently as I go ;

Let Thy precious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.  
 Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can never, never lose my way.

## REFRAIN.

Ev - ery day, ev - ery hour, Let me  
 Ev - ery day and hour, ev - ery day and hour,

feel Thy cleansing power ; May Thy ten - der love to me Bind me

clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.

3

Let me love Thee more and more,  
 Till this fleeting, fleeting life is o'er ;  
 Till my soul is lost in love,  
 In a brighter, brighter world above.  
*Ref.* Every day and hour, &c.

## The Wondrous Gift.

"By grace are ye saved."—Eph. 2: 8.

Dr. PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. Grace! 'tis a charming sound, Har-mo-nious to the ear; Heaven

with the ech-o shall resound, And all the earth shall hear.

## REFRAIN.

Saved by grace a-lone, This is all my plea;

Je-sus died for all mankind, And Je-sus died for me.

2 Grace first contrived a way  
To save rebellious man;  
And all the steps that grace display,  
Which drew the wondrous plan. *Ref.*

3 Grace taught my roving feet  
To tread the heavenly road;

And new supplies each hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God. *Ref.*

4 Grace all the work shall crown,  
Through everlasting days;  
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
And well deserves our praise. *Ref.*

"Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises."—2 PET. 1: 4.

NATHANIEL NILES.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Pre - cious promise    God hath giv - en    To the wea - ry pass - er by,  
2. When temp - ta - tions    al - most win thee,    And thy trusted watchers fly,

On the way from earth to heaven, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."  
Let this promise ring with-in thee, "I will guide thee with Mine eye."

REFRAIN.

I will guide thee, I will guide thee, I will guide thee with Mine eye ;

On the way from earth to heaven, I will guide thee with Mine eye.

3 When thy secret hopes have perished,  
In the grave of years gone by,  
Let this promise still be cherished,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."

4 When the shades of life are falling,  
And the hour has come to die,  
Hear thy trusty Pilot calling,  
"I will guide thee with Mine eye."



## He Leadeth Me.

"He leadeth me by the still waters."—PSALM 23: 2.

Rev. Jos. H. GILMORE, 1861.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. He leadeth me! oh! blessed thought, Oh! words with heav'nly comfort fraught;  
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom.

What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.  
By wa-ters still, o'er troubled sea,—Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me.

REFRAIN.

He lead-eth me! He lead-eth me! By His own hand He leadeth me;

His faithful follower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine,  
Nor ever murmur nor repine—  
Content, whatever lot I see,  
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me.—*Ref.*

4 And when my task on earth is done,  
When, by Thy grace, the victory's won,  
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,  
Since God through Jordan leadeth me.—*Ref.*

## When Jesus Comes.

"Unto them that look for Him shall He appear the second time,  
without sin, unto salvation."—HEB. 9: 28.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, ly per.

1. Down life's dark vale we wander. Till Jesus comes; We watch and wait and wonder,  
2. Oh, let my lamp be burning When Jesus comes; For Him my soul be yearning,

## CHORUS.

Till Je - sus comes. All joy His loved ones bringing, When Jesus comes:  
When Je - sus comes.

All praise thro' heaven ringing, When Jesus comes. All beauty bright and vernal,

When Je - sus comes; All glo - ry, grand, e - ter - nal, When Je - sus comes.

- 3 No more heart-pangs nor sadness,  
When Jesus comes;  
All peace and joy and gladness,  
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*
- 4 All doubts and fears will vanish,  
When Jesus comes;  
All gloom His face will banish,  
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

- 5 He'll know the way was dreary,  
When Jesus comes;  
He'll know the feet grew weary,  
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*
- 6 He'll know what griefs oppressed me,  
When Jesus comes;  
Oh, how His arms will rest me!  
When Jesus comes. *Cho.*

"Come now, and let us reason together, saith the LORD: though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow."—ISA. 1: 18.

Words by L. N.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. What! "lay my sins on Je - sus?" God's well - be - lov - ed Son!

No! 'tis a truth most pre - cious, That God e'en that has done.

CHORUS.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me, He makes me "white as snow."

Hal - le - lu - jah, Je - sus saves me, He makes me "white as snow."

2.

Yes, 'tis a truth most precious,  
To all who do believe,  
God laid our sins on Jesus,  
Who did the load receive. *Cho.*

3.

What! "bring our guilt to Jesus?"  
To wash away our stains;  
The act is passed that freed us,  
And nought to do remains. *Cho.*

## No. 54.

## Just as I Am. L. M. (G. H. 2-100.)

"Him that cometh to Me, I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

MISS CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Just as I am, without one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,

And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
To rid my soul of one dark blot, [spot,  
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

3 Just as I am, though tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fightings and fears within, without,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
Yea, all I need, in Thee to find,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

5 Just as I am; Thou wilt receive.  
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;  
Because Thy promise I believe,  
O Lamb of God! I come, I come!

## No. 55.

## To-Day. 6s &amp; 4s.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice."—Psa. 95: 7.

REV. S. F. SMITH.

DR. L. MASON, 1831.

1. To-day the Sav-iour calls: Ye wand'ers come; O, ye benighted souls,

Why longer roam?

2 To-day the Saviour calls:  
Oh, listen now:  
Within these sacred walls  
To Jesus bow.

3 To-day the Saviour calls:  
For refuge fly;

The storm of justice falls,  
And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day:  
Yield to His power;  
Oh, grieve Him not away  
'Tis mercy's hour.

"Is there no balm in Gilead; is there no physician there?"—JER. 8: 22.

Rev. WM. HUNTER. 1842.

Arr. by Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.

1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing

Je-sus: He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, Oh, hear the voice of

CHORUS.

Je-sus. "Sweetest note in ser-aph song, Sweetest name on

mortal tongue, Sweetest car-ol ev-er sung, Je-sus, blessed Je-sus."

2 Your many sins are all forgiven,  
Oh, hear the voice of Jesus;  
Go on your way in peace to heaven,  
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!  
I now believe in Jesus;  
I love the blessed Saviour's name,  
I love the name of Jesus.

4 "The children too, both great and small,  
Who love the name of Jesus,  
May now accept the gracious call  
To work and live for Jesus."

5 Come, brethren, help me sing His praise,  
Oh, praise the name of Jesus;  
Come, sisters, all your voices raise,  
Oh, bless the name of Jesus.

6 His name dispels my guilt and fear,  
No other name but Jesus;  
Oh, how my soul delights to hear  
The precious name of Jesus.

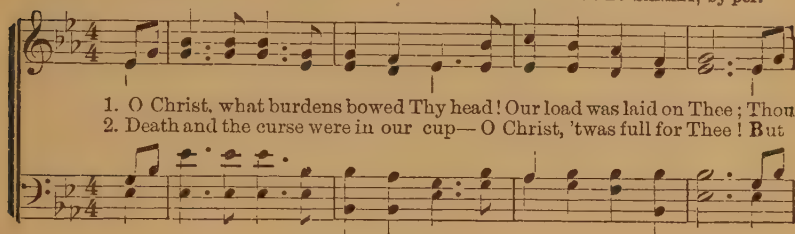
7 And when to that bright world above,  
We rise to see our Jesus,  
We'll sing around the throne of love  
His name, the name of Jesus.



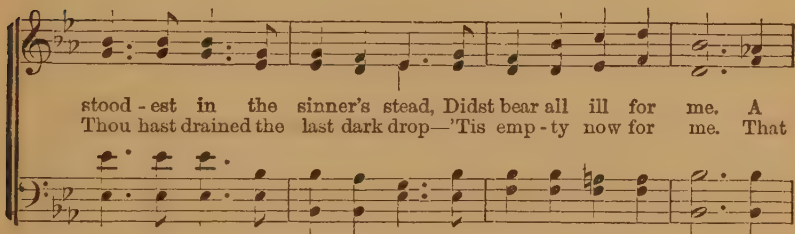
"He was wounded for our transgressions."—ISAIAH 53: 5.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN.

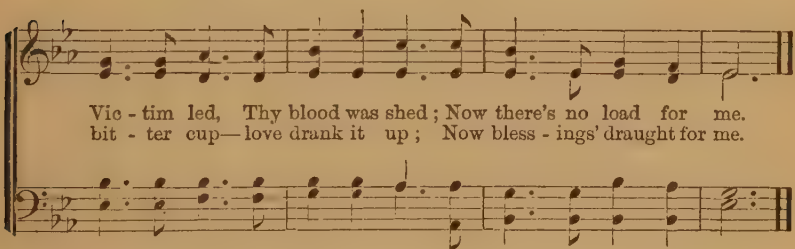
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. O Christ, what burdens bowed Thy head! Our load was laid on Thee; Thou  
2. Death and the curse were in our cup—O Christ, 'twas full for Thee! But



stood - est in the sinner's stead, Didst bear all ill for me. A  
Thou hast drained the last dark drop—'Tis emp - ty now for me. That



Vic - tim led, Thy blood was shed; Now there's no load for me.  
bit - ter cup—love drank it up; Now bless - ings' draught for me.

3.

Jehovah lifted up His rod—  
O Christ, it fell on Thee!  
Thou wast sore stricken of Thy God;  
There's not one stroke for me.  
Thy tears, Thy blood, beneath it flowed;  
Thy bruising healeth me.

4.

The tempest's awful voice was heard—  
O Christ, it broke on Thee!  
Thy open bosom was my ward,  
It braved the storm for me.  
Thy form was scarred, Thy visage marred:  
Now cloudless peace for me.

5.

Jehovah bade His sword awake—  
O Christ, it woke 'gainst Thee!  
Thy blood the flaming blade must slake;  
Thy heart its sheath must be—  
All for my sake, my peace to make;  
Now sleeps that sword for me.

6.

For me, Lord Jesus, Thou hast died,  
And I have died in Thee;  
Thou'rt risen: my bands are all untied,  
And now Thou liv'st in me.  
When purified, made white, and tried,  
Thy GLORY then for me!

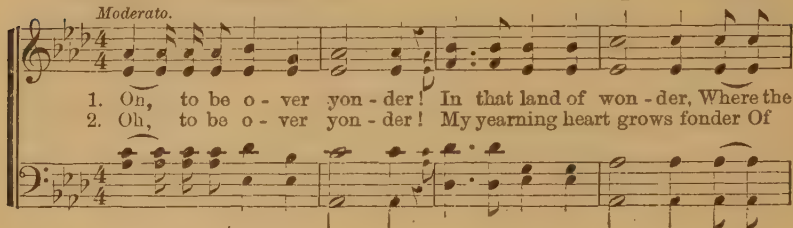
# No. 58. In the Presence of the King.

"In Thy presence is fulness of joy: at Thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—PSALM 16: 11.

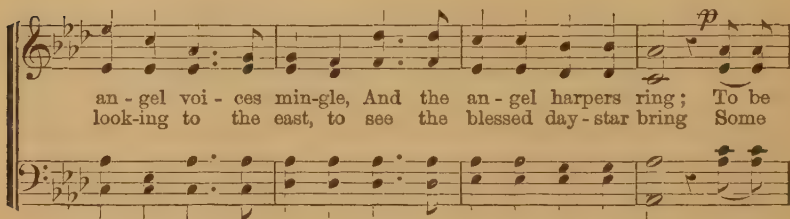
Miss FLORENCE C. ARMSTRONG. 1864.

English.

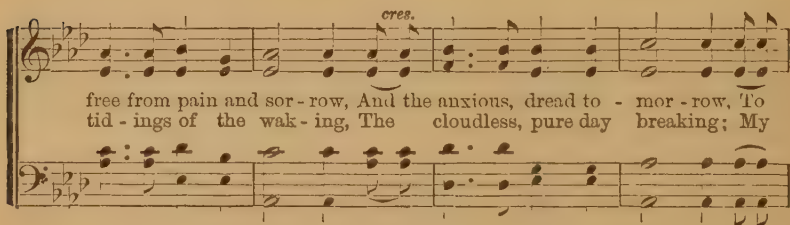
*Moderato.*



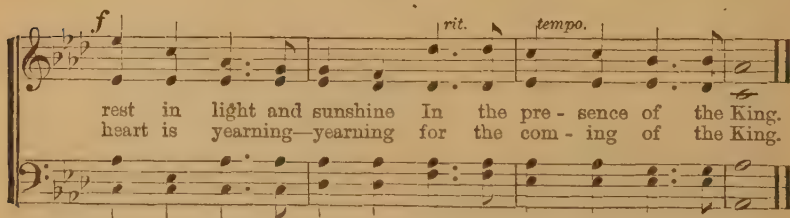
1. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! In that land of won - der, Where the  
2. Oh, to be o - ver yon - der! My yearning heart grows fonder Of



an - gel voi - ces min - gle, And the an - gel harpers ring; To be  
look - ing to the east, to see the blessed day - star bring Some



free from pain and sor - row, And the anxious, dread to - mor - row, To  
tid - ings of the wak - ing, The cloudless, pure day breaking; My



rest in light and sunshine In the pre - sence of the King.  
heart is yearning - yearning for the com - ing of the King.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 Oh, to be over yonder!<br/>Alas! I sigh and wonder<br/>why clings my poor, weak, sinful heart<br/>to any earthly thing;<br/>Each tie of earth must sever,<br/>And pass away for ever;<br/>But there's no more separation in the pres-<br/>ence of the King.</p> | <p>4 Oh, when shall I be dwelling<br/>Where angel voices, swelling<br/>In triumphant hallelujahs, make the vault-<br/>ed heavens ring?<br/>Where the pearly gates are gleaming,<br/>And the morning star is beaming?<br/>Oh, when shall I be yonder in the presence<br/>of the King?</p> |
|--|--|

# In the Presence of the King.—Concluded.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>5 — Oh, when shall I be yonder?<br/>         The longing groweth stronger<br/>         To join in all the praises the redeemed<br/>         ones do sing<br/>         Within those heavenly places,<br/>         Where the angels veil their faces,<br/>         In awe and adoration in the presence of<br/>         the King.</p> | <p>6 Oh I shall soon be yonder,<br/>         And lonely as I wander,<br/>         Yearning for the welcome summer—longing<br/>         for the bird's fleet wing,<br/>         The midnight may be dreary,<br/>         And the heart be worn and weary,<br/>         But there's no more shadow yonder, in the<br/>         presence of the King.</p> |
|--|--|

## No. 59. I am Coming to the Cross.

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."—JOHN 6: 37.

REV. WM. McDONALD.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

1. I am com-ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind; I am  
 CHO.—I am trust-ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry; Humbly

count-ing all but dross, I shall full sal - va - tion find.  
 at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.


- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,<br/>         Long has evil reigned within;<br/>         Jesus sweetly speaks to me,—<br/>         "I will cleanse you from all sin. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>3 Here I give my all to Thee,<br/>         Friends, and time, and earthly store;<br/>         Soul and body Thine to be.—<br/>         Wholly Thine for evermore. <i>Cho.</i></p> | <p>4 In thy promises I trust,<br/>         Now I feel the blood applied:<br/>         I am prostrate in the dust,<br/>         I with Christ am crucified. <i>Cho.</i></p> <p>5 Jesus comes! He fills my soul!<br/>         Perfected in Him I am;<br/>         I am every whit made whole:<br/>         Glory, glory to the Lamb. <i>Cho.</i></p> |
|--|--|

# No. 60. All the Way My Saviour Leads Me.



"The Lord alone did lead him."—DEUT. 32: 12.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

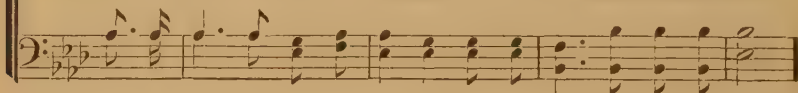

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



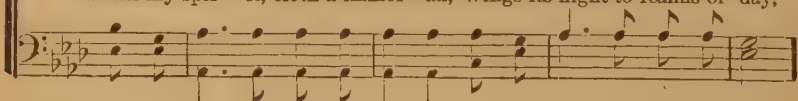

1. All the way my Saviour leads me; What have I to ask be-side?  
 2. All the way my Saviour leads me; Cheers each winding path I tread;  
 3. All the way my Saviour leads me; Oh, the fullness of His love!

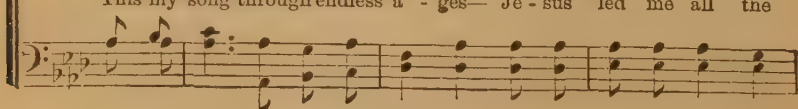
Can I doubt His ten-der mer-cy, Who thro' life has been my guide?  
 Gives me grace for ev-ery tri-al, Feeds me with the liv-ing bread;  
 Per-fect rest to me is promised In my Fa-ther's house a-bove;

Heaven'ly peace, di-vin-est com-fort, Here by faith in Him to dwell!  
 Tho' my wea-ry steps may fal-ter, And my soul a-thirst may be,  
 When my spir-it, cloth'd immor-tal, Wings its flight to realms of day,

For I know what-e'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things  
 Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo! a spring of joy I  
 This my song through endless a-ges— Je-sus led me all the



# All the Way.—Concluded.

well ; For I know, whate'er be-fall me, Je-sus do-eth all things well.  
see ; Gushing from the Rock be-fore me, Lo ! a spring of joy I see.  
way ; This my song thro' end-less a - ges—Je-sus led me all the way.

No. 61.

## Go Bury thy Sorrow.

"They shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISAIAH 35: 10.

ANON.

P. P. BLISS, by per

1. Go bu-ry thy sor-row, The world hath its share ;  
2. Go tell it to Je-sus, He know-eth thy grief ;

Go bu-ry it deep-ly, Go hide it with care, Go think of it calm-ly,  
Go tell it to Je-sus, He'll send thee relief, Go gather the sun-shine

*Rit.*  
When curtain'd by night, Go tell it to Je-sus, And all will be right.  
He sheds on the way ; He'll lighten thy bur-den, Go, weary one, pray.

3 Hearts growing a-weary  
With heavier woe  
Now droop 'mid the darkness—  
Go comfort them, go !

Go bury thy sorrows,  
Let others be blest ;  
Go give them the sunshine,  
Tell Jesus the rest.

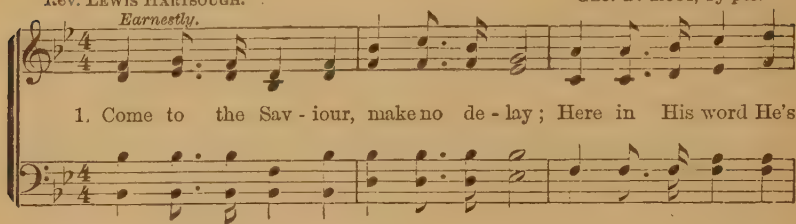


"Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands."—PSALM. 96: 1.

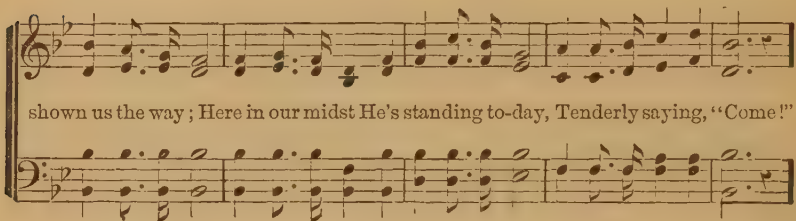
Rev. LEWIS HARTSOUGH.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

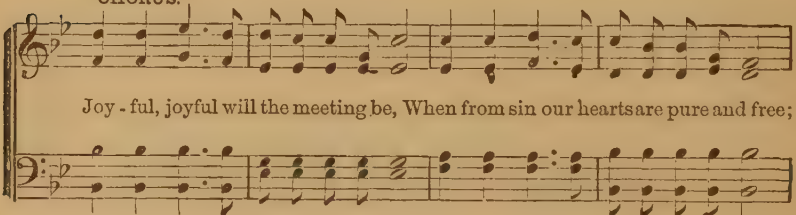
*Earnestly.*



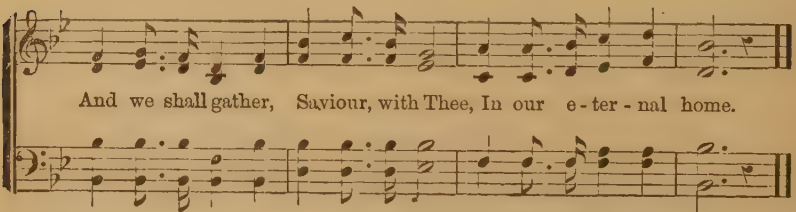
shown us the way ; Here in our midst He's standing to-day, Tenderly saying, "Come!"



CHORUS.



And we shall gather, Saviour, with Thee, In our e - ter - nal home.



2.

"Suffer the children !" Oh, hear His voice,  
Let ev'ry heart leap forth and rejoice,  
And let us freely make Him our choice ;  
Do not delay, but come. *Cho.*

3.

Think once again, He's with us to-day ;  
Heed now His blest commands, and obey ;  
Hear now His accents tenderly say,  
"Will you, my children, come !" *Cho.*

# No. 63. I Hear Thy Welcome Voice. (G. H. 2-40.)

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Rev. L. HARTSOUGH.

From "Hallowed Songs," by per.

1. I hear Thy welcome voice That calls me, Lord, to Thee For  
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength assure; Thou

cleans - ing in Thy pre - cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.  
dost my vile-ness ful - ly cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.

CHORUS.

I am com - ing Lord! Com - ing now to Thee!

Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.

3 'Tis Jesus calls me on  
To perfect faith and love,  
To perfect hope, and peace, and trust,  
For earth and heaven above.

4 'Tis Jesus who confirms  
The blessed work within,  
By adding grace to welcomed grace,  
Where reigned the power of sin.

5 And He the witness gives  
To loyal hearts and free,  
That every promise is fulfilled,  
If faith but brings the plea.

6 All hail, atoning blood!  
All hail, redeeming grace!  
All hail, the Gift of Christ, our Lord,  
Our Strength and Righteousness!

"He said unto her, thy sins are forgiven."—LUKE 7: 48.

ENGLISH.

I. B. WOODBURY.

1. To the hall of the feast came the sin-ful and fair; She heard in the  
2. The frown and the murmur went round through them all, That one so un-

cit-y that Je-sus was there; Un-heed-ing the splendor that  
hallowed should tread in that hall; And some said the poor would be

blazed on the board, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the  
ob-jects more meet, As the wealth of her per-fume she shower'd on His

Lord, She si-lent-ly knelt at the feet of the Lord.  
feet, As the wealth of her per-fume she shower'd on His feet.

3 She heard but the Saviour; she spoke but with sighs;  
She dare not look up to the heaven of His eyes;  
And the hot tears gush'd forth at each heave of her breast,  
As her lips to His sandals were throbbingly pressed.

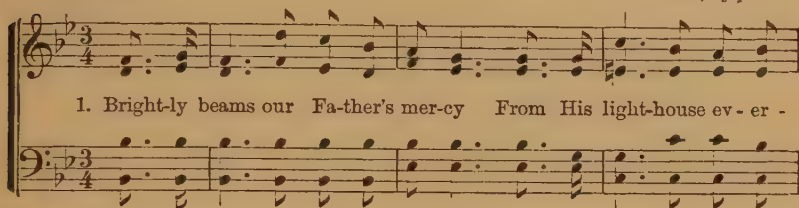
4 In the sky, after tempest, as shineth the bow,—  
In the glance of the sunbeam, as melteth the snow  
He looked on that lost one: "her sins were forgiven,"  
And the sinner went forth in the beauty of heaven.

# No. 65. Let the Lower Lights be Burning.

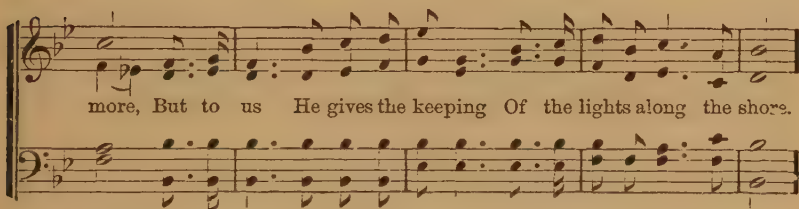
"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—MATT. 5: 16.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

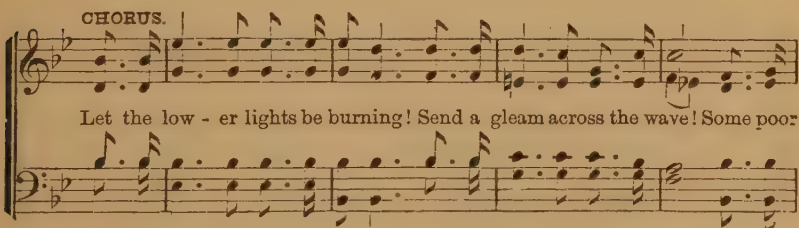


1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev - er -

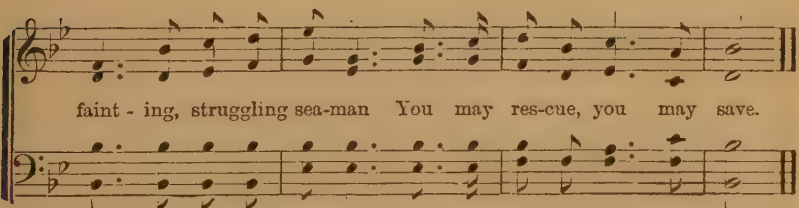


more, But to us He gives the keeping Of the lights along the shore.

CHORUS.



Let the low - er lights be burning! Send a gleam across the wave! Some poor



faint - ing, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.

2 Dark the night of sin has settled,  
Loud the angry billows roar;  
Eager eyes are watching, longing.  
For the lights along the shore.—*Cho.*

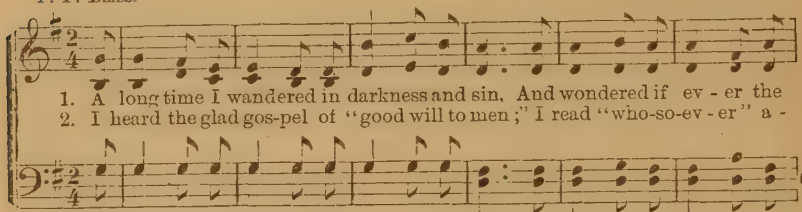
3 Trim your feeble lamp, my brother:  
Some poor sailor tempest-tost,  
Trying now to make the harbor.  
In the darkness *may be lost.*—*Cho.*

# No. 66. *Wishing, Hoping, Knowing.* (G. H. 2-16.)

"My beloved is mine, and I am His."—SONGS OF SOLOMON 2:16.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

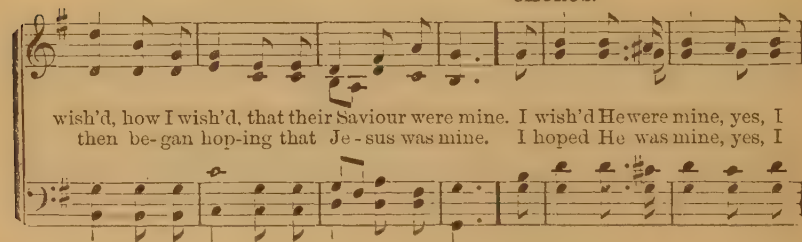


1. A long time I wandered in darkness and sin, And wondered if ev - er the  
2. I heard the glad gos-pel of "good will to men;" I read "who-so-ev - er" a -

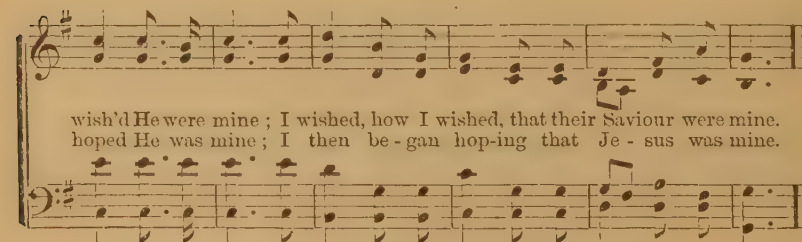


light would shine in; I heard Christian friends tell of rapture di - vine. And  
gain and a - gain; I said to my soul, "Can that promise be thine?" And

## CHORUS.



wish'd, how I wish'd, that their Saviour were mine. I wish'd He were mine, yes, I  
then be - gan hop - ing that Je - sus was mine. I hoped He was mine, yes, I



wish'd He were mine; I wished, how I wished, that their Saviour were mine.  
hoped He was mine; I then be - gan hop - ing that Je - sus was mine.

3 Oh, mercy surprising, He saves even me!  
"Thy portion forever," He says, "will I be,"  
On His word I'm resting—assurance divine—  
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!

*Chorus.*—I know He is mine, yes, I know He is mine;  
I'm "hoping" no longer—I know He is mine!



"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off."—ISA. 33: 17.

Rev. I. WATTS.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

1. { There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign ;  
 { E - ter-nal day ex-cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain. }

There ev-er-last-ing spring abides, And nev-er with-'ring flowers ;

Death, like a nar-row sea, divides This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood  
 Stand dressed in living green ;  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er,  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,  
 Should fright us from the shore.

All the light of sacred story,  
 Gathers round its head sublime.

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,  
 Hopes deceive and fears annoy,  
 Never shall the cross forsake me ;  
 Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming  
 Light and love upon my way,  
 From the cross the radiance streaming,  
 Adds new luster to the day.

4 Pain and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
 By the cross are sanctified ;  
 Peace is there, that knows no measure,  
 Joys that through all time abide.

No. 68. RATHBUN. 8s & 7s.  
 Key C.

1 In the cross of Christ I glory,  
 Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;

"For yet a little while and He that shall come will come, and will  
not tarry."—HEB. 10: 37.

Rev. ED. H. BICKERSTETH.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1840.

FINE

1. "Till He come!"—Oh, let the words Linger on the trembling chords:  
D. C. Let us think, how heav'n and home Lie beyond that "Till He come!"  
2. When the wea-ry ones we love En-ter on that rest a-bove,  
D. C. Hush! be ev-ery murmur dumb, It is on-ly "Till He come!"

Let the "lit-tle while" be-tween In their golden light be seen;  
When the words of love and cheer Fall no long-er on our ear.

3 Clouds and darkness round us press;  
Would we have one sorrow less?  
All the sharpness of the cross,  
All that tells the world is loss,  
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,  
Pain us only "Till He come!"

4 See the feast of love is spread,  
Drink the wine and eat the bread;  
Sweet memorials, till the Lord  
Call us round His heavenly board,  
Some from earth, from glory some,  
Severed only "Till He come!"

4 "Ye must be born again!"  
Or never enter heaven;  
'Tis only blood-washed ones are there—  
The ransomed and forgiven.

ANON

## No. 70.

DENNIS, S. M.  
Key F.

1 How solemn are the words,  
And yet to faith how plain,  
Which Jesus uttered while on earth—  
"Ye must be born again!"

2 "Ye must be born again!"  
For so hath God decreed;  
No reformation will suffice—  
'Tis life poor sinners need.  
Ye must be born again!"  
And life in Christ must have;  
In vain the soul may elsewhere go—  
'Tis He alone can save.

## No. 71.

ORTONVILLE, C. M.  
Key B $\flat$ .

1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
In a believer's ear;  
It soothes His sorrows, heals His wounds,  
And drives away His fear.  
2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary, rest.  
3 Dear Name, the Rock on which I build,  
My shield and hiding-place:  
My never-failing treasure, filled  
With boundless stores of grace.  
4 Jesus my Shepherd, Saviour, Friend,  
My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
My Lord, my Life, My Way, my End,  
Accept the praise I bring.  
5 I would Thy boundless love proclaim  
With every fleeting breath;  
So shall the music of Thy name  
Refresh my soul in death.

Rev. JOHN NEWTON

## The Precious Name.

"And blessed be His glorious name for ever."—Psa. 72: 19.

Mrs. LYDIA BAXTER.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. Take the name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor-row and of woe—  
 2. Take the name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from every snare;

It will joy and comfort give you, Take it then where'er you go.  
 If temptations 'round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly name in pray'r.

## CHORUS.

Precious name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of  
 Precious name, O how sweet!

heaven, Precious name, O how sweet—Hope of earth and joy of heav'n.  
 Precious name, O how sweet, how sweet,

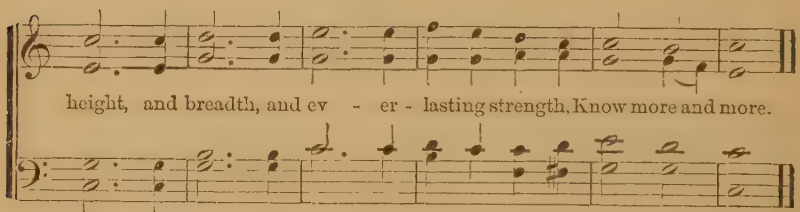
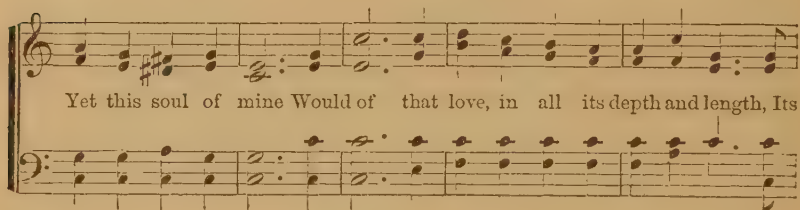
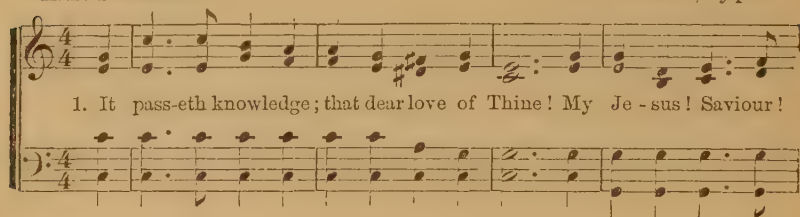
3 Oh! the precious name of Jesus;  
 How it thrills our souls with joy;  
 When His loving arms receive us,  
 And His songs our tongues employ! *Cho.*

4 At the name of Jesus bowing,  
 Falling prostrate at His feet,  
 King of kings in heav'n we'll crown Him,  
 When our journey is complete. *Cho.*

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."—EPH. 3: 19.

MARY SHEKLETON.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



2.  
It passeth *telling*! that dear love of Thine,  
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet these lips of mine  
Would fain proclaim to sinners far and near  
A love which can remove all guilty fear,  
And love beget.

3.  
It passeth *praises*! that dear love of Thine,  
My Jesus! Saviour! Yet this heart of mine  
Would sing a love so rich, so full, so free,  
Which brought an undone sinner, such as me,  
Right home to God.

4.  
But ah! I cannot tell, or sing, or know,  
The fulness of that love, whilst here below;  
Yet my poor vessel I may freely bring,  
O Thou who art of love the living spring,  
My vessel fill

5.  
I am an empty vessel! scarce one thought  
Or look of love to Thee I've ever brought,  
Yet, I *may* come, and come again to Thee  
With this—the contrite sinner's truthful  
"Thou lovest me!" [plea—

6.  
Oh! *fill* me, Jesus! Saviour! with Thy love!  
May woes but drive me to the fount above;  
Thither may I in childlike faith draw nigh,  
And never to another fountain fly  
But unto Thee!

7.  
And when, my Jesus! Thy dear face I see,  
When at Thy lofty throne I bend the knee,  
Then of Thy love—in all its breadth and  
length, [strength—  
Its height, and depth, and everlasting  
My soul shall sing.

## Oh, to be Nothing. (G. H. 2-63.)

"Neither is he that planteth anything, neither he that watereth."—1 COR. 3: 7.

GEORGIANA M. TAYLOR, 1869.

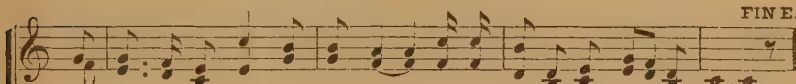
R. GEO. HALLS. Arr. by P. P. BLISS.

*Very slow.*

1. Oh, to be nothing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at His feet,



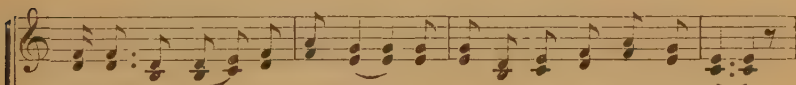
CHO. Oh, to be nothing, noth-ing, On-ly to lie at His feet,



A broken and emptied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.



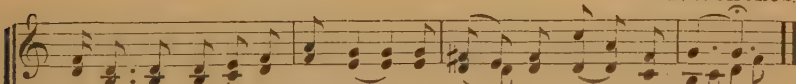
A broken and emptied ves-sel, For the Mas-ter's use made meet.



Emptied that He might fill me As forth to His service I go;



D. C. CHORUS.



Broken, that so un-hin-dered, His life through me might flow.



2 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
 Only as led by His hand;  
 A messenger at His gateway,  
 Only waiting for His command,  
 Only an instrument ready  
 His praises to sound at His will,  
 Willing, should He not require me,  
 In silence to wait on Him still. *Cho.*

3 Oh, to be nothing, nothing,  
 Painful the humbling may be,  
 Yet low in the dust I'd lay me  
 That the world might my Saviour see.  
 Rather be nothing, nothing,  
 To Him let their voices be raised,  
 He is the Fountain of blessing,  
 He only is meet to be praised. *Cho.*



"Almost Thou persuadest me to be a Christian."—ACTS 26: 28.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. "Al - most per - suad - ed" Now to be - lieve ;  
 2. "Al - most per - suad - ed," Come, come to - day ;

"Al - most per - suad - ed" Christ to re - ceive ;  
 "Al - most per - suad - ed," Turn not a - way ;

Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir - it, go Thy way,  
 Je - sus in - vites you here, An - gels are lingering near,

Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."  
 Prayers rise from hearts so dear: O wanderer, come.

3 "Almost persuaded," harvest is past!

"Almost persuaded," doom comes at last!

"Almost" can not avail;

"Almost" is but to fail!

Sad, sad, that bitter wail—

"Almost—but lost!"

## Fully Persuaded.

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."—ACTS 16: 31.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.

1. Ful - ly per - suad - ed, Lord, I be - lieve!  
 2. Ful - ly per - suad - ed— Lord, hear my cry!

Ful - ly per - suad - ed, Thy Spir - it give;  
 Ful - ly per - suad - ed— pass me not by;

I will o - bey Thy call; Low at Thy feet I fall;  
 Just as I am I come, I will no lon - ger roam,

Now I sur - ren - der all, Christ to re - ceive.  
 O make my heart Thy home; Save, or I die!

3.

Fully persuaded, no more oppress,  
 Fully persuaded, now I am blest:  
 Jesus is now my Guide,  
 I will in Christ abide;  
 My soul is satisfied  
 In Him to rest!

4.

Fully persuaded, Jesus is mine;  
 Fully persuaded, Lord, I am Thine!  
 O make my love to Thee  
 Like Thine own love to me,  
 So rich, so full and free,  
 Saviour divine!

"Evening, and morning, and at noon will I pray."—PSALM 4: 17.

Rev. W. W. WALFORD, 1846.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1859.

*Slow.*

1. Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer! That calls me from a  
D. C. And oft es-caped the tempter's snare, By thy re - turn, sweet

world of care, And bids me at my Fa - ther's throne Make  
hour of prayer, And oft es - caped the tempter's snare, By

FINE.

all my wants and wish - es known: In sea - sons of dis -  
thy re - turn, sweet hour of prayer!

D. C.

tress and grief, My soul has oft - en found re - lief;

2.

3.

Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!	Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
Thy wings shall my petition bear	May I thy consolation share,
To Him whose truth and faithfulness	Till, from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
Engage the waiting soul to bless.	I view my home and take my flight:
And since He bids me seek His face,	This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
Believe His word, and trust His grace,	To seize the everlasting prize;
¶: I'll cast on Him my every care	¶: And shout, while passing through the air,
And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! :	Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer! :

## No Other Name.

"Neither is there salvation in any other."—ACTS 4: 12.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. One of - fer of sal - va - tion, To all the world make known ;

The on - ly sure foun-da - tion Is Christ the Cor - ner - Stone.

## CHORUS.

No oth - er name is giv - en, No oth - er way is known, 'Tis

Je - sus Christ the First and Last, He saves, and He a - lone.

2 One only door of heaven  
 Stands open wide to-day,  
 One sacrifice is given,  
 'Tis Christ, the living way. *Cho.*

3 My only song and story  
 Is—Jesus died for me;  
 My only hope of glory,  
 The Cross of Calvary. *Cho.*

# No. 79. What Shall the Harvest Be?

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—GAL. 6: 7.

Mrs. EMILY S. OAKLEY, 1850. *Alt.*

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Sowing the seed by the daylight fair, Sowing the seed by the noon-day glare,  
2. Sowing the seed by the wayside high, Sowing the seed on the rocks to die,  
3. Sowing the seed of a lingering pain, Sowing the seed of a maddened brain,

Sow-ing the seed by the fad-ing light, Sow-ing the seed in the solemn night;  
Sow-ing the seed where the thorns will spoil, Sow-ing the seed in the fer-tile soil;  
Sow-ing the seed of a tarnished name, Sow-ing the seed of e-ter-nal shame;

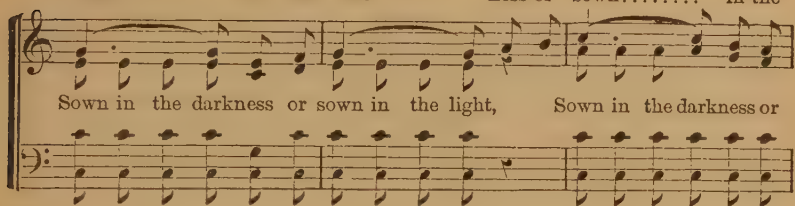
Oh, what shall the har-vest be?..... Oh, what shall the har-vest be?.....



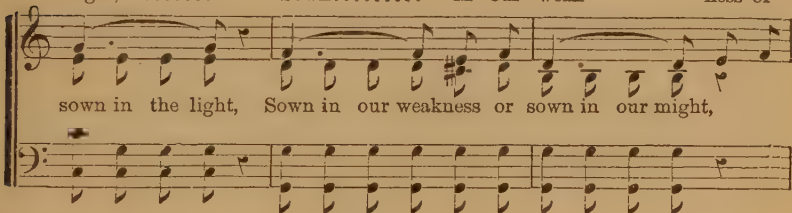
# What Shall the Harvest Be.—Concluded.

## CHORUS.

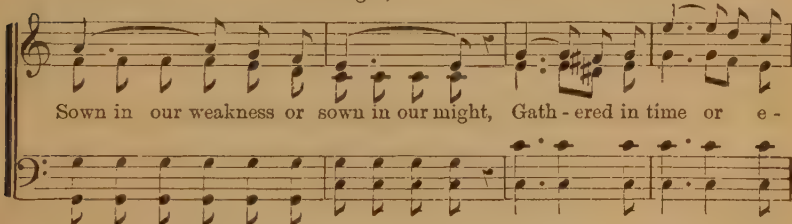
Sown..... in the dark - - - ness or sown..... in the



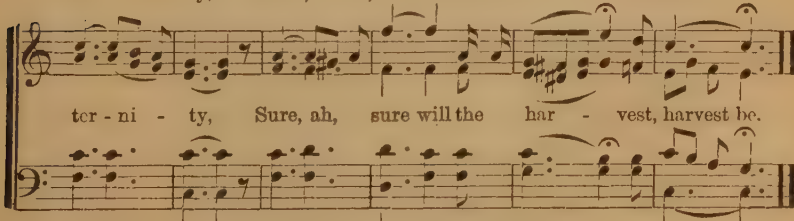
light,..... Sown..... in our weak - - - ness or



sown..... in our might,..... Gath - ered in time or e -



ter - ni - ty, Sure, ah, sure will the har - - vest be.....



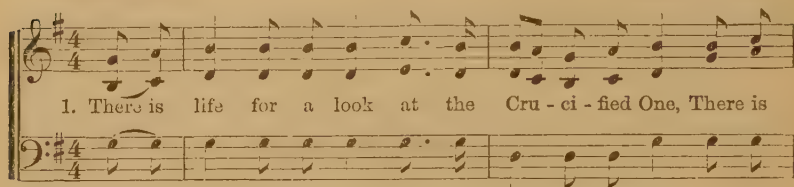
4 Sowing the seed with an aching heart  
Sowing the seed while the tear-drops start  
Sowing in hope till the reapers come  
Gladly to gather the harvest home:  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?  
Oh, what shall the harvest be?

# No. 80. There is Life for a Look.

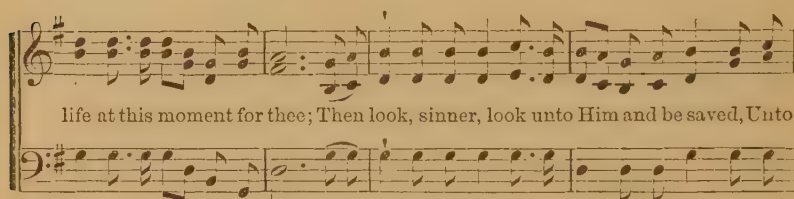
"Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth."—ISAIAH. 14: 22.

AMELIA M. HULL.

Rev. E. G. TAYLOR, by per.



1. There is life for a look at the Cru-ci-fied One, There is

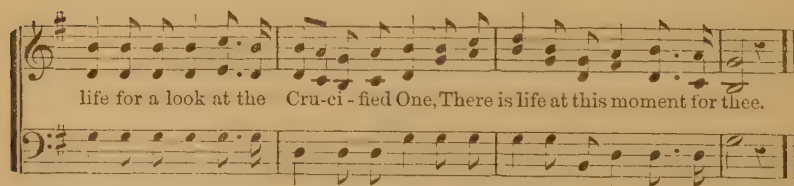


life at this moment for thee; Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved, Unto

REFRAIN.



Him who was nailed to the tree. Look! look! look and live! There is



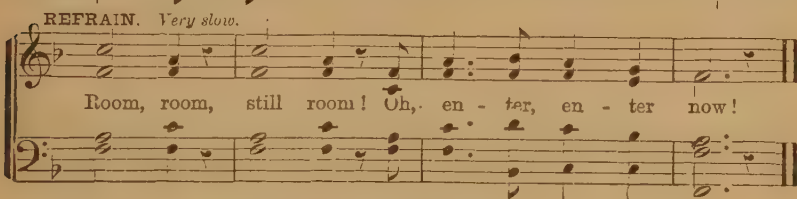
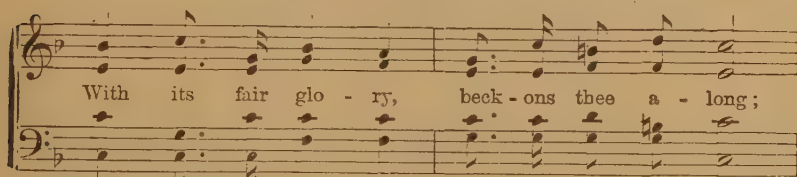
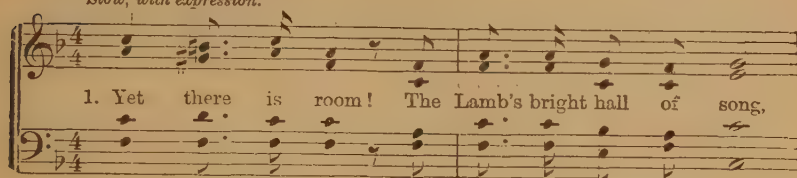
life for a look at the Cru-ci-fied One, There is life at this moment for thee.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>2 Oh, why was He there as the Bearer of<br/>sin,<br/>If on Jesus thy guilt was not laid?<br/>Oh why from His side flowed the sin-<br/>cleansing blood,<br/>If His dying thy debt has not paid?</p>     | <p>4 Then doubt not thy welcome, since God<br/>has declared<br/>There remaineth no more to be done;<br/>That once in the end of the world He<br/>appeared,<br/>And completed the work He begun.</p> |
| <p>3 It is not thy tears of repentance and<br/>prayers,<br/>But the <i>Blood</i>, that atones for the soul;<br/>On Him, then, who shed it, thou mayest<br/>at once<br/>Thy weight of iniquities roll.</p> | <p>5 Then take with rejoicing from Jesus at<br/>once<br/>The life everlasting He gives;<br/>And know with assurance thou never<br/>canst die<br/>Since Jesus thy righteousness, lives.</p>          |

## Yet There is Room. (G. II. 2-22.)

"Yet there is room."—LUKE 14: 22.  
 HORATIUS BONAR, D. D., 1873.  
*Slow, with expression.*

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



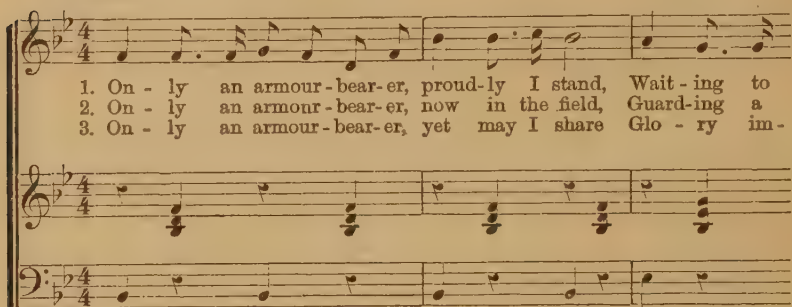
- 2 Day is declining, and the sun is low:  
 The shadows lengthen, light makes haste to go:  
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 3 The bridal hall is filling for the feast:  
 Pass in, pass in, and be the Bridegroom's guest:  
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 4 It fills, it fills, that hall of jubilee!  
 Make haste, make haste; 'tis not too full for thee:  
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 5 Yet there is room! Still open stands the gate.  
 The gate of love: it is not yet too late:  
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now;
- 6 Pass in, pass in! That banquet is for thee;  
 That cup of everlasting love is free:  
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 7 All heaven is there, all joy! Go in, go in;  
 The angels beckon thee the prize to win:  
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 8 Louder and sweeter sounds the loving call:  
 Come lingerer, come; enter that festal hall:  
 Room, room, still room! oh, enter, enter now!
- 9 Ere night that gate may close, and seal thy doom:  
 Then the last, low, long cry:—"No room, no room!"  
 No room, no room:—oh, woful cry, "No room!"

Words written for Messrs M. & S.

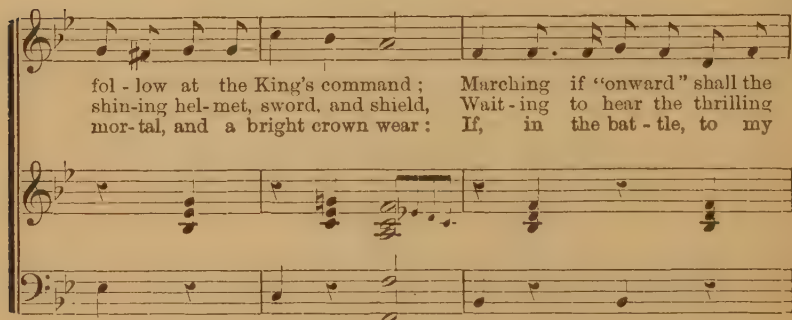
"Now it came to pass upon a day, that Jonathan the son of Saul said unto the young man that bare his armour, Come, and let us go over to the Philistines' garrison that *is* on the other side; it may be that the LORD will work for us: for *there is* no restraint to the LORD to save by many or by few. And his armour-bearer said unto him, Do all that *is* in thine heart: turn thee; behold, I *am* with thee according to thine heart. And Jonathan climbed up upon his hands and upon his feet, and his armour-bearer after him: and they fell before Jonathan: and his armour-bearer slew after him. So the LORD saved Israel that day: and the battle passed over unto Beth-aven."—1 SAM. 14: 1, 6, 7, 13, 23.

P. P. BLISS.

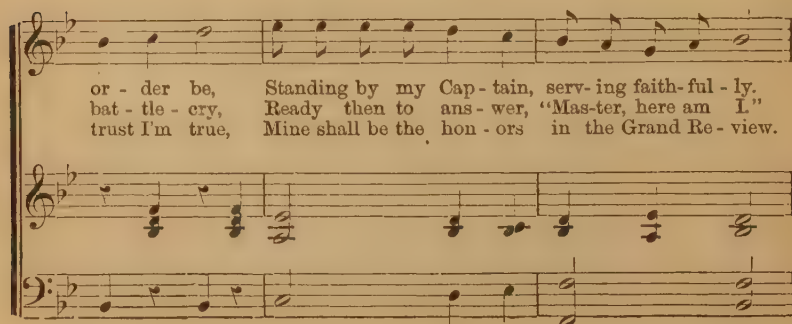
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. On - ly an armour-bear-er, proud-ly I stand, Wait - ing to  
 2. On - ly an armour-bear-er, now in the field, Guard-ing a  
 3. On - ly an armour-bear-er, yet may I share Glo - ry im -



fol - low at the King's command; Marching if "onward" shall the  
 shin-ing hel-met, sword, and shield, Wait-ing to hear the thrilling  
 mor-tal, and a bright crown wear: If, in the bat-tle, to my



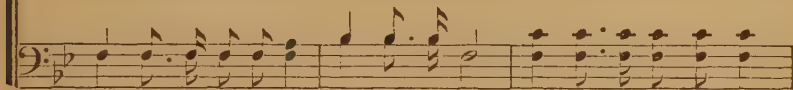
or - der be, Standing by my Cap-tain, serv-ing faith-ful - ly.  
 bat-tle - cry, Ready then to ans-wer, "Mas-ter, here am I."  
 trust I'm true, Mine shall be the hon - ors in the Grand Re - view.

## Only an Armour-Bearer.—Concluded.

### CHORUS.



Hear ye the battle cry! "Forward," the call! See! see the faltering ones!



back-ward they fall. Sure-ly the Captain may de-pend on me,



Though but an armour-bear-er I may be. Sure-ly the Captain may de-



pend on me, Though but an ar-mour-bear-er I may be.





# No. 83.

# Pull for the Shore.

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away, behold, all things are become NEW."—2 COR. 5: 17.

"Therefore, my beloved, \* \* \* work out your own salvation with fear and trembling."—PHIL. 2: 12.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Light in the darkness, sail-or, day is at hand! See o'er the foaming

The first system of the musical score for 'Pull for the Shore'. It consists of a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The vocal line begins with a quarter rest, followed by a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand.

bil-lows fair Ha-ven's land, Drear was the voy-age, sail-or,

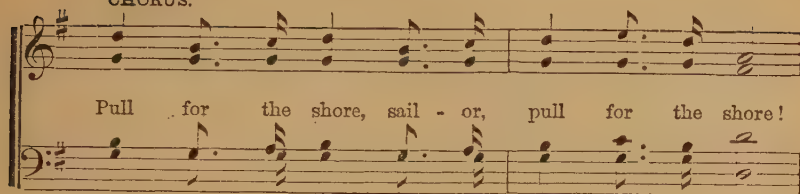
The second system of the musical score. The vocal line continues with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment maintains the same rhythmic pattern as the first system.

now al-most o'er, Safe within the life-boat, sail-or, pull for the shore.

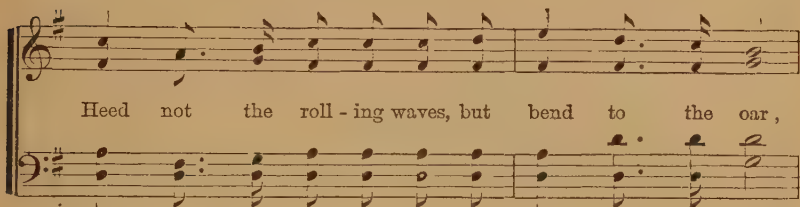
The third system of the musical score. The vocal line concludes with a series of eighth and quarter notes. The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic pattern.

# Pull for the Shore.—Concluded.

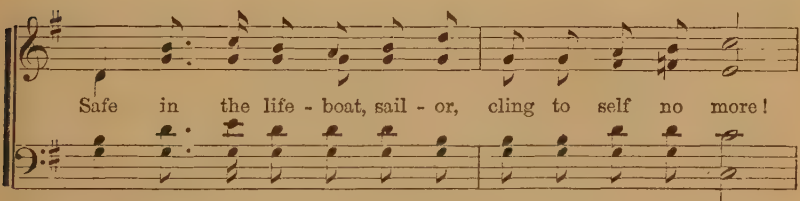
## CHORUS.



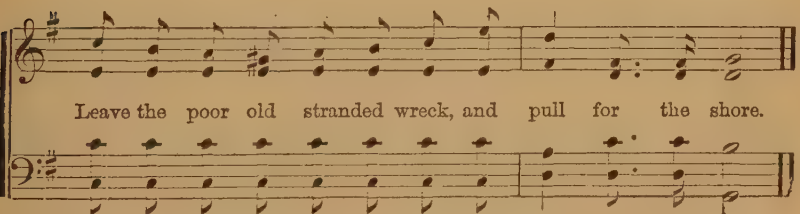
Pull for the shore, sail - or, pull for the shore!



Heed not the roll - ing waves, but bend to the oar,



Safe in the life - boat, sail - or, cling to self no more!



Leave the poor old stranded wreck, and pull for the shore.

2 Trust in the life-boat, sailor, all else will fail.  
 Stronger the surges dash and fiercer the gale,  
 Heed not the stormy winds, though loudly they roar;  
 Watch the "bright and morning star," and pull for the shore.  
 Pull for the shore, &c.

3 Bright gleams the morning, sailor, up lift the eye;  
 Clouds and darkness disappearing, glory is nigh!  
 Safe in the life-boat, sailor, sing evermore;  
 "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" pull for the shore.  
 Pull for the shore, &c.

## No. 84.

## Sun of My Soul.

"The Lord God is a sun."—Psa. 74: 11.

J. KEBLE, 1827.

German. Arr. by W. H. MONK.

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav-iour dear, It is not night if Thou be near;  
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wearied eye - lids gent - ly steep,

Oh, may no earth-born cloud a - rise, To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest For-ev - er on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine—  
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

5 Watch by the sick: enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake.  
Ere through the world our way we take,  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

## No. 85.

## Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

(G.H. 3-111.)

"The Lord will be a refuge in times of trouble."—PSALM 9: 9.

REV. CH. WESLEY, 1740.

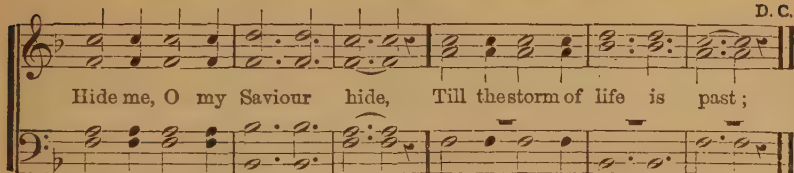
SIMÉON B. MARSH, 1834.

FINE.

1. { Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, }  
{ While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tempest still is high; }  
D. C. Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.

# Jesus, Lover of My Soul.—Concluded.

D. C.



2 Other refuge have I none,  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee:  
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed  
All my help from Thee I bring ;  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is Thy Name,  
I am all unrighteousness :  
Vile, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
Grace to cover all my sin :  
Let the healing streams abound ;  
Make me, keep me, pure within.  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee ;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

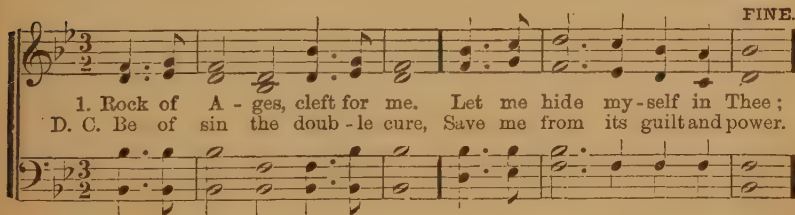
## No. 86.

## Rock of Ages. (G. H. 2-111: 3-110.)

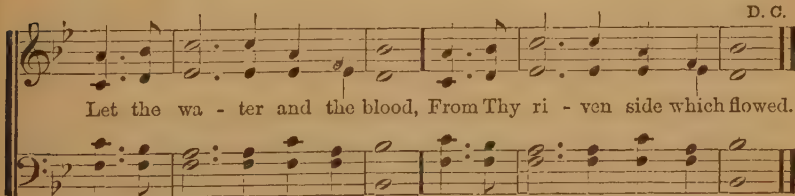
"The Lord is my defence, and my God is the Rock of my refuge."—PSA. 94: 22.

Rev. A. M. TOPLADY, 1776.

Dr. THOS. HASTINGS, 1839.



FINE.



D. C.

2 Not the labor of my hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands ;  
Could my zeal no respite know,  
Could my tears forever flow,  
All for sin could not atone ;  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

3 Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy cross I cling ;  
Naked, come to Thee for dress,

Helpless, look to Thee for grace ;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

4 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When mine eyes shall close in death,  
When I soar to worlds unknown,  
See Thee on Thy judgment throne,—  
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee.

# No. 87.

# Even Me. (G. H. 2-125.)

"Bless me, even me also, O my Father."—GEN. 27: 36.

Mrs. ELIZ. CODNER.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. Lord, I hear of showers of blessing Thou art scattering full and free—  
 2. Pass me not, O gracious Fa-ther! Sin-ful tho' my heart may be;  
 3. Pass me not, O ten-der Saviour! Let me love and cling to Thee;

Showers, the thirsty land re-freshing; Let some droppings fall on me—  
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rath-er Let Thy mer-cy fall on me—  
 I am long-ing for Thy fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, oh, call me—

E - ven me, E - ven me, Let Thy bless-ing fall on me.

- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!  
 Thou canst make the blind to see;  
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,  
 Speak the word of power to me.—Even me.  
 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless;  
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free;

- Grace of God, so strong and boundless;—  
 Magnify them all in me.—Even me.  
 6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,  
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;  
 While the streams of life are springing,  
 Blessing others, oh, bless me.—Even me.

# No. 88. Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah. (G. H. 2-89: 3-113.)

"For Thy name's sake, lead me and guide me."—PSALM 31: 3.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS, 1771.

- 1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,  
 Pilgrim through this barren land;  
 I am weak, but Thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with Thy powerful hand:  
 Bread of heaven,  
 Feed me till I want no more.  
 2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing waters flow;  
 Let the flary, cloudy pillar

- Lead me all my journey through:  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be Thou still my strength and shield.  
 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside;  
 Bear me through the swelling current,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to Thee.



"God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able."—1 COR. 10: 13.

H. R. PALMER.

H. R. PALMER, by per.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yielding is sin, Each vic-t'ry will  
 2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain, God's name hold in  
 3. To him that o'ercom-eth God giv-eth a crown, Thro' faith we shall

help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,  
 rev'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and earn-est,  
 con-quer, Though oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-iour,

Dark passions sub-due, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.  
 Kind-hearted and true, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.  
 Our strength will renew, Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll carry you through.

## CHORUS.

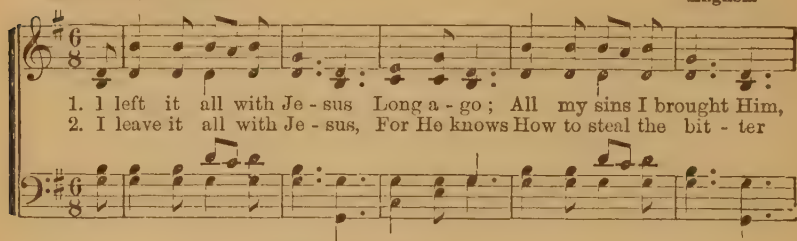
Ask the Saviour to help you, Com-fort, strengthen, and keep you;

He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you through.

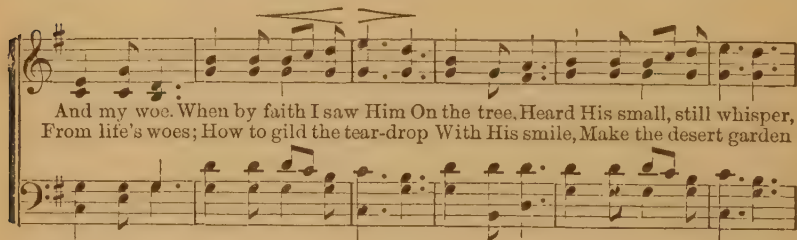
"Casting all your care upon Him; for He careth for you."—1 PETER 5: 7.

Miss ELLEN H. WILLIS.

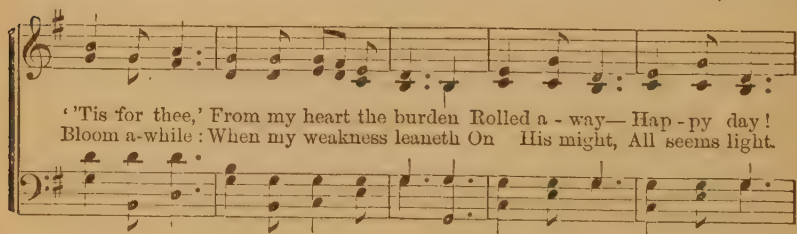
English.



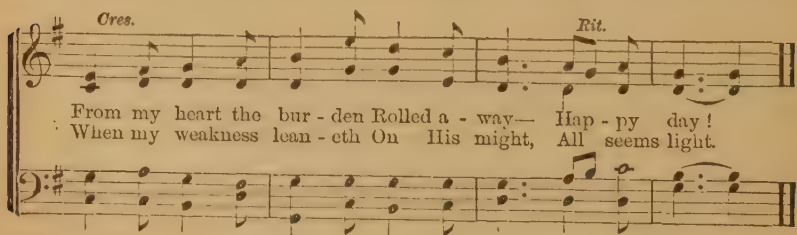
1. I left it all with Je - sus Long a - go; All my sins I brought Him,  
2. I leave it all with Je - sus, For He knows How to steal the bit - ter



And my woe. When by faith I saw Him On the tree, Heard His small, still whisper,  
From life's woes; How to gild the tear-drop With His smile, Make the desert garden



'Tis for thee, From my heart the burden Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!  
Bloom a-while: When my weakness leaneth On His might, All seems light.



*Cres.* From my heart the bur - den Rolled a - way— Hap - py day!  
*Rit.* When my weakness lean - eth On His might, All seems light.

3 I leave it all with Jesus  
Day by day;  
Faith can firmly trust Him  
Come what may.  
Hope has dropped her anchor,  
Found her rest  
In the calm, sure haven  
Of His breast:  
Love esteems it heaven  
To abide At His side.

4 Oh, leave it *all* with Jesus,  
Drooping soul!  
Tell not *half* thy story,  
But the whole.  
Worlds on worlds are hanging  
On His hand,  
Life and death are waiting  
His command;  
Yet His tender bosom  
Makes *thee* room—Oh, come home!

## There is a Fountain.

"A Fountain opened for sin."—ZECH. 13: 1.

WM. COWPER, 1779.

WESTERN MELODY.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
2. The dy - ing thief re-joiced to see That fountain in his day;

And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains,  
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way,

## REFRAIN.

Lose all their guilt - y stains, Lose all their guilt - y stains;  
Wash all my sins a - way, Wash all my sins a - way;

And sin - ners plunged beneath that flood Lose all their guilt - y stains.  
And there may I, though vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

3

E'er since by faith I saw the stream  
Thy flowing wounds supply,  
Redeeming love has been my theme  
And shall be till I die. *Ref.*

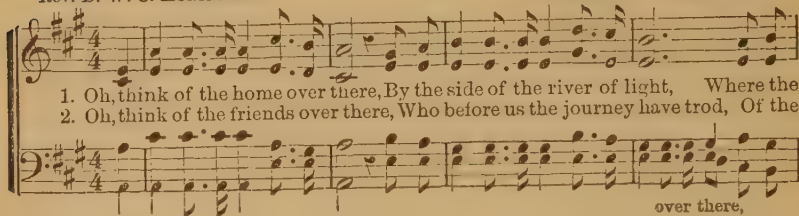
4

Then in a nobler, sweeter song  
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue  
When this poor, lisping, stammering  
Lies silent in the grave. *Ref.*

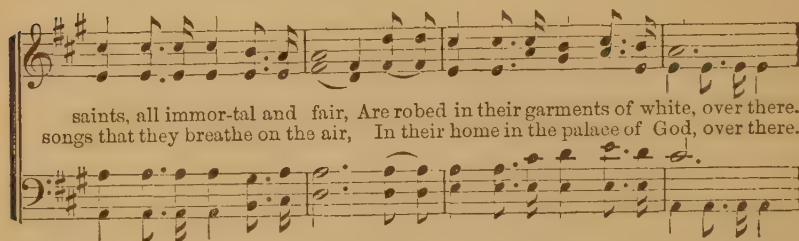
"Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away  
and be at rest."—PSALM 55: 6.

Rev. D. W. C. HUNTINGTON.

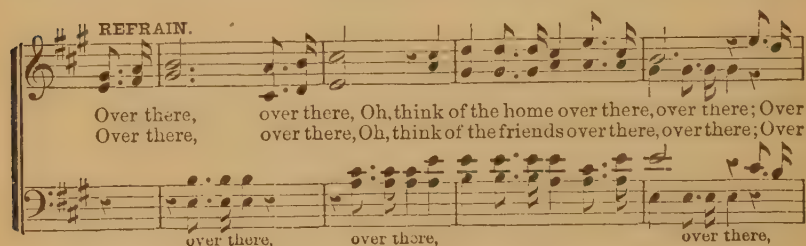
TULLIUS C. O'KANE, by per.



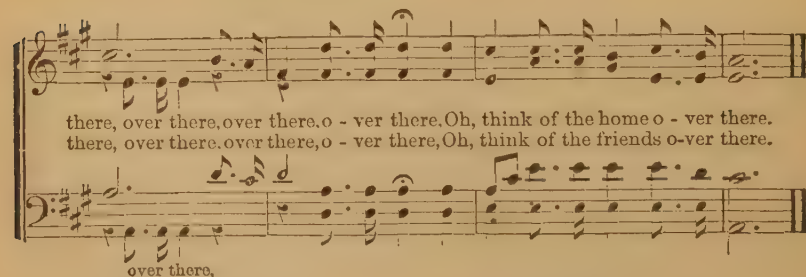
1. Oh, think of the home over there, By the side of the river of light, Where the  
2. Oh, think of the friends over there, Who before us the journey have trod, Of the  
over there,



saints, all immor-tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white, over there.  
songs that they breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God, over there.



REFRAIN.  
Over there, over there, Oh, think of the home over there, over there; Over  
Over there, over there, Oh, think of the friends over there, over there; Over  
over there, over there, over there,



there, over there, over there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the home o - ver there.  
there, over there, over there, o - ver there, Oh, think of the friends o-ver there.  
over there,

3 My Saviour is now over there,  
There my kindred and friends are at rest;  
Then away from my sorrow and care,  
Let me fly to the land of the blest.  
Over there, over there,  
My Saviour is now over there.

4 I'll soon be at home over there,  
For the end of my journey I see;  
Many dear to my heart, over there,  
Are watching and waiting for me.  
Over there, over there,  
I'll soon be at home over there.

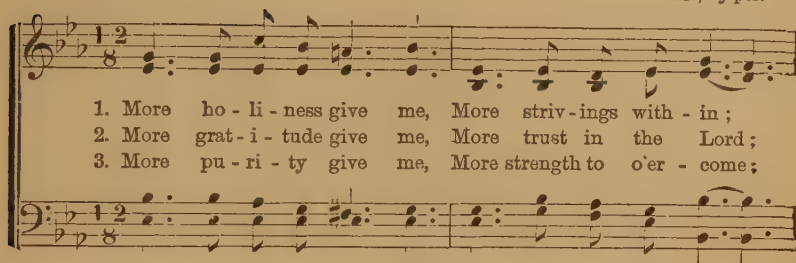
## No. 93.

## My Prayer.

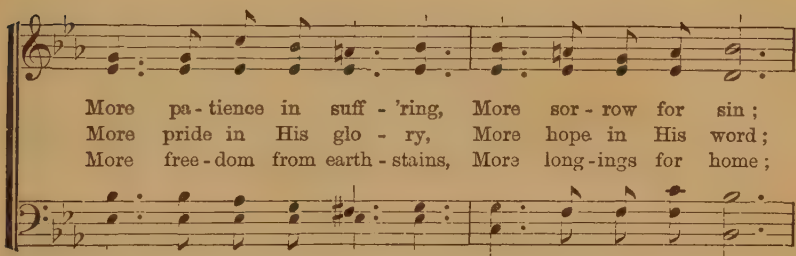
"Be ye therefore perfect."—MATT. 5: 8.

P. P. BLISS.

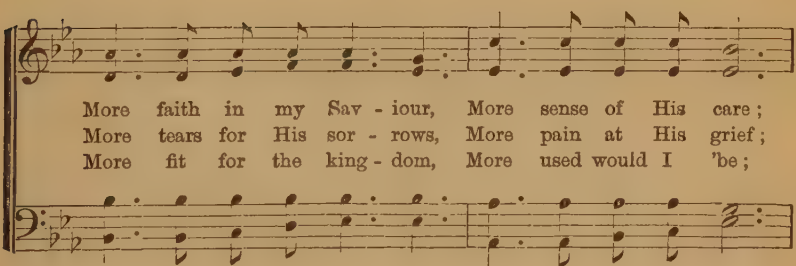
P. P. BLISS, by per.



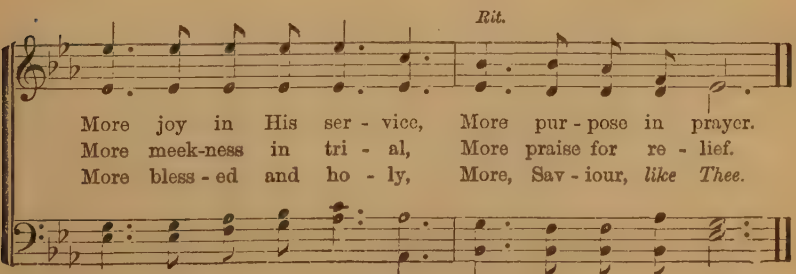
1. More ho - li - ness give me, More striv - ings with - in ;  
 2. More grat - i - tude give me, More trust in the Lord ;  
 3. More pu - ri - ty give me, More strength to o'er - come ;



More pa - tience in suff - 'ring, More sor - row for sin ;  
 More pride in His glo - ry, More hope in His word ;  
 More free - dom from earth - stains, More long - ings for home ;



More faith in my Sav - iour, More sense of His care ;  
 More tears for His sor - rows, More pain at His grief ;  
 More fit for the king - dom, More used would I 'be ;



*Rit.*  
 More joy in His ser - vice, More pur - pose in prayer.  
 More meek - ness in tri - al, More praise for re - lief.  
 More bless - ed and ho - ly, More, Sav - iour, like Thee.

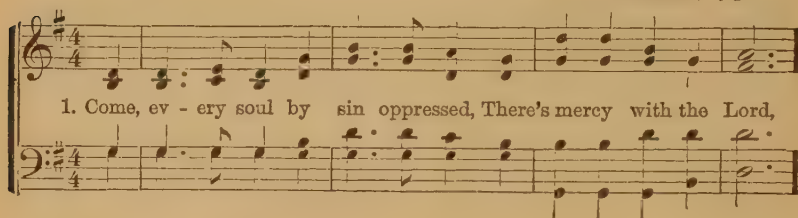


## Only Trust Him.

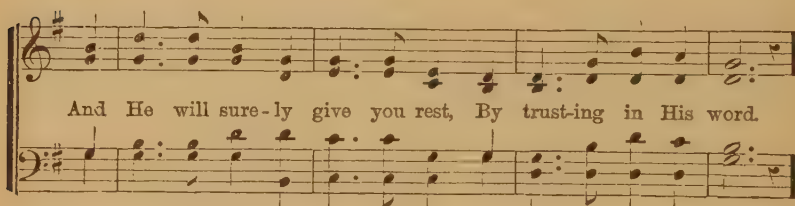
"Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; and ye shall find rest unto your souls."—MATT. 11: 29.

Rev. J. H. S.

Rev. J. H. STOCKTON, by per.

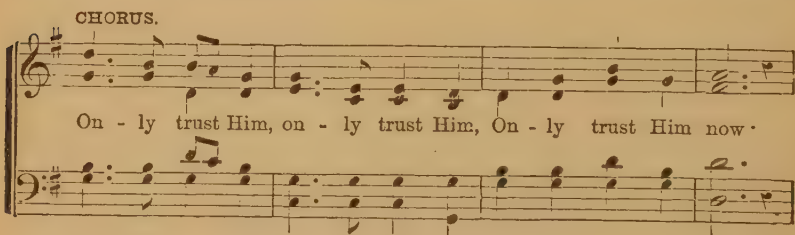


1. Come, ev - ery soul by sin oppressed, There's mercy with the Lord,

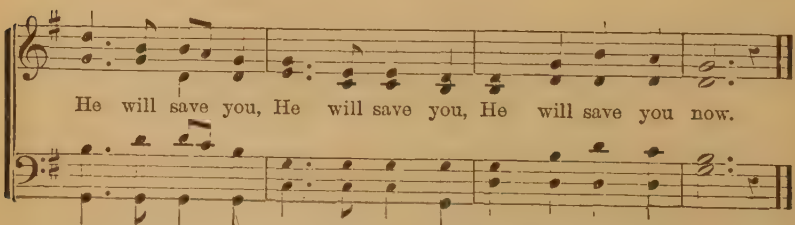


And He will sure-ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.

CHORUS.



On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him, On - ly trust Him now.



He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

2 For Jesus shed His precious blood  
Rich blessings to bestow;  
Plunge now into the crimson flood  
That washes white as snow.

3 Yes. Jesus is the Truth, the Way,  
That leads you into rest;  
Believe in Him without delay,  
And you are fully blest.

4 Come then, and join this holy band,  
And on to glory go,  
To dwell in that celestial land,  
Where joys immortal flow.

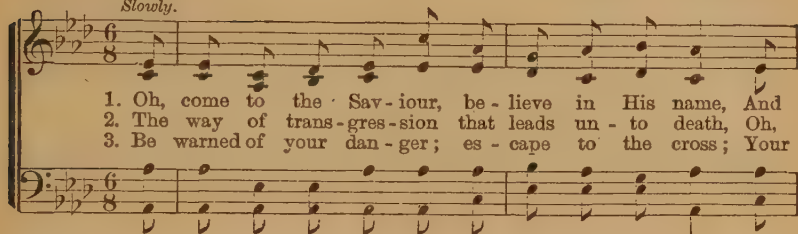
# No. 95. Yes, There is Pardon for You.

"He will abundantly pardon."—Isa. 55: 17.

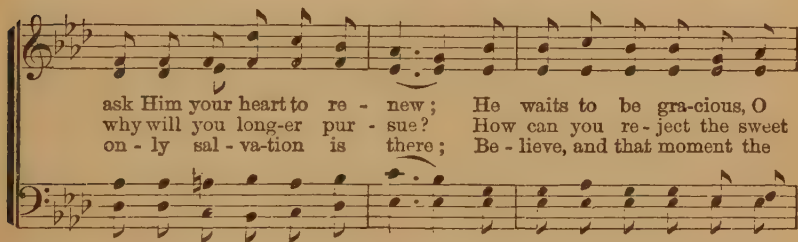
FANNY J. CROSBY.

HUBERT P. MAZE, by per.

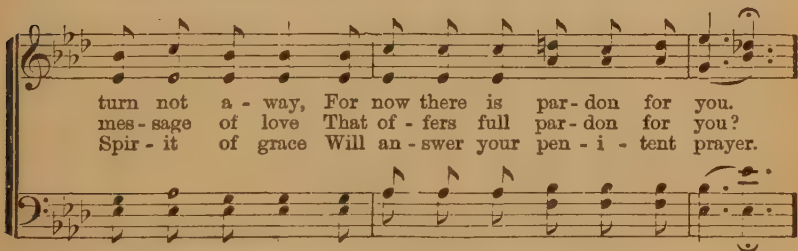
*Slowly.*



1. Oh, come to the Sav-i-our, be-lieve in His name, And  
 2. The way of trans-gres-sion that leads un-to death, Oh,  
 3. Be warned of your dan-ger; es-cape to the cross; Your

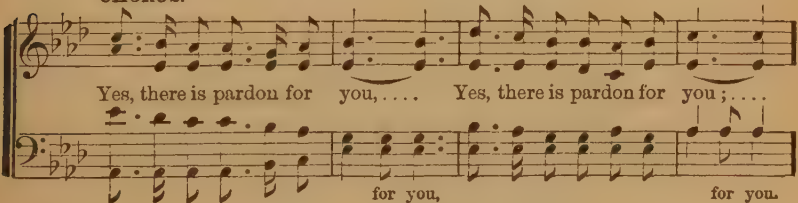


ask Him your heart to re-new; He waits to be gra-cious, O  
 why will you long-er pur-sue? How can you re-ject the sweet  
 on-ly sal-va-tion is there; Be-lieve, and that moment the

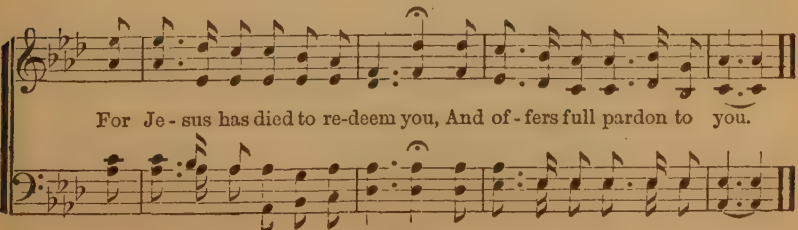


turn not a-way, For now there is par-don for you.  
 mes-sage of love That of-fers full par-don for you?  
 Spir-it of grace Will an-swer your pen-i-tent prayer.

## CHORUS.



Yes, there is pardon for you,.... Yes, there is pardon for you;....  
 for you, for you.



For Je-sus has died to re-deem you, And of-fers full pardon to you.

"And when He came to it He found nothing but leaves."—MARK 11: 13.

L. E. A.

SILAS J. VAIL, by per.

1. Nothing but leaves! The Spirit grieves O'er years of wasted life; O'er

sins indulged while conscience slept, O'er vows and promises un-kept, And

reap from years of strife— Nothing but leaves! Nothing but leaves!

2 Nothing but leaves! No gathered sheaves,  
Of life's fair ripening grain:  
We sow our seeds; lo! tares and weeds,—  
Words, *idle* words, for earnest deeds—  
Then reap, with toil and pain,  
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

3 Nothing but leaves! Sad mem'ry weaves  
No veil to hide the past:  
And as we trace our weary way,  
And count each lost and misspent day  
We sadly find at last—  
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

4 Ah, who shall thus the Master meet,  
And bring but withered leaves?  
Ah, who shall at the Saviour's feet,  
Before the awful judgment-seat  
Lay down for golden sheaves,  
Nothing but leaves! nothing but leaves!

# No. 97.

# Jewels.

"And they shall be Mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when  
I make up My jewels."—MALACHI 3: 17.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. When He com - eth, when He com - eth To make up His

jew - els, All His jew-els, precious jewels, His loved and His own.

## CHORUS.

Like the stars of the morn - ing, His bright crown a -

dorn - ing, They shall shine in their beauty, Bright gems for His crown.

2 He will gather, He will gather  
The gems for His kingdom:  
All the pure ones, all the bright ones,  
His loved and His own. *Cho.*

3 Little children, little children,  
Who love their Redeemer,  
Are the jewels, precious jewels,  
His loved and His own. *Cho.*

# No. 98. Go Work in My Vineyard.

"Go work to-day in My vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

ANON.

From "Dew Drops," by per. of T. C. O'KANE.

1. "Go work in My vineyard," There's plenty to do, The harvest is great and the  
 2. "Go work in My vineyard," I claim thee as Mine, With blood did I buy thee, and

lab'rrs are few; There's weeding and fencing, and clearing of roots, And  
 D. S.—I've sheep to be tend-ed, and lambs to be fed, The  
 all that is thine; Thy time and thy ta-lents, thy loft-iest powers, Thy  
 D. S.—In pain and tempta-tion, in anguish and shame, I

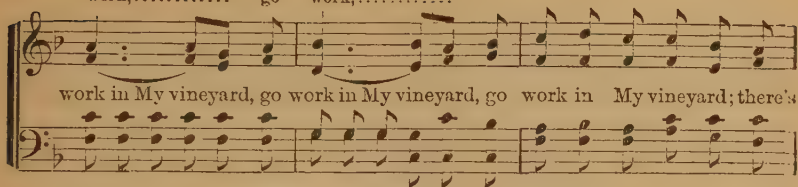
ploughing, and sowing, and gath'ring the fruits. There are foxes to take, there are  
 lost must be gathered, the wea-ry ones led. [Go to Chorus.]  
 warm-est af-fec-tions, thy sun-ni-est hours. I will-ing-ly yielded My  
 paid thy full ran-som; My purchase I claim. [Go to Chorus.]

D. S. CHORUS.  
 wolves to de-stroy, All a-ges and ranks I can ful-ly em-ploy. Go  
 king-dom for thee, The song of arch-an-gels—to hang on the tree;

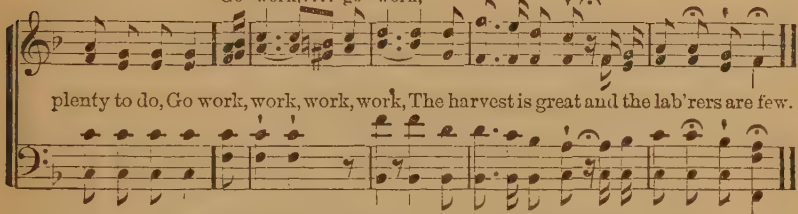


## Go Work in My Vineyard.—Concluded.

work,..... go work,.....



Go work,.... go work,



3 "Go work in My vineyard;" oh, "work while 'tis day,"

The bright hours of sunshine are hastening away;

And night's gloomy shadows are gathering fast;

Then the time for our labor shall ever be past.

Begin in the morning, and toil all the day,

Thy strength I'll supply and thy wages I'll pay;

And blessed, thrice blessed the diligent few,

Who finish the labor I've given them to do.

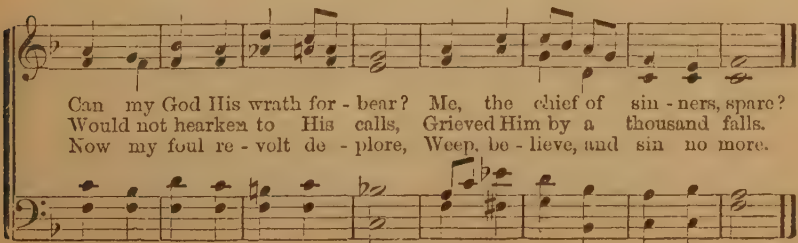
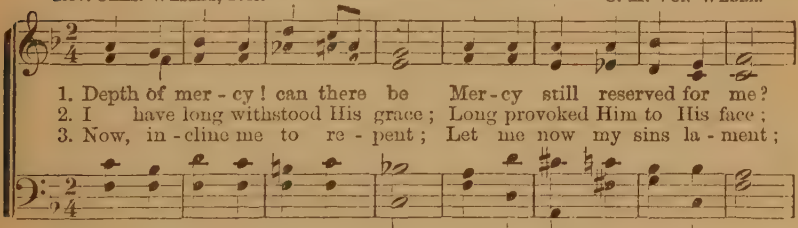
No. 99.

## Seymour. 7s.

"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."—Ps. 51: 17.

Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

C. M. VON WEDER.

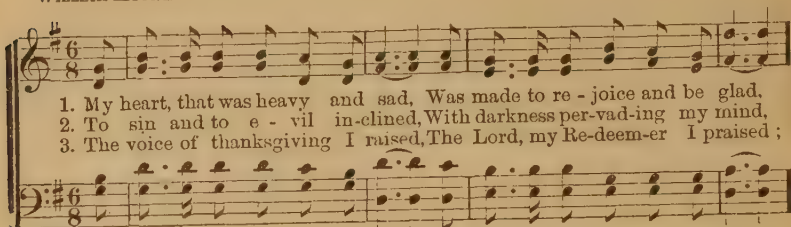


# No. 100. When the Comforter Came.

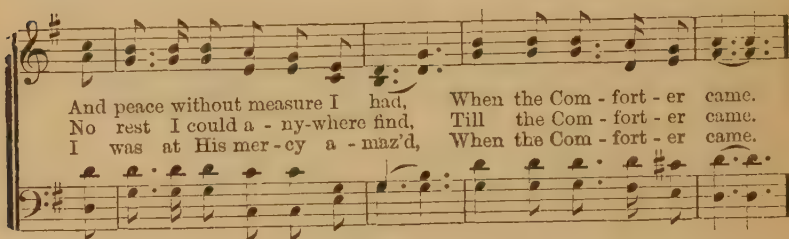
"He shall give you another Comforter."—JOHN. 14: 16.

WILLIAM MOORE.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

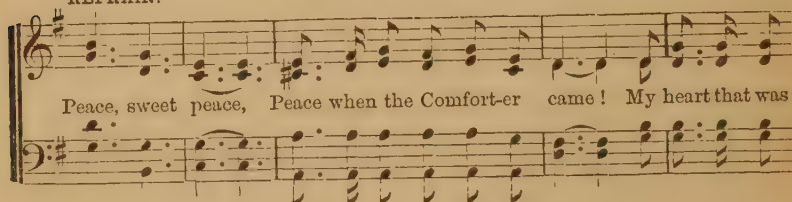


1. My heart, that was heavy and sad, Was made to re-joice and be glad,  
 2. To sin and to e-vil in-clined, With darkness per-vad-ing my mind,  
 3. The voice of thanksgiving I raised, The Lord, my Re-deem-er I praised;

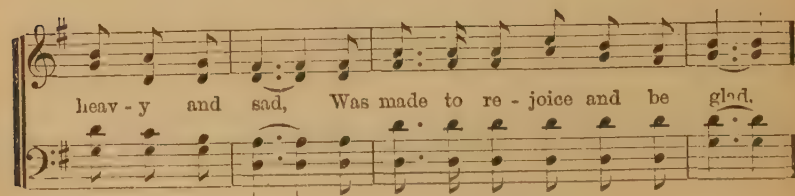


And peace without measure I had, When the Com-fort-er came.  
 No rest I could a-ny-where find, Till the Com-fort-er came.  
 I was at His mer-cy a-maz'd, When the Com-fort-er came.

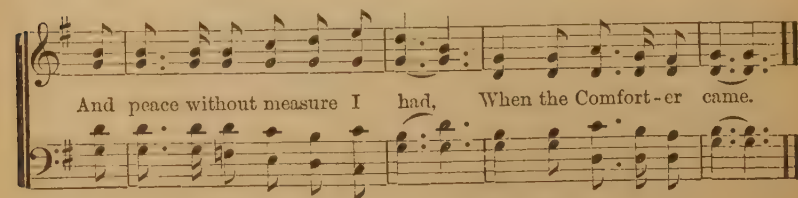
## REFRAIN.



Peace, sweet peace, Peace when the Comfort-er came! My heart that was



heav-y and sad, Was made to re-joice and be glad,



And peace without measure I had, When the Comfort-er came.

# No. 101.

# Coronation. C. M.

Rev. E. PERRONET, 1780.

O. HOLDEN, 1793.

1. All hail the power of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels pros - trate fall ;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all ;

Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
On this terrestrial ball,  
To Him all majesty ascribe,  
And crown Him Lord of all.
- 3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng  
We at His feet may fall ;  
We'll join the everlasting song,  
And crown Him Lord of all.

- 2 My gracious Master, and my God,  
Assist me to proclaim,—  
To spread, through all the earth abroad,  
The honors of Thy Name.

- 3 Jesus!—the Name that charms our fears  
That bids our sorrows cease;  
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,  
'Tis life, and health, and peace.

# No. 102.

- 1 O for a thousand tongues to sing  
My great Redeemer's praise;  
The glories of my God and King,  
The triumphs of His grace.

- 4 He breaks the power of cancell'd sin,  
He sets the pris'n'ner free;  
His blood can make the foulest clean;  
His blood avail'd for me.

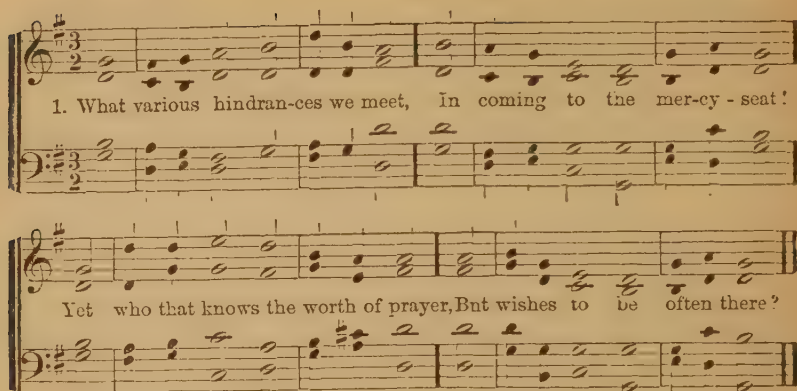
Rev. CHAS. WESLEY, 1740.

## No. 103.

## Rockingham. L. M.

WM. COWPER, 1779.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



2 Prayer makes the darkened clouds with-  
draw;

Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,  
Gives exercise to faith and love,  
Brings every blessing from above.

3 Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;  
Prayer makes the Christian's armor  
bright;  
And Satan trembles when he sees  
The weakest saint upon his knees.

A place than all besides more sweet,—  
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sunder'd far, by faith we meet.  
Around one common mercy-seat.

Rev. HUGH STOWELL, 1827.

## No. 104.

L. M.

1 So let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Saviour God;  
When His salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

3 Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,—  
The bright appearance of the Lord:  
And faith stands leaning on His word.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

## No. 105.

RETREAT. L. M.  
Key C.

1 From every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found beneath the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads;

No. 106. BENEVENTO. 7s. 8 lines.  
Key F.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Maker, asks you why!  
God, who did your being give.  
Made you with himself to live;  
He the fatal cause demands;  
Asks the work of His own hands.—  
Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, your Saviour, asks you why?  
He, who did your souls retrieve,  
Died Himself, that ye might live.  
Will ye let Him die in vain?  
Crucify your Lord again?  
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
Will ye slight His grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?  
God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
He who all your lives hath strove,  
Urged you to embrace His love.  
Will ye not His grace receive?  
Will ye still refuse to live?  
O ye dying sinners, why,  
Why will ye forever die?

Rev. C. WESLEY, 1745.

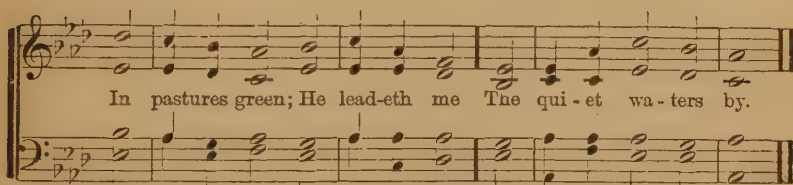
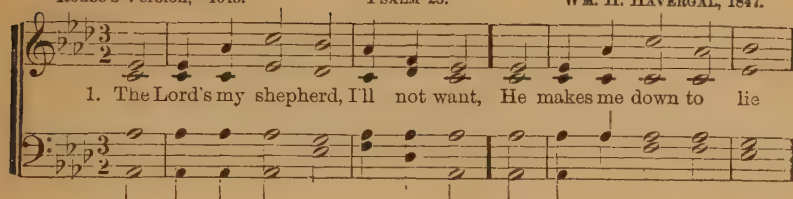
# No. 107.

# Evan. C. M.

"Rouse's Version," 1643.

PSALM 23.

WM. H. HAVERGAL, 1847.



- 2 My soul He doth restore again,  
And me to walk doth make  
Within the paths of righteousness,  
Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill;  
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table Thou hast furnished  
In presence of my foes;  
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,  
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
Shall surely follow me;  
And in God's house for evermore,  
My dwelling place shall be.

## No. 108.

C. M.

- 1 O for a faith that will not shrink,  
Though press'd by every foe,  
That will not tremble on the brink  
Of any earthly wo;
- 2 That will not murmur or complain  
Beneath the chast'ning rod,  
But, in the hour of grief or pain,  
Will lean upon its God;—
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear  
When tempests rage without;  
That when in danger knows no fear,  
In darkness feels no doubt;—
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,  
And then, whate'er may come,

We'll taste, e'en here, the hallow'd bliss  
Of an eternal home.

Rev. W. H. BATHURST, 1831.

## No. 109.

AZMON. L. M.  
Key A.

- 1 Salvation! O the joyful sound!  
What pleasure to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around,  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!  
To Thee the praise belongs:  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1709.

## No. 110.

ANTILOC. (G. H. 2-120)  
Key E $\flat$ .

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.
- 2 Joy to the world, the Saviour reigns,  
Let men their songs employ;  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and  
Repeat the sounding joy. [plains,
- 3 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of His righteousness,  
And wonders of His love.

Rev. I. WATTS, 1719.



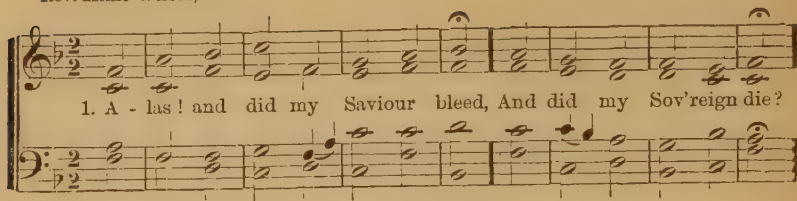
## No. 111.

## Dunder. C. M.

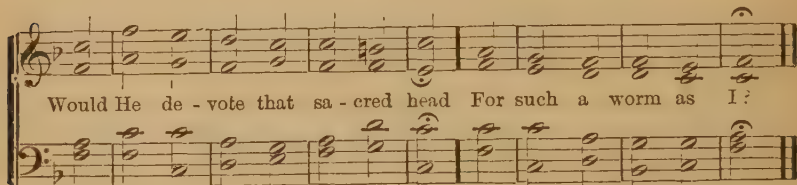
(G. H. 2-35.)

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

GUILLAUME FRANC, 1545.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed, And did my Sov'reign die?



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?

2 Was it for crimes that I have done,  
He groan'd upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,  
For man, the creature's sin.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears;  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears.

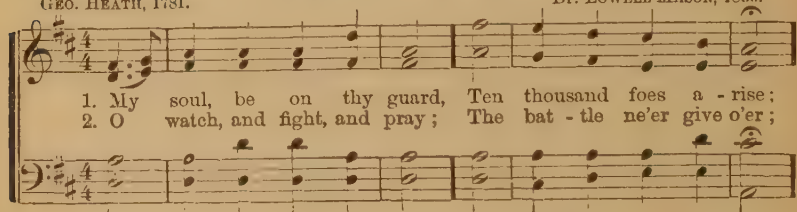
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give myself away,—  
'Tis all that I can do.

## No. 112.

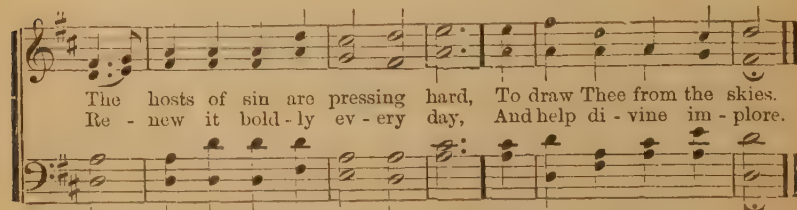
## Taban. S. M.

GEO. HEATH, 1731.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



1. My soul, be on thy guard, Ten thousand foes a - rise;  
2. O watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er;



The hosts of sin are pressing hard, To draw Thee from the skies.  
Re - new it bold - ly ev - ery day, And help di - vine im - plore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,  
Nor lay thine armor down:  
The work of faith will not be done,  
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death  
Shall bring thee to thy God;  
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
To His divine abode.

## No. 113.

## Boylston. S. M.

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

Dr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.

1. Not all the blood of beasts On Jew-ish al-tars slain,  
2. But Christ, the heaven-ly Lamb, Takes all our sins a-way;

Could give the guilt-y conscience peace, Or wash a-way the stain.  
A sac-ri-fice of no-bler name And rich-er blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand  
On that dear head of thine,  
While like a penitent I stand,  
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see  
The burden thou didst bear,  
While hanging on the cursed tree,  
And knows her guilt was there.

## No. 114.

## Dennis. S. M.

(G. H. 3-107.)

Rev. JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

From H. G. NAGELL

1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Christ-ian love;  
2. Be-fore our Fa-ther's throne, We pour our ar-dent prayers;

The fel-low-ship of kin-dred minds Is like to that a-bove.  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one.— Our com-forts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;  
Our mutual burdens bear;  
And often for each other flows  
The sympathizing tear.

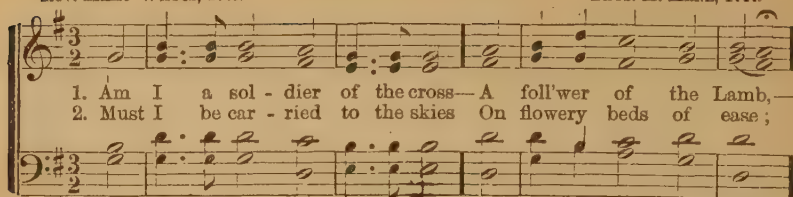
4 When we asunder part,  
It gives us inward pain;  
But we shall still be join'd in heart.  
And hope to meet again.

## No. 115.

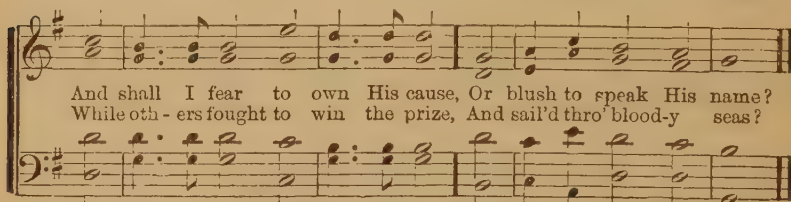
## Arlington. C. M. (G. H. 3-102.)

Rev. ISAAC WATTS, 1720.

THOS. A. ARNE, 1744.



1. Am I a sol-dier of the cross—A foll'wer of the Lamb,—  
2. Must I be car-ried to the skies On flowery beds of ease;



And shall I fear to own His cause, Or blush to speak His name?  
While oth-ers fought to win the prize, And sail'd thro' blood-y seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vile world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?

4 Since I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord;  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by Thy word.

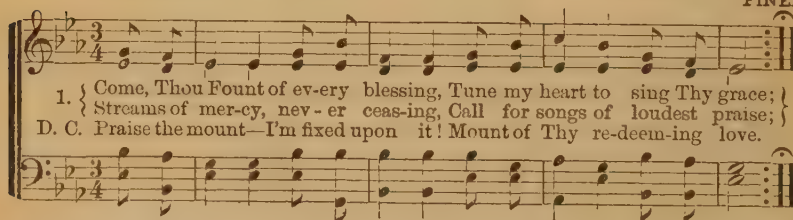
## No. 116.

## Nettleton. Bs &amp; 7s. (G. H. 2-110: 3-112.)

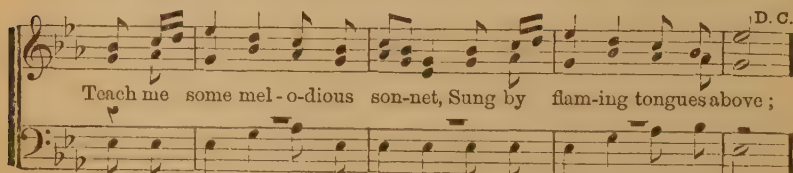
Rev. R. ROBINSON, 1753.

Old Melody, 1812.

FINE.



1. { Come, Thou Fount of ev-ery blessing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace; }  
Streams of mer-cy, nev-er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loudest praise; }  
D. C. Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it! Mount of Thy re-deem-ing love.



Teach me some mel-o-dious son-net, Sung by flam-ing tongues above; D. C.

2 Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,  
Hither by Thy help I'm come;  
And I hope by Thy good pleasure,  
Safely to arrive at home.  
Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
Wandering from the fold of God;  
He to rescue me from danger,  
Interposed His precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor,  
Daily I'm constrained to be!  
Let Thy goodness as a fetter,  
Bind my wandering heart to Thee;  
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it—  
Prone to leave the God I love—  
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,  
Seal it for Thy courts above.

REV. RAY PALMER, D. D. 1830.

DR. THOS. HASTINGS, 1833.

1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry ;  
 Sav - iour di - vine ; Now hear me while I pray ; Take all my  
 guilt a - way ; O, let me, from this day, Be whol - ly Thine.

2 May Thy rich grace impart  
 Strength to my fainting heart ;  
 My zeal inspire ;  
 As Thou hast died for me,  
 O may my love to Thee  
 Pure, warm, and changeless be—  
 A living fire.

3 While life's dark maze I tread,  
 And griefs around me spread,  
 Be Thou my guide ;  
 Bid darkness turn to day ;  
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,  
 Nor let me ever stray  
 From Thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream ;  
 When death's cold sullen stream  
 Shall o'er me roll ;  
 Blest Saviour, then in love,  
 Fear and distress remove ;  
 O bear me safe above,—  
 A ransom'd soul.

2 Though, like the wanderer,  
 The sun gone down,  
 Darkness be over me,  
 My rest a stone ;  
 Yet in my dreams I'd be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !

3 There let the way appear,  
 Steps unto heaven ;  
 All that Thou sendest me,  
 In mercy given ;  
 Angels to beckon me  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee—  
 Nearer to Thee !

4 Then with my waking thoughts,  
 Bright with Thy praise,  
 Out of my stony griefs,  
 Bethel I'll raise ;  
 So by my woes to be  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing,  
 Cleaving the sky,  
 Sun moon, and stars forgot,  
 Upward I fly ;  
 Still all my song shall be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !

MRS. SARAH F. ADAMS, 1840.

## No. 118. BETHANY. 6s &amp; 4s.

Key G.

1 Nearer, my God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me ;  
 Still all my song shall be—  
 Nearer, my God, to Thee !  
 Nearer to Thee !

# No. 119.

# Lenox. 6s & 8s.

Rev. CH. WESLEY, 1742.

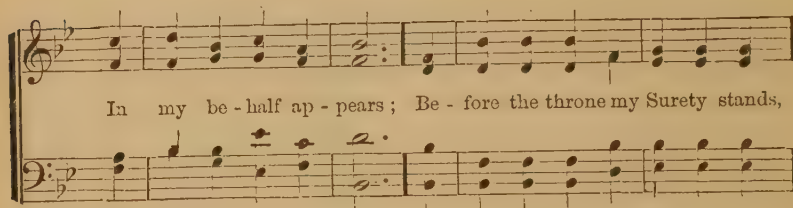
J. EDSON, 1782.



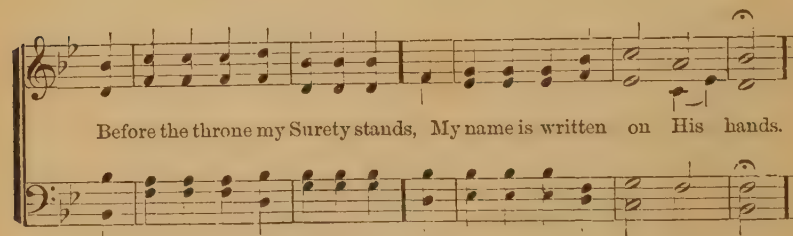
1. A-rise, my soul, a-rise ; Shake off thy guilty fears The bleeding sacri-fice



In my be - half ap - pears ; Be - fore the throne my Surety stands,



Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands.



2 He ever lives above,

For me to intercede,

His all redeeming love,

His precious blood to plead ;

His blood atoned for all our race,

And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,

Received on Calvary ;

They pour effectual prayers,

They strongly plead for me ;

Forgive him, oh, forgive, they cry,

Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 My God is reconciled ;

His pardoning voice I hear ;

He owns me for His child ;

I can no longer fear ;

With confidence I now draw nigh,

And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

## No. 120.

"YOUR MISSION."  
Key F.

1 Hark ! the voice of Jesus crying.—

"Who will go and work to-day ?

Fields are white and harvest waiting ;

Who will bear the sheaves away ?"

Loud and strong the Master calleth,

Rich reward He offers thee :

Who will answer, gladly saying,

"Here am I ; send me, send me !"

2 If you cannot cross the ocean,

And the heathen lands explore,

You can find the heathen nearer,

You can help them at your door.

If you cannot give your thousands,

You can give the widow's mite ;

And the least you do for Jesus,

Will be precious in His sight.



No. 120.—*Concluded.*

- 3 If you cannot speak like angels,  
If you cannot preach like Paul,  
You can tell the love of Jesus,  
You can say He died for all.  
If you cannot rouse the wicked  
With the judgment's dread alarms,  
You can lead the little children  
To the Saviour's waiting arms.
- 1 If you cannot be the watchman,  
Standing high on Zion's wall,  
Pointing out the path to heaven,  
Offering life and peace to all;  
With your prayers and with your bounties  
You can do what heaven demands;  
You can be like faithful Aaron,  
Holding up the prophet's hands.
- 5 If among the older people,  
You may not be apt to teach; [herd.  
"Feed my lambs," said Christ, our Shep-  
"Place the food within their reach."  
And it may be that the children  
You have led with trembling hand,  
Will be found among your jewels,  
When you reach the better land.
- 6 Let none hear you idly saying,  
"There is nothing I can do,"  
While the souls of men are dying,  
And the Master calls for you.  
Take the task He gives you gladly,  
Let His work your pleasure be;  
Answer quickly when He calleth,  
"Here am I; send me, send me!"

Rev. DAN'L. MARCH, 1869.

No. 121.

WEBB. 75 & 35.  
Key B<sub>7</sub>.

- 1 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Ye soldiers of the cross;  
Lift high His royal banner,  
It must not suffer loss;  
From victory unto victory  
His army He shall lead,  
Till every foe is vanquished,  
And Christ is Lord indeed.
- 2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
Stand in His strength alone;  
The arm of flesh will fail you—  
Ye dare not trust your own;  
Put on the gospel armor,  
And, watching unto prayer,  
Where duty calls, or danger,  
Be never wanting there.
- 3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!  
The strife will not be long;  
This day the noise of battle,  
The next the victor's song;

To him that overcome.  
A crown of life shall be;  
He with the King of Glory  
Shall reign eternally.

Rev. GEO. DUFFIELD, Jr., 1859

No. 122.

TUNE.—WORK, FOR THE NIGHT.  
Key F. (G. H. 2-112.)

- 1 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the morning hours;  
Work, while the dew is sparkling;  
Work, 'mid springing flowers:  
Work, when the day grows brighter,  
Work, in the glowing sun;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done.
- 2 Work, for the night is coming;  
Work through the sunny noon;  
Fill brightest hours with labor;  
Rest comes sure and soon.  
Give every flying minute  
Something to keep in store;  
Work, for the night is coming,  
When man works no more.
- 3 Work, for the night is coming,  
Under the sunset skies;  
While their bright tints are glowing,  
Work, for daylight flies.  
Work, till the last beam fadeth,  
Fadeth to shine no more:  
Work, while the night is dark'ning,  
When man's work is o'er.

ANNIE L. WALKER, 1860.

No. 123.

EVAN. C.M. (G. H. 2-104.)  
Key A<sub>7</sub>.

- 1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Come unto Me and rest;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast."
- 2 I came to Jesus as I was—  
Weary, and worn, and sad;  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"Behold I freely give  
The living water—thirsty one.  
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived  
And now I live in Him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
"I am this dark world's light,"  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright."
- 6 I look'd to Jesus, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk  
Till travelling days are done.

Rev. H. BONAR, 1857.

**No. 124.** THE BEAUTIFUL RIVER.  
Key E<sub>2</sub>.

- 1 Shall we gather at the river  
Where bright angel feet have trod;  
With its crystal tide for ever  
Flowing by the throne of God."  
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river,  
The beautiful, the beautiful river—  
Gather with the saints at the river,  
That flows by the throne of God.

- 2 On the margin of the river,  
Washing up its silver spray,  
We will walk and worship ever,  
All the happy golden day.  
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

- 3 Ere we reach the shining river,  
Lay we every burden down;  
Grace our spirits will deliver,  
And provide a robe and crown.  
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

- 4 At the smiling of the river,  
Mirror of the Saviour's face,  
Saints whom death will never sever,  
Lift their songs of saving grace.  
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.

- 5 Soon we'll reach the silver river,  
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;  
Soon our happy hearts will quiver,  
With the melody of peace.  
CHO.—Yes, we'll gather at the river, &c.  
REV. ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.

**No. 125.** 40th PSALM. C. M.

- 1 I waited for the Lord my God,  
And patiently did bear;  
At length to me He did incline  
My voice and cry to hear.  
2 He took me from a fearful pit,  
And from the miry clay,  
And on a rock He set my feet,  
Establishing my way.  
3 He put a new song in my mouth,  
Our God to magnify;

Many shall see it, and shall fear,  
And on the Lord rely.

- 4 O blessed is the man whose trust  
Upon the Lord relies;  
Respecting not the proud, nor such  
As turn aside to lies.

SCOTCH VERSION

**No. 126.** SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD.  
D<sub>5</sub>, F<sub>5</sub> & 4. Key E<sub>2</sub>.

- 1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,  
Much we need Thy tend'ring care,  
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us  
For our use Thy folds prepare;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.  
2 We are Thine, do Thou befriend us,  
Be the Guardian of our way;  
Keep Thy flock, from sin defend us,  
Seek us when we go astray;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Hear, O hear us, when we pray;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Hear, O hear us, when we pray.  
3 Thou hast promised to receive us,  
Poor and sinful though we be;  
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,  
Grace to cleanse, and power to free;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
We will early turn to Thee;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
We will early turn to Thee.  
4 Early let us seek Thy favor,  
Early let us do Thy will;  
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,  
With Thy love our bosoms fill.  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still;  
Blessed Jesus, blessed Jesus,  
Thou hast loved us, love us still.  
DOROTHY THURPE, 1838.

**No. 127.** ZION. 8s, 7s & 4.  
Key D.

1 Come, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
Weak and wounded, sick and sore;  
Jesus ready stands to save you,  
Full of pity, love, and power:  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more;  
He is able,  
He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;  
God's free bounty glorify;  
True belief and true repentance,—  
Every grace that brings you nigh,—  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy;  
Without money,  
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger;  
Nor of fitness fondly dream:  
All the fitness He requireth  
Is to feel your need of Him:  
This He gives you,—  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam;  
This He gives you,—  
'Tis the Spirit's glimm'ring beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,  
Bruised and mangled by the fall;  
If you tarry 'till you're better,  
You will never come at all;  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners, Jesus came to call;  
Not the righteous,—  
Sinners, Jesus came to call.

Rev. Jos. HART, 1759.

**No. 128.** MARLOW. C. M. (G. H. 2-169.)

1 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove!  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Kindle a flame of heavenly love  
In these cold hearts of ours.

2 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to Thee,  
And Thine to us so great?

3 Come, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove,  
With all Thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

I. WATTS, 1709.

**No. 129.** HE LOVED ME.

(Tune on page 23.)

1 Once I was dead in sin,  
And hope within me died;  
But now I'm dead to sin—  
With Jesus crucified.

CHO.—And can it be that "He loved me,  
And gave Himself for me?"

2 Oh height I cannot reach,  
Oh depth I cannot sound,  
Oh love, O boundless love,  
In my Redeemer found!  
CHO.—And can it be, &c.

3 Oh cold, ungrateful heart  
That can from Jesus turn,  
When living fires of love  
Should on His altar burn.  
CHO.—And can it be, &c.

4 I live—and yet, not I,  
But Christ that lives in me;  
Who from the law of sin  
And death hath made me free.  
CHO.—And can it be, &c.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON.

**No. 130.** THE CHRISTIAN'S HOME. P. M.  
Key C.

1 In the Christian's home in glory  
There remains a land of rest;  
There my Saviour's gone before me,  
To fulfil my soul's request.  
CHO.—There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for the weary,  
There is rest for you;  
On the other side of Jordan,  
In the sweet fields of Eden,  
Where the tree of life is blooming,  
There is rest for you.

- 2 He is fitting up my mansion,  
Which eternally shall stand;  
For my stay shall not be transient  
In that holy, happy land.  
CHO.—There is rest, &c.
- 3 Sing, O sing ye, heirs of glory!  
Shout your triumphs as you go;  
Zion's gates will open for you,  
You shall find an entrance through.  
CHO.—There is rest, &c.  
REV. SAM'L Y. HARMER, 1856.

**No. 131.** BOYLSTON, S. M.  
Key C.

- 1 Did Christ o'er sinners weep,  
And shall our cheeks be dry?  
Let floods of penitential grief  
Burst forth from every eye.
- 2 The Son of God in tears  
The wondering angels see;  
Be thou astonished, O my soul!  
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;  
Each sin demands a tear:  
In heaven alone no sin is found,  
And there's no weeping there.  
REV. BENJ. BEDDOME, 1787.

**No. 132.** COME TO JESUS.  
Key F.

- 1 Come to Jesus, come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus just now;  
Just now come to Jesus,  
Come to Jesus, just now.
- 2 He will save you, He will save you,  
He will save you just now;  
Just now He will save you,  
He will save you just now.
- 3 He is able, He is able,  
He is able just now;  
Just now He is able,  
He is able just now.
- 4 He is willing, He is willing,  
He is willing just now;  
Just now He is willing,  
He is willing just now.
- 5 He is waiting, He is waiting,  
He is waiting just now;

Just now He is waiting,  
He is waiting just now.'

- 6 He will hear you, He will hear you,  
He will hear you just now;  
Just now He will hear you,  
He will hear you just now.
- 7 He will cleanse you, He will cleanse  
you,  
He will cleanse you just now;  
Just now He will cleanse you,  
He will cleanse you just now.
- 8 He'll renew you, He'll renew you,  
He'll renew you just now;  
Just now He'll renew you,  
He'll renew you just now.
- 9 He'll forgive you, etc.
- 10 If you trust Him, etc.
- 11 He will save you, etc.

ENGLISH.

**No. 133.** HAPPY DAY. L. M. (G. II. 2-101.)  
Key G.

- 1 O happy day, that fixed my choice  
On Thee, my Saviour and my God!  
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,  
And tell its raptures all abroad.  
CHO.—Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away;  
He taught me how to watch and pray,  
And live rejoicing every day,  
Happy day, happy day,  
When Jesus washed my sins away.
- 2 'Tis done, the great transaction's done—  
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;  
He drew me, and I followed on,  
Charmed to confess the voice divine.  
CHO.—Happy day, &c.
- 3 Now rest, my long divided heart;  
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;  
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,  
With Him of every good possessed.  
CHO.—Happy day, &c.
- 4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,  
That vow renewed shall daily hear,  
Till in life's latest hour I bow,  
And bless in death a bond so dear.  
CHO.—Happy day, &c.  
PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D., 1755.

"For the grace of God that bringeth salvation to all men hath appeared.—TITUS 2: 11.

P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Come, sing the gospel's joy - ful sound, Sal - va - tion full and free;

Pro - claim to all the world a - round, The year of ju - bi - lee!

CHORUS.

Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, The grace of God doth bring;

Sal - va - tion, Sal - va - tion, Thro' Christ our Lord and King.

2 Ye mourning souls, aloud rejoice;  
Ye blind, your Saviour see!  
Ye pris'ners, sing with thankful voice,  
The Lord hath made you free!—*Cho.*

3 With rapture swell the song again,  
Of Jesus' dying love;  
'Tis peace on earth, good will to men,  
And praise to God above.—*Cho.*



"Hold that fast which thou hast, that no man take thy crown."—REV. 3: 11.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

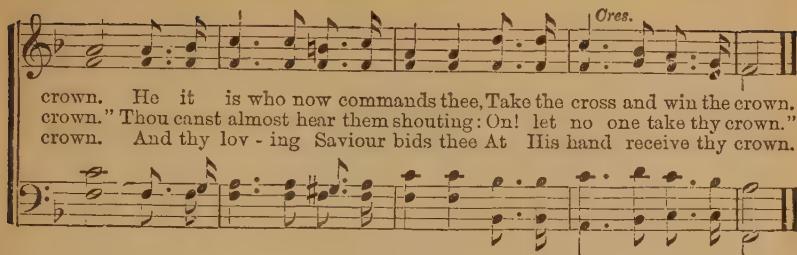
1. Onward! upward! Christian sol - dier, Turn not back nor sheath thy  
 2. Onward! upward! do - ing, dar - ing All for Him who died for  
 3. Onward! till thy course is fin - ished, Like the ransomed ones be -

sword, Let its blade be sharp for conquest, In the bat - tle for the  
 thee; Face the foe and meet with boldness Dan - ger what - so - e'er it  
 fore; Keep the faith thro' per - se - cu - tion, Nev - er give the bat - tle

Lord. From the great white throne e - ter - nal, God Him - self is looking  
 be. From the bat - tlements of glo - ry, Ho - ly ones are looking  
 o'er. Onward! up - ward! till vic - torious, Thou shalt lay thy ar - mor

down; He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the  
 down, Thou canst almost hear them shouting: "On! let no one take thy  
 down, And thy lov - ing Sav - iour bids thee At His hand re - ceive thy

# Onward, Upward!—Concluded.



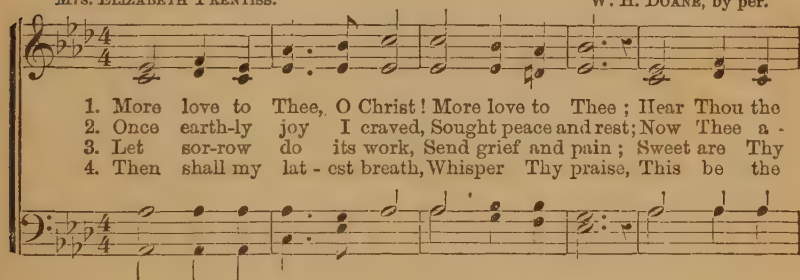
crown. He it is who now commands thee, Take the cross and win the crown.  
crown." Thou canst almost hear them shouting: On! let no one take thy crown."  
crown. And thy lov - ing Saviour bids thee At His hand receive thy crown.

## No. 136. More Love to Thee, O Christ. (G. H. 2-3.)

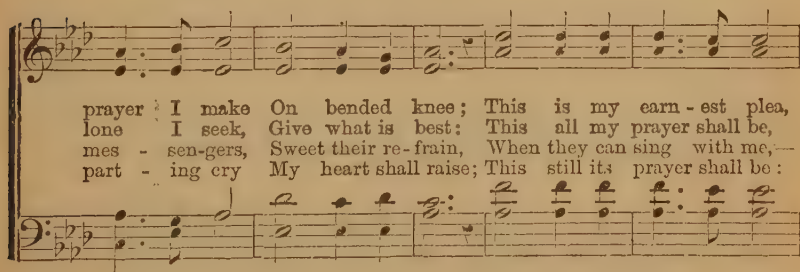
Continue ye in my love."—JOHN 15: 9.

Mrs. ELIZABETH PRENTISS.

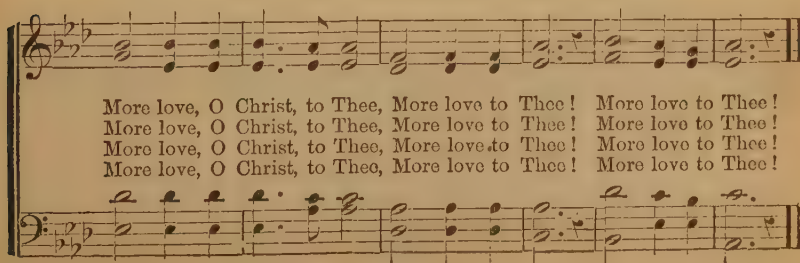
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. More love to Thee, O Christ! More love to Thee; Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a -
3. Let sor-row do its work, Send grief and pain; Sweet are Thy
4. Then shall my lat - est breath, Whisper Thy praise, This be the



prayer I make On bended knee; This is my earn - est plea,  
lone I seek, Give what is best: This all my prayer shall be,  
mes - sen-gers, Sweet their re-frain, When they can sing with me,—  
part - ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its prayer shall be:



More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!  
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!  
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!  
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee! More love to Thee!

"The God of peace sanctify you wholly."—1 THESS. 5: 23.

Mrs. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY by per.

1. Thine, most gracious Lord, O make me whol - ly Thine—  
 2. Whol - ly Thine, my Lord, To go when Thou dost call;  
 3. Whol - ly Thine, O Lord, In ev - ery pass - ing hour;

Thine in thought, in word, and deed, For Thou, O Christ, art mine.  
 Thine to yield my ver - y self In all things, great and small.  
 Thine in si - lence, Thine to speak, As Thou dost grant the power.

## REFRAIN.

Whol - ly Thine, whol - ly Thine; Thou hast bought me, I am Thine;

Bless - ed Sav - iour, Thou art mine; Make me whol - ly Thine.

4.

Wholly Thine, O Lord,  
 To fashion as Thou wilt,—  
 Strengthen bless, and keep the soul  
 Which Thou hast saved from guilt.—*Ref.*

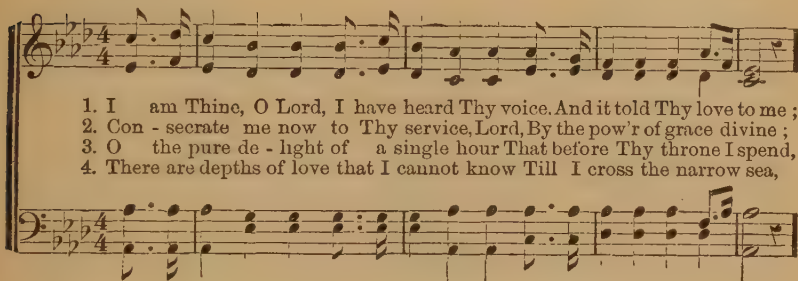
5.

Thine, Lord, wholly Thine,  
 For ever one with Thee—  
 Rooted, grounded in Thy love  
 Abiding, sure, and free.—*Ref.*

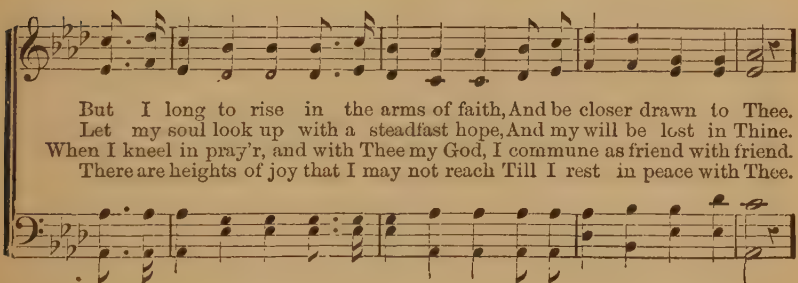
"Let us draw near with a true heart."—HEB. 10: 22.

FANNY J. CROSBY

W. H. DOANE by per.

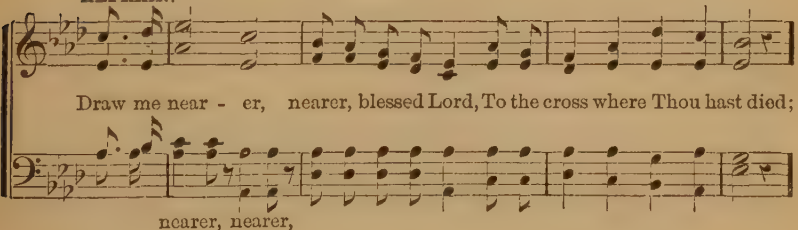


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice. And it told Thy love to me ;  
 2. Con - secrate me now to Thy service, Lord, By the pow'r of grace divine ;  
 3. O the pure de - light of a single hour That before Thy throne I spend,  
 4. There are depths of love that I cannot know Till I cross the narrow sea,

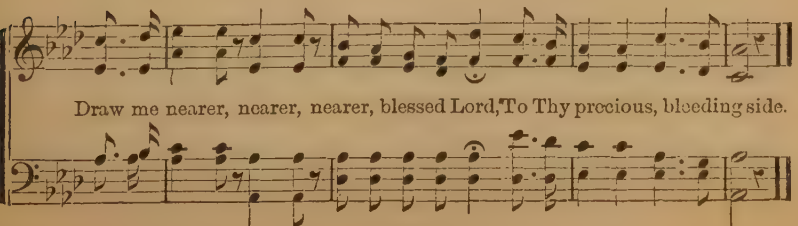


But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be closer drawn to Thee.  
 Let my soul look up with a steadfast hope, And my will be lost in Thine.  
 When I kneel in pray'r, and with Thee my God, I commune as friend with friend.  
 There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I rest in peace with Thee.

## REFRAIN.



Draw me near - er, nearer, blessed Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died ;  
 nearer, nearer,

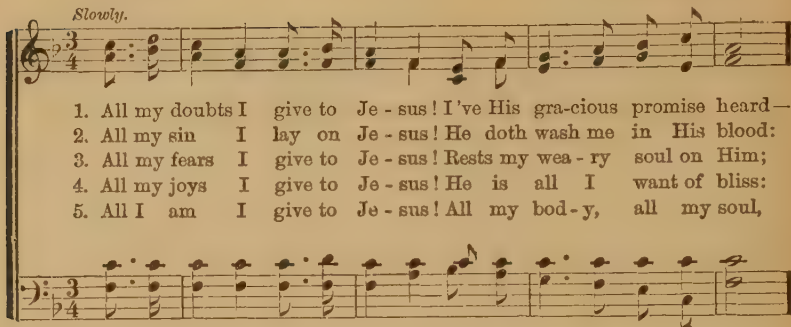


Draw me nearer, nearer, nearer, blessed Lord, To Thy precious, bleeding side.

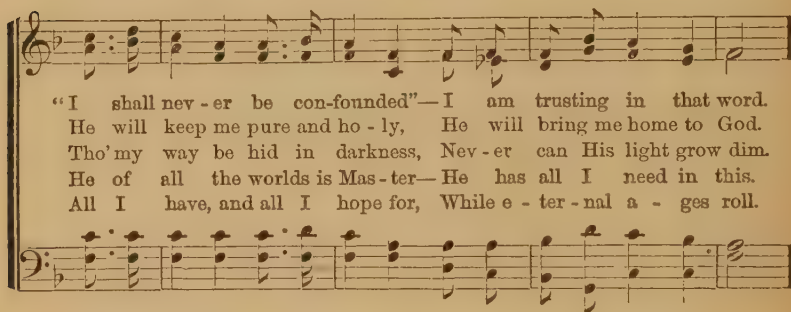
"For I trust in Thy word."—Ps. 119: 42.

J. C. MORGAN.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

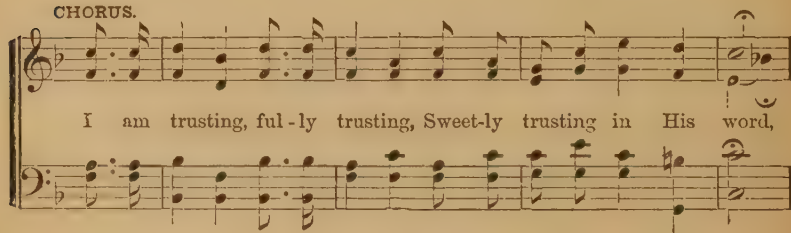
*Slowly.*


1. All my doubts I give to Je - sus! I've His gra-cious promise heard—  
 2. All my sin I lay on Je - sus! He doth wash me in His blood:  
 3. All my fears I give to Je - sus! Rests my wea - ry soul on Him;  
 4. All my joys I give to Je - sus! He is all I want of bliss:  
 5. All I am I give to Je - sus! All my bod-y, all my soul,

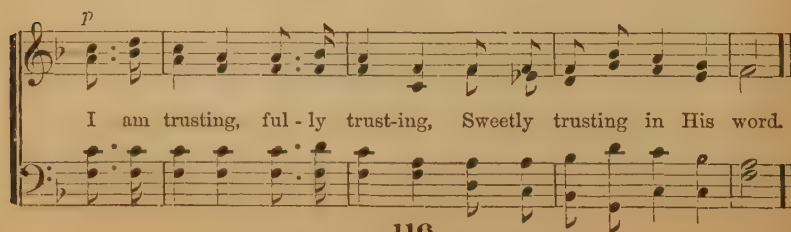


"I shall nev - er be con-founded"—I am trusting in that word.  
 He will keep me pure and ho - ly, He will bring me home to God.  
 Tho' my way be hid in darkness, Nev - er can His light grow dim.  
 He of all the worlds is Mas - ter—He has all I need in this.  
 All I have, and all I hope for, While e - ter - nal a - ges roll.

CHORUS.



I am trusting, ful - ly trusting, Sweet - ly trusting in His word,



*p*  
 I am trusting, ful - ly trust - ing, Sweetly trusting in His word.



# No. 140. Hallelujah, What a Saviour! (G. H. 2-7.)

"A man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief,"—ISA. 53: 3.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Moderato.*

*p*

1. "Man of sor - rows," what a name  
 2. Bear - ing shame and scoff - ing rude,  
 3. Guil - - ty, vile and help - less, we;  
 4. Lift - - ed up was He to die,

*m*

For the Son of God, who came,  
 In my place con - demned He stood;  
 Spot - less Lamb of God, was He,  
 "It is fin - - ished," was His cry,

*f*

Ru - in'd sin - - ners to re - claim!  
 Sealed my par - - don with His blood:  
 "Full a - - tore - ment," can it be?  
 Now in heaven ex - - alt - - ed high;

*ff*

Hal - lo - lu - - jah, what a Sav - - iour!

5 When He comes, our glorious King,  
 All His ransomed home to bring,  
 Then anew this song we'll sing:  
 Hallelujah, what a Saviour!

# Jesus Shall Reign. (G. H. 2-8.)

"The Lord is King forever and ever."—Ps. 10 : 16.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

KARL WILHELM. Arr.

1. Je - sus shall reign where'er the sun Does his suc-cess - ive  
2. To Him shall end - less prayer be made And end-less praises

jour - neys run ; His king - dom spread from shore to shore, Till  
crown His head ; His name like sweet perfume shall rise With

moons shall wax and wane no more. From north to south the princes meet,  
ev - ery morning sac - ri - fice. Peo - ple and realms of ev - ery tongue

To pay their homage at His feet ; While western em - - pires  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song, And in - fant voice - - es

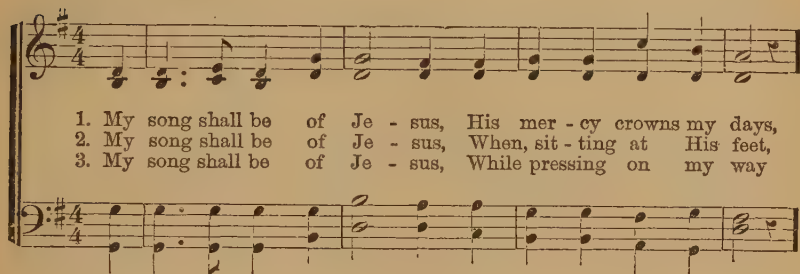
own their Lord, And sav - age tribes at - tend His word.  
shall pro - claim Their ear - ly bless - ings on His Name.

# No. 142. My Song shall be of Jesus. (G. H. 2-9.)

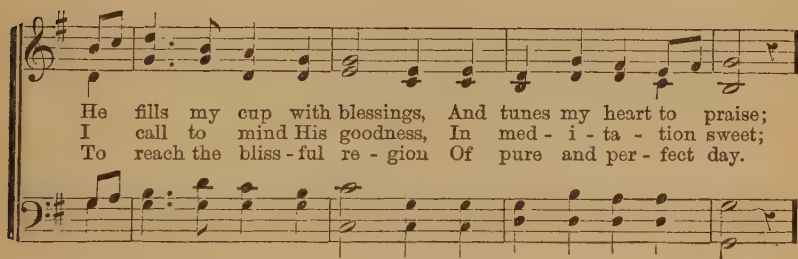
"His praise shall continually be in my mouth."—Ps. 34: 1.

Mrs. VAN ALSTYNE.

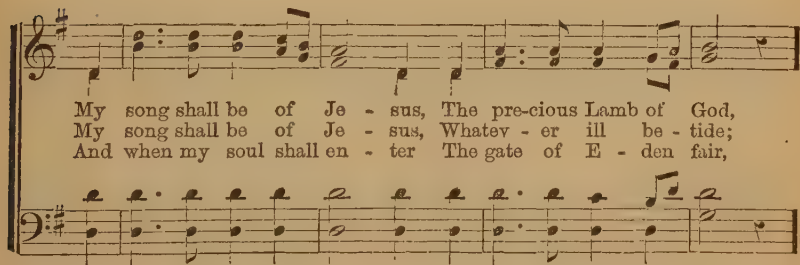
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. My song shall be of Je - sus, His mer - cy crowns my days,  
 2. My song shall be of Je - sus, When, sit - ting at His feet,  
 3. My song shall be of Je - sus, While pressing on my way

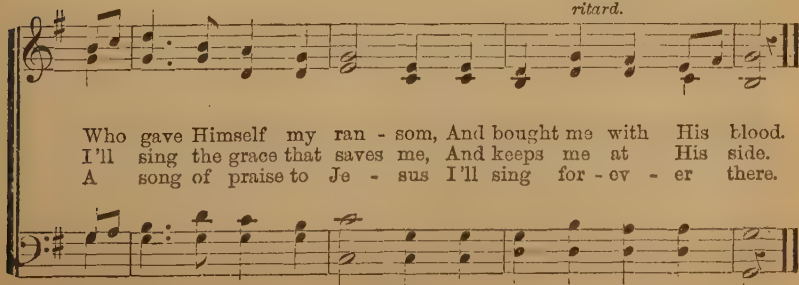


He fills my cup with blessings, And tunes my heart to praise;  
 I call to mind His goodness, In med - i - ta - tion sweet;  
 To reach the bliss - ful re - gion Of pure and per - fect day.



My song shall be of Je - sus, The pre-cious Lamb of God,  
 My song shall be of Je - sus, Whatev - er ill be - tide;  
 And when my soul shall en - ter The gate of E - den fair,

*ritard.*



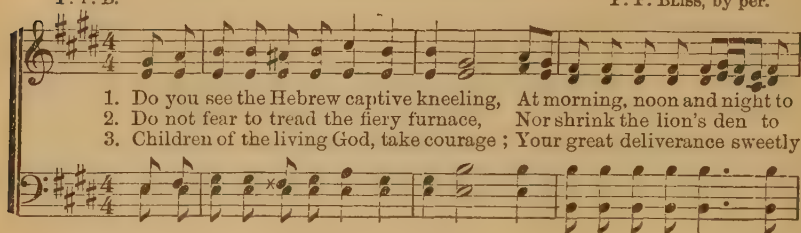
Who gave Himself my ran - som, And bought me with His blood.  
 I'll sing the grace that saves me, And keeps me at His side.  
 A song of praise to Je - sus I'll sing for - ev - er there.

# No. 143. Windows open towards Jerusalem. (G. H. 2-10.)

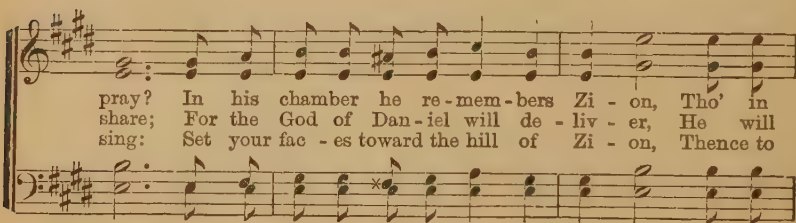
"And his windows being open toward Jerusalem."—DAN. 6: 10.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

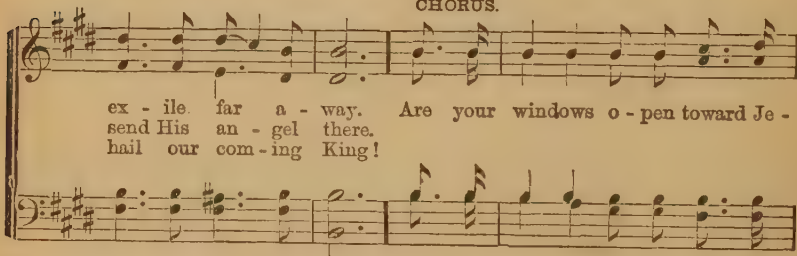


1. Do you see the Hebrew captive kneeling, At morning, noon and night to  
2. Do not fear to tread the fiery furnace, Nor shrink the lion's den to  
3. Children of the living God, take courage; Your great deliverance sweetly

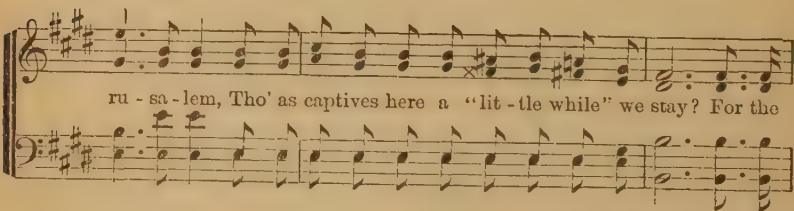


pray? In his chamber he re-mem-bers Zi-on, Tho' in  
share; For the God of Dan-iel will de-liv-er, He will  
sing: Set your fac-es toward the hill of Zi-on, Thence to

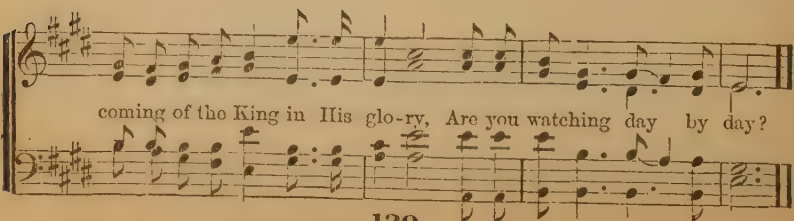
## CHORUS.



ex-ile far a-way. Are your windows o-pen toward Je-  
send His an-gel there.  
hail our com-ing King!



ru-sa-lem, Tho' as captives here a "lit-tle while" we stay? For the

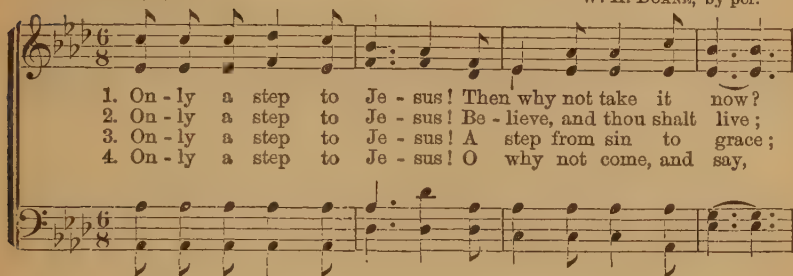


coming of the King in His glo-ry, Are you watching day by day?

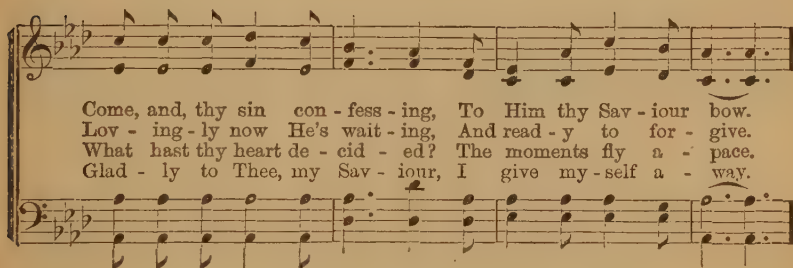
'Then come thou, for there is peace.'—1 SAM. 20: 21.

FANNY J. CRESBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

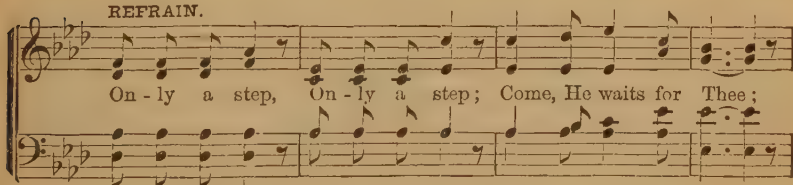


1. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Then why not take it now?  
 2. On - ly a step to Je - sus! Be - lieve, and thou shalt live;  
 3. On - ly a step to Je - sus! A step from sin to grace;  
 4. On - ly a step to Je - sus! O why not come, and say,

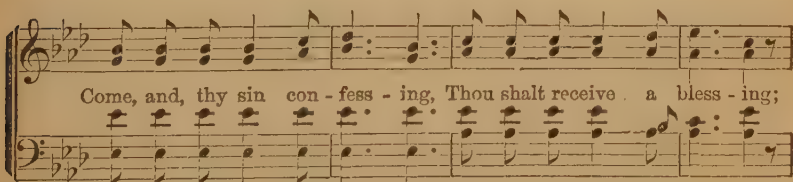


Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, To Him thy Sav - iour bow.  
 Lov - ing - ly now He's wait - ing, And read - y to for - give.  
 What hast thy heart de - cid - ed? The moments fly a - pace.  
 Glad - ly to Thee, my Sav - iour, I give my - self a - way.

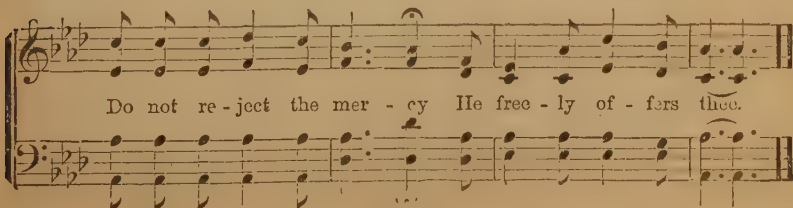
## REFRAIN.



On - ly a step, On - ly a step; Come, He waits for Thee;



Come, and, thy sin con - fess - ing, Thou shalt receive a bless - ing;



Do not re - ject the mer - cy He free - ly of - fers thee.



"Go work to-day in my vineyard."—MATT. 21: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1871.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. To the work! to the work! we are ser - vants of God, Let us  
 2. To the work! to the work! let the hun - gry be fed; To the  
 3. To the work! to the work! there is la - bor for all, For the  
 4. To the work! to the work! in the strength of the Lord, And a

fol - low the path that our Mas - ter has trod; With the  
 fount - ain of Life let the wea - ry be led; In the  
 king - dom of dark - ness and er - ror shall fall; And the  
 robe and a crown shall our la - bor re - ward; When the

balm of His coun - sel our strength to re - new, Let us  
 cross and its ban - ner our glo - ry shall be, While we  
 name of Je - ho - vah ex - alt - ed shall be In the  
 home of the faith - ful our dwell - ing shall be, And we

CHORUS.  
 do with our might what our hands find to do. Toiling on, Toiling  
 her - ald the tidings, "Salva - tion is free!"  
 loud swelling chorus, "Salva - tion is free!"  
 shout with the ransom'd "Salva - tion is free!"  
 Toiling on,

## To the Work.—Concluded.

on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Let us  
Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on, Toil-ing on,  
hope, Let us watch, And la-bor till the Master comes.  
and trust, and pray,

No. 146.

## All for Me. (G. H. 2-13.)

"And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it on His head, and a reed in His hand."—MATT. 27: 29.

ANON.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

*Tenderly.*

1. Suff'ring Saviour, with thorn crown, Bruis'd and bleedingsinking down; Heavy laden,  
2. Jesus, Saviour, pure and mild, Let me ev-er be Thy child; So unworthy  
3. Fain would I to Thee be brought, Blessed Lord forbid it not; In the kingdom

*Rit.*

*Rall.*

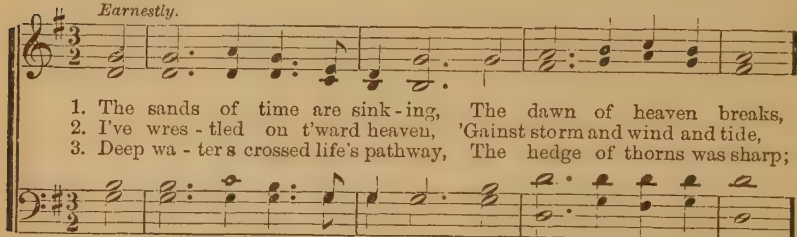
weary worn, Fainting, dying, crush'd and torn—All for me, yes, all for me.  
though I be, Thou did'st suffer this for me,— All for me, yes, all for me.  
of Thy grace, Give Thy wand'ring child a place, Oh, bless me, yes, even me.

"And there shall be no night there."—REV. 22: 5.

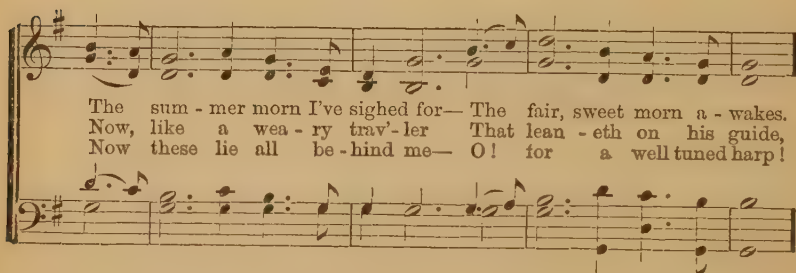
ANNIE R. COUSIN, 1857.

C. M. WYMAN, by per.

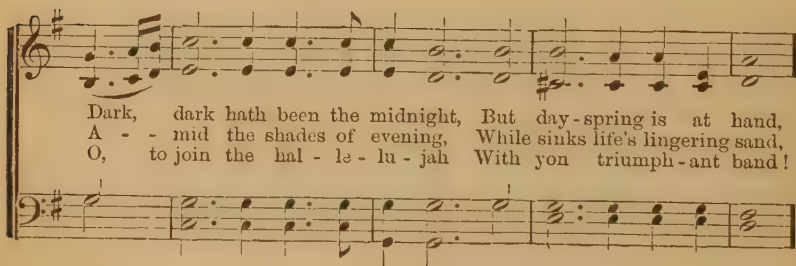
*Earnestly.*



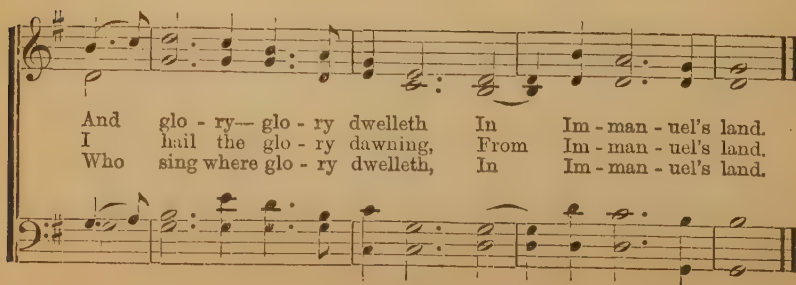
1. The sands of time are sink-ing, The dawn of heaven breaks,  
2. I've wres-tled on t'ward heaven, 'Gainst storm and wind and tide,  
3. Deep wa-ters crossed life's pathway, The hedge of thorns was sharp;



The sum-mer morn I've sighed for— The fair, sweet morn a-wakes.  
Now, like a wea-ry trav'-ler That lean-eth on his guide,  
Now these lie all be-hind me— O! for a well tuned harp!



Dark, dark hath been the midnight, But day-spring is at hand,  
A - - mid the shades of evening, While sinks life's lingering sand,  
O, to join the hal-lu-lu-jah With yon triumph-ant band!



And glo-ry—glo-ry dwelleth In Im-man-uel's land.  
I hail the glo-ry dawning, From Im-man-uel's land.  
Who sing where glo-ry dwelleth, In Im-man-uel's land.

"Thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance."—Ps. 32: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1 { Dark is the night, and cold the wind is blowing, Near - er and  
Where shall I go, or whith - er fly for re - fuge? Hide me, my

CHORUS.

near - er comes the breakers' roar; } With His loving hand to guide, let the  
Father, till the storm is o'er; } I can brave the wildest storm, with His

1st time.

clouds a - bove me roll, And the billows in their fu - ry dash a -  
glo - ry in my soul, I can (Omit.....)

2d time.

round me. } sing a - midst the tem - pest—Praise the Lord!  
..... }

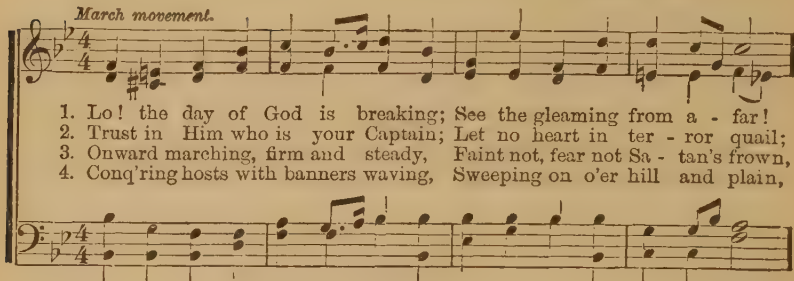
2 Dark is the night, but cheering is the promise;  
He will go with me o'er the troubled wave;  
Safe He will lead me through the pathless waters,  
Jesus, the mighty one, and strong to save.

3 Dark is the night, but lo! the day is breaking,  
Onward my bark, unfurl thy every sail;  
Now at the helm I see my Father standing,  
Soon will my anchor drop within the vail.

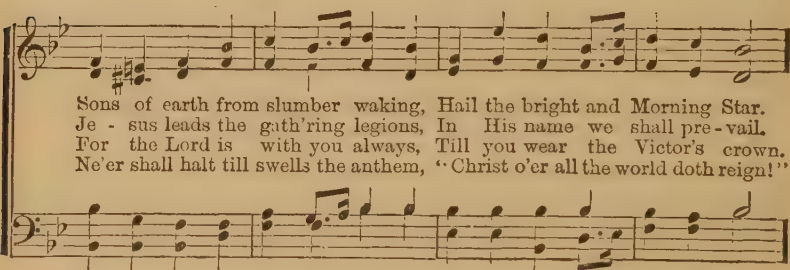
"Put on the whole armor of God."—EPH. 6: 11.

W. F. S.

WM. F. SHERWIN, 1876, by per.

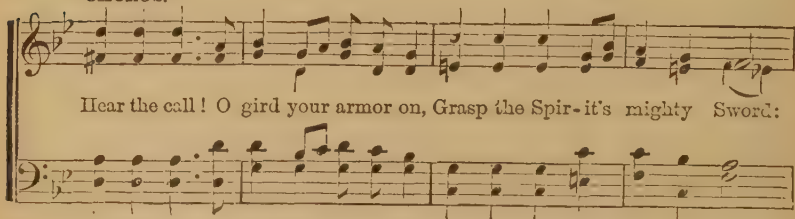
*March movement.*


1. Lo! the day of God is breaking; See the gleaming from a - far!
2. Trust in Him who is your Captain; Let no heart in ter - ror quail;
3. Onward marching, firm and steady, Faint not, fear not Sa - tan's frown,
4. Conq'ring hosts with banners waving, Sweeping on o'er hill and plain,

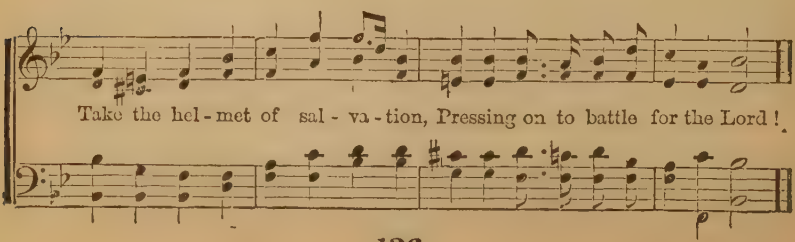


Sons of earth from slumber waking, Hail the bright and Morning Star.  
 Je - sus leads the gath'ring legions, In His name we shall pre-vail.  
 For the Lord is with you always, Till you wear the Victor's crown.  
 Ne'er shall halt till swells the anthem, "Christ o'er all the world doth reign!"

CHORUS.



Hear the call! O gird your armor on, Grasp the Spir-it's mighty Sword:



Take the hel-met of sal - va - tion, Pressing on to battle for the Lord!



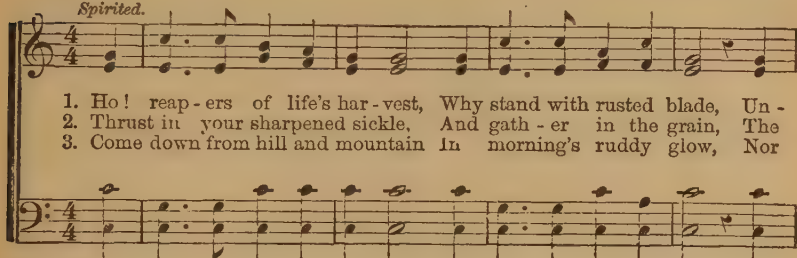
# No. 150. Ho! Reapers of Life's Harvest. (G. H. 2-17.)

'The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few.'—MATT. 9: 37.

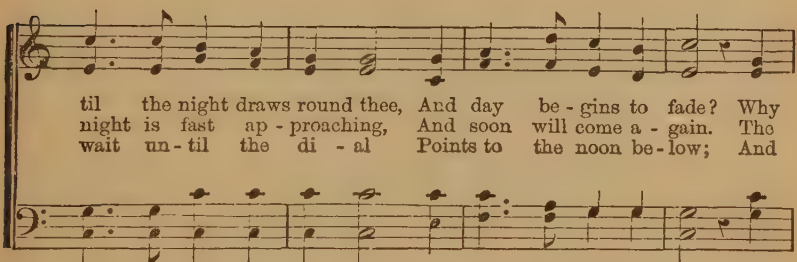
I. B. W.

I. B. WOODBURY, by per.

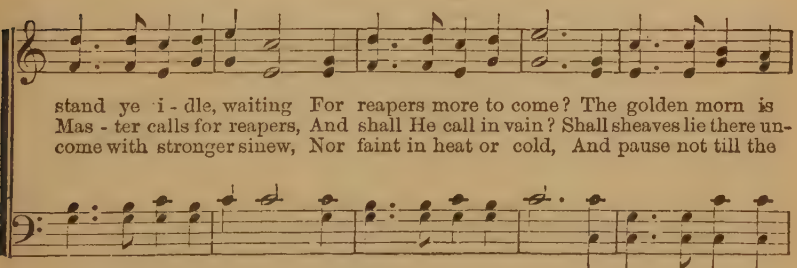
*Spirited.*



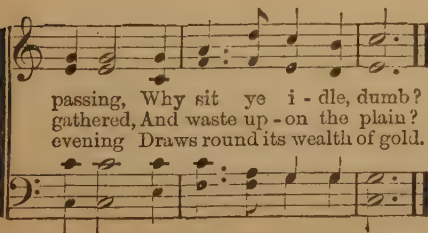
1. Ho! reap-ers of life's har-vest, Why stand with rusted blade, Un-  
 2. Thrust in your sharpened sickle, And gath-er in the grain, The  
 3. Come down from hill and mountain In morning's ruddy glow, Nor



til the night draws round thee, And day be-gins to fade? Why  
 night is fast ap-proaching, And soon will come a-gain. The  
 wait un-til the di-al Points to the noon be-low; And



stand ye i-dle, waiting For reapers more to come? The golden morn is  
 Mas-ter calls for reapers, And shall He call in vain? Shall sheaves lie there un-  
 come with stronger sinew, Nor faint in heat or cold, And pause not till the



passing, Why sit ye i-dle, dumb?  
 gathered, And waste up-on the plain?  
 evening Draws round its wealth of gold.

- 4 Mount up the heights of Wisdom,  
 And crush each error low;  
 Keep back no words of knowledge  
 That human hearts should know.  
 Be faithful to thy mission,  
 In service of thy Lord.  
 And then a golden chaplet,  
 Shall be thy just reward.

"Your sorrow shall be turned into joy."—JOHN 16: 20.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I've found a joy in sor-row, A se-cret balm for pain, A  
2. I've found a glad ho-san-na For ev-ery woe and wail; A

beau-ti-ful to-mor-row Of sun-shine af-ter rain; I've  
hand-ful of sweet man-na When grapes of Esh-col fail; I've

found a branch of heal-ing Near ev-ery bit-ter spring, A  
found a Rock of A-ges When de-sert wells are dry; And,

whispered promise steal-ing O'er ev-ery bro-ken string, A  
af-ter wea-ry sta-ges, I've found an E-lim nigh, And

whispered promise steal-ing O'er ev-ery bro-ken string.  
af-ter wea-ry sta-ges, I've found an E-lim nigh.

## Joy in Sorrow.—Concluded.

3 An Elim with its coolness,  
Its fountains and its shade ;  
A blessing in its fulness,  
When buds of promise fade.  
O'er tears of soft contrition  
I've seen a rainbow light ;  
A glory and fruition,  
So near!—yet out of sight.

4 My Saviour, Thee possessing,  
I have the joy, the balm,  
The healing and the blessing,  
The sunshine and the psalm ;  
The promise for the fearful,  
The Elim for the faint ;  
The rainbow for the tearful,  
The glory for the saint !

—o—

## No. 152.      The Heavenly Land.      (G. H. 2-19.)

"A better country, that is an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1 { I love to think of the heavenly land Where white-robed angels  
Where many a friend is gathered safe From fear and toil and

REFRAIN.

are ;  
care. } There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing,

There'll be no part - ing, There'll be no part - ing there.

2 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
Where my Redeemer reigns,  
Where rapturous songs of triumph rise,  
In endless, joyous strains. *Ref.*

3 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
The saints eternal home. [fade,  
Where palms, and robes, and crowns ne'er  
And all our joys are one. *Ref.*

4 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
The greetings there we'll meet,  
The harps—the songs forever ours—  
The walks—the golden streets. *Ref.*

5 I love to think of the heavenly land,  
That promised land so fair,  
Oh, how my raptured spirit longs  
To be forever there. *Ref.*

"Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in."—LUKE 14: 23.

MISS ANNA SHIPTON.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. "Call them in"—the poor, the wretched, Sin-stained wand'ers from the  
 2. "Call them in"—the Jew, the Gen-tile; Bid the stran-ger to the

fold; Peace and par-don free-ly of-fer; Can you weigh their worth with  
 feast; "Call them in"—the rich, the no-ble, From the highest to the

gold? "Call them in"—the weak, the weary, Lad-en with the doom of  
 least: Forth the Fa-ther runs to meet them, He hath all their sorrows

sin; Bid them come and rest in Jesus; He is waiting—"call them in."  
 seen; Robe, and ring, and roy-al sandals, Wait the lost ones—"call them in."

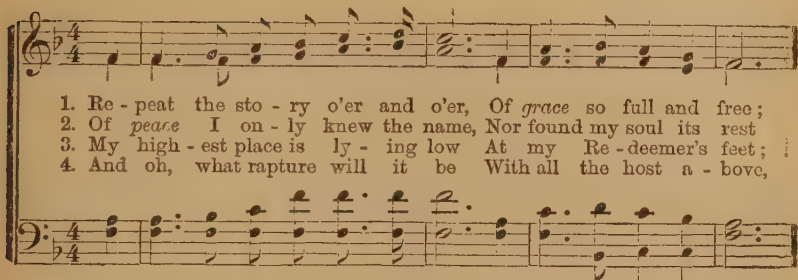
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>3 "Call them in"—the mere professors,<br/>         Slumbering, sleeping, on death's brink;<br/>         Nought of life are they possessors,<br/>         Yet of safety vainly think:<br/>         Bring them in—the careless scoffers,<br/>         Pleasure seekers of the earth:<br/>         Tell of God's most gracious offers,<br/>         And of Jesus' priceless worth.</p> | <p>4 "Call them in"—the broken-hearted,<br/>         Cowering 'neath the brand of shame;<br/>         Speak Love's message low and tender,<br/>         'Twas for sinners Jesus came:<br/>         See, the shadows lengthen round us,<br/>         Soon the day-dawn will begin;<br/>         Can you leave them lost and lonely?<br/>         Christ is coming—"call them in."</p> |
|--|--|

# No. 154. The Half was Never Told. (G.H. 2-23: 3-116.)

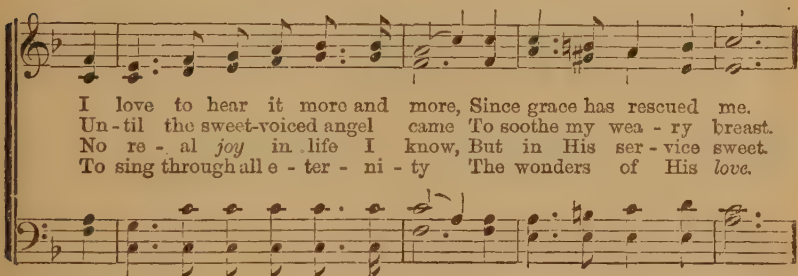
"Behold, the half was not told."—KINGS 10: 7.

P P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Re - peat the sto - ry o'er and o'er, Of *grace* so full and free;  
 2. Of *peace* I on - ly knew the name, Nor found my soul its rest  
 3. My high - est place is ly - ing low At my Re - deemer's feet;  
 4. And oh, what rapture will it be With all the host a - bove,



I love to hear it more and more, Since grace has rescued me.  
 Un - til the sweet-voiced angel came To soothe my wea - ry breast.  
 No re - al joy in life I know, But in His ser - vice sweet.  
 To sing through all e - ter - ni - ty The wonders of His love.

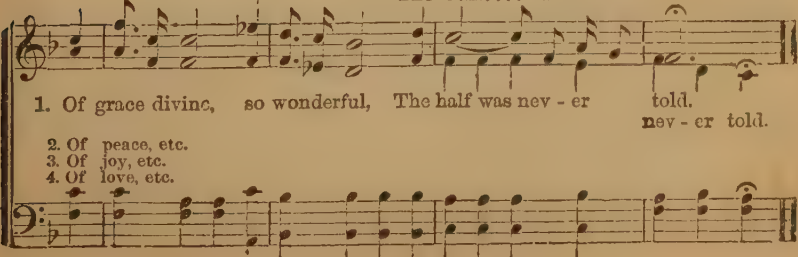
## CHORUS.

The half.... was never told,



The half was nev - er told, The half was never told,  
 never told, never told,

The half.... was never told.



1. Of grace divin, so wonderful, The half was nev - er told.  
 2. Of peace, etc.  
 3. Of joy, etc.  
 4. Of love, etc.  
 nev - er told.



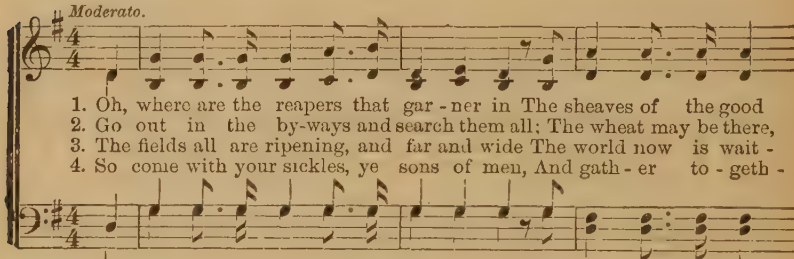
# No. 155. Oh, Where are the Reapers. (G.H. 2-24)

"I will say to the reapers: gather the wheat into my barn."—MATT. 13: 30.

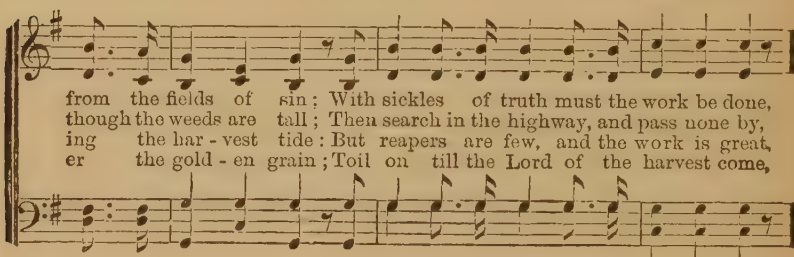
EBEN E. REXFORD

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.

*Moderato.*

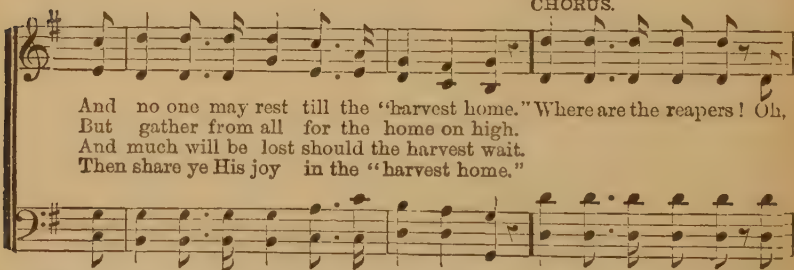


1. Oh, where are the reapers that gar - ner in The sheaves of the good  
 2. Go out in the by-ways and search them all; The wheat may be there,  
 3. The fields all are ripening, and far and wide The world now is wait -  
 4. So come with your sickles, ye sons of men, And gath - er to - geth -

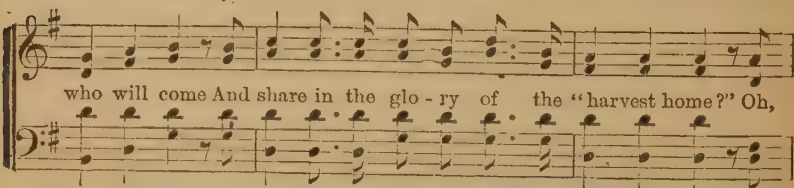


from the fields of sin; With sickles of truth must the work be done,  
 though the weeds are tall; Then search in the highway, and pass none by,  
 ing the har - vest tide: But reapers are few, and the work is great,  
 er the gold - en grain; Toil on till the Lord of the harvest come,

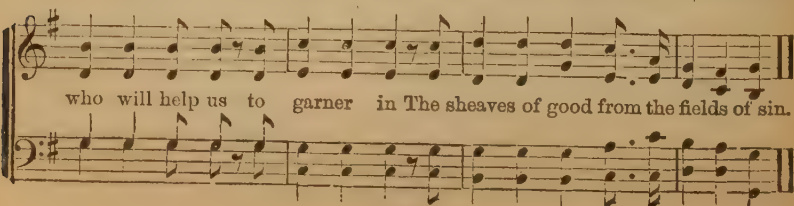
CHORUS.



And no one may rest till the "harvest home." Where are the reapers! Oh,  
 But gather from all for the home on high.  
 And much will be lost should the harvest wait.  
 Then share ye His joy in the "harvest home."



who will come And share in the glo - ry of the "harvest home?" Oh,



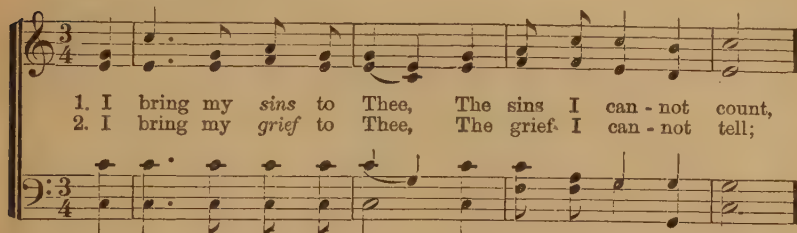
who will help us to garner in The sheaves of good from the fields of sin.

# No. 156. *I Bring my Sins to Thee.* (G. H. 2-25.)

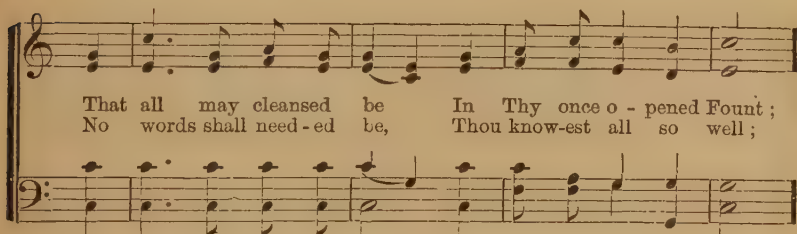
"In returning and rest ye shall be saved."—ISA. 30 : 15.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

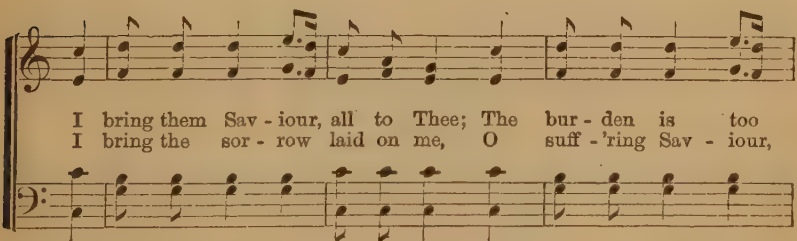
P. P. BLISS, by per.



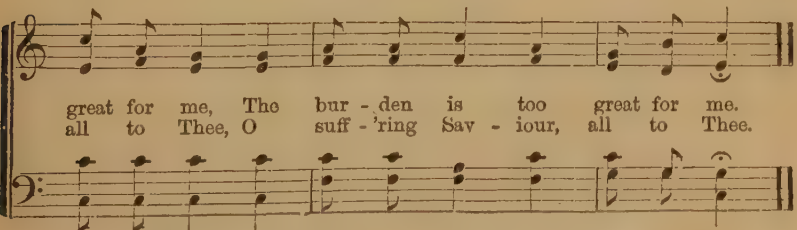
1. I bring my *sins* to Thee, The sins I can - not count,  
2. I bring my *grief* to Thee, The grief I can - not tell;



That all may cleansed be In Thy once o - pened Fount;  
No words shall need - ed be, Thou know - est all so well;



I bring them Sav - iour, all to Thee; The bur - den is too  
I bring the sor - row laid on me, O suff - 'ring Sav - iour,



great for me, The bur - den is too great for me.  
all to Thee, O suff - 'ring Sav - iour, all to Thee.

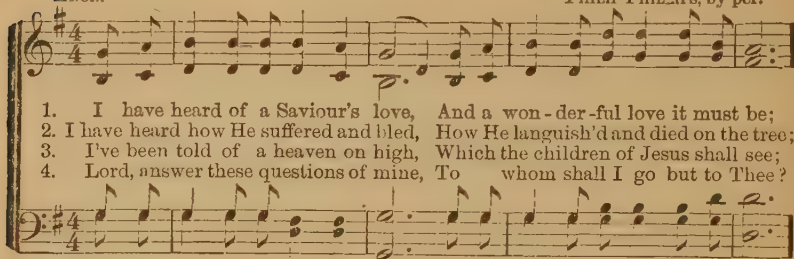
3 My *joys* to Thee I bring,  
The joys thy love has given,  
That each may be a wing  
To lift me nearer heaven,  
I bring them, Saviour, all to Thee,  
Who hast procured them all for me.

4 My *life* I bring to Thee,  
I would not be my own;  
O Saviour, let me be  
Thine ever, Thine alone,  
My heart, my life, my all I bring  
To Thee, my Saviour and my King.

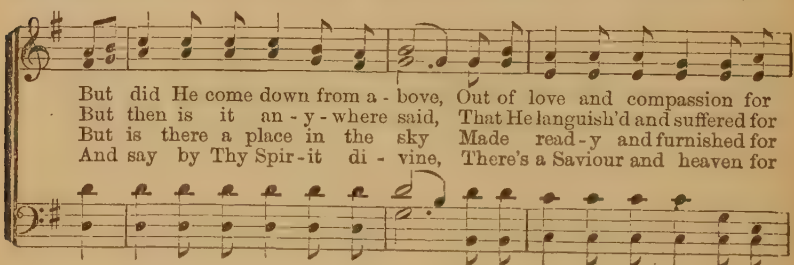
"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

ANON.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

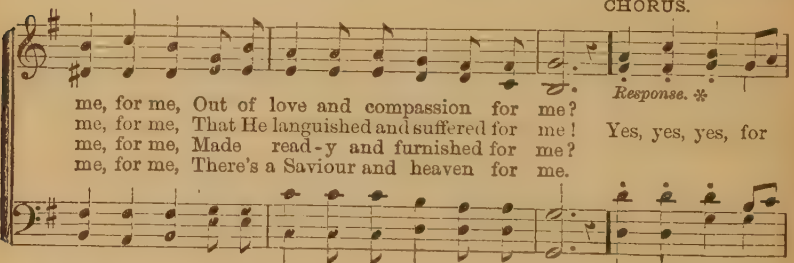


1. I have heard of a Saviour's love, And a won-der-ful love it must be;  
 2. I have heard how He suffered and bled, How He languish'd and died on the tree;  
 3. I've been told of a heaven on high, Which the children of Jesus shall see;  
 4. Lord, answer these questions of mine, To whom shall I go but to Thee?

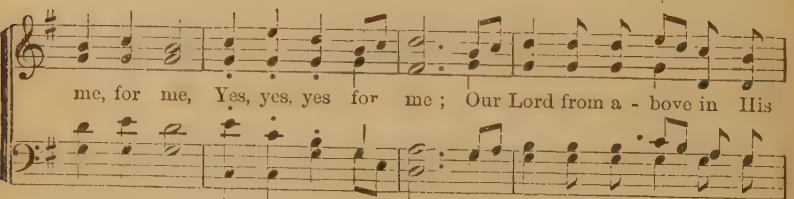


But did He come down from a - bove, Out of love and compassion for  
 But then is it an - y - where said, That He languish'd and suffered for  
 But is there a place in the sky Made read - y and furnished for  
 And say by Thy Spir - it di - vine, There's a Saviour and heaven for

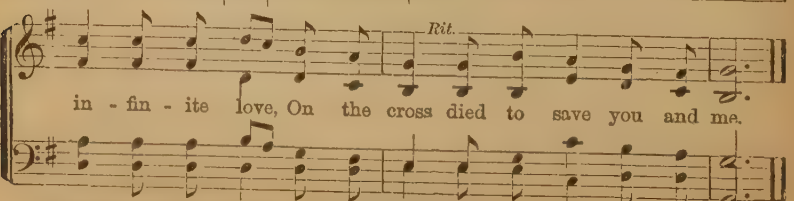
## CHORUS.



me, for me, Out of love and compassion for me? *Response. \**  
 me, for me, That He languished and suffered for me! Yes, yes, yes, for  
 me, for me, Made read - y and furnished for me?  
 me, for me, There's a Saviour and heaven for me.



me, for me, Yes, yes, yes for me; Our Lord from a - bove in His



*Rit.*  
 in - fin - ite love, On the cross died to save you and me.

\* The Response, or Scripture text, to be read for each verse, before singing the Chorus.

# Song of Salvation.—Concluded.

1. "This is a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners." 1 TIM. 1: 15.—*Cho.*

2. "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities. And with His stripes we are healed." ISA. 53: 5.—*Cho.*

3. "In my Father's house are many mansions,.....I go to prepare a place for you.... That where I am, there ye may be also." JOHN 14: 2, 3.—*Cho.*

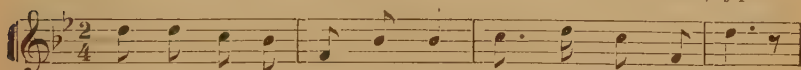
4. "I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things, and I will be his God, and he shall be my son." REV. 21: 6, 7.—*Cho.*

## No. 158. Dare to be a Daniel. (G. H. 2-88.)

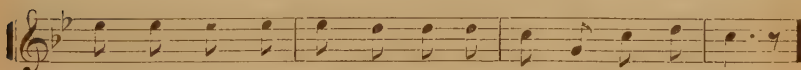
"But Daniel purposed in his heart that he would not defile himself with the portion of the king's meat, nor, nor with the wine which he drank."—DAN. 1: 8.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

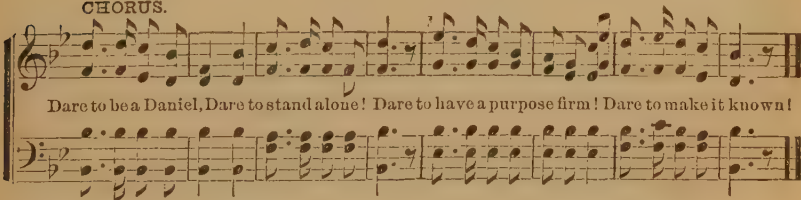


1. Standing by a pur - pose true, Heed - ing God's command,
2. Ma - ny mighty men are lost, -Dar - ing not to stand,
3. Ma - ny gl - ants, great and tall, Stalk - ing thro' the land,
4. Hold the gos - pel ban - ner high! On to vic - t'ry grand!



Hon - or them, the faith - ful few! All hail to Daniel's Band!  
 Who for God had been a host, By join - ing Daniel's Band.  
 Head - long to the earth would fall, If met by Daniel's Band.  
 Sa - tan and his host de - fy, And shout for Daniel's Band.

### CHORUS.



Dare to be a Daniel, Dare to stand alone! Dare to have a purpose firm! Dare to make it known!

## No. 159. Tune—GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4. (G. H. 2-90.)

- 1 Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each, Thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace;  
 O, refresh us, O, refresh us,  
 Traveling through this wilderness.
- 2 Thanks we give, and adoration,  
 For Thy gospel's joyful sound:  
 May the fruits of Thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound;  
 Ever faithful, Ever faithful,  
 To the truth may we be found.

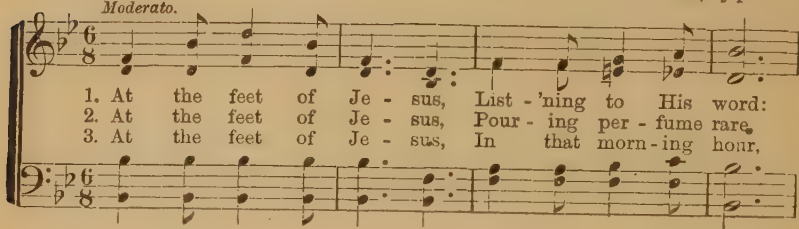
- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given  
 Us from earth to call away,  
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
 Glad the summons to obey,  
 May we ever, May we ever  
 Reign with Christ in endless day!

JOHN FAWCETT, D. D., 1774.

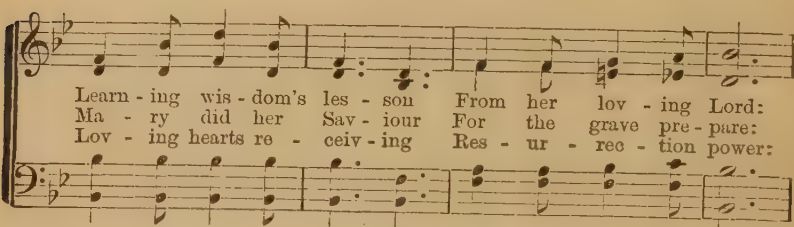
"Mary which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word."—LUKE 10: 39.

P. P. B.

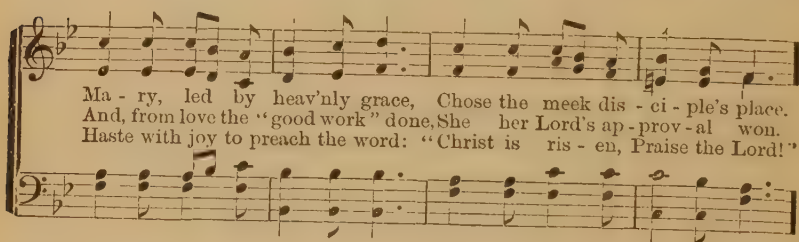
P. P. BLISS, by per.

*Moderato.*


1. At the feet of Je - sus, List - 'ning to His word:  
 2. At the feet of Je - sus, Pour - ing per - fume rare,  
 3. At the feet of Je - sus, In that morn - ing hour,

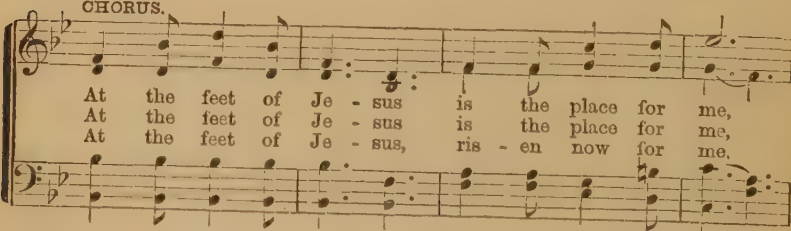


Learn - ing wis - dom's les - son From her lov - ing Lord:  
 Ma - ry did her Sav - iour For the grave pre - pare:  
 Lov - ing hearts re - ceiv - ing Res - ur - rec - tion power:

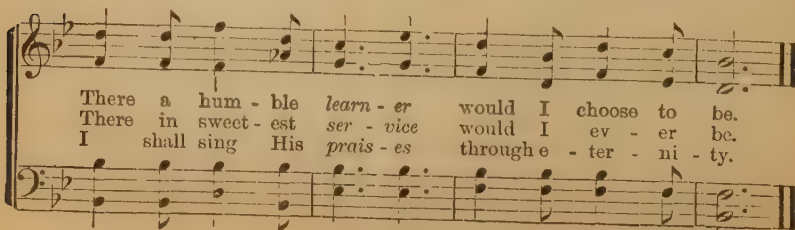


Ma - ry, led by heav'nly grace, Chose the meek dis - ci - ple's place.  
 And, from love the "good work" done, She her Lord's ap - prov - al won.  
 Haste with joy to preach the word: "Christ is ris - en, Praise the Lord!"

CHORUS.



At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,  
 At the feet of Je - sus is the place for me,  
 At the feet of Je - sus, ris - en now for me.



There a hum - ble learn - er would I choose to be.  
 There in sweet - est ser - vice would I ev - er be.  
 I shall sing His prais - es through e - ter - ni - ty.



"What is this that he saith a little while."—JOHN 16: 17.

Mrs. JANE CREWDSON.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

*Slowly.*

1. Oh, for the peace that floweth as a riv - er, Making life's

desert places bloom and smile; Oh, for the faith to grasp "Heav'n's bright for-

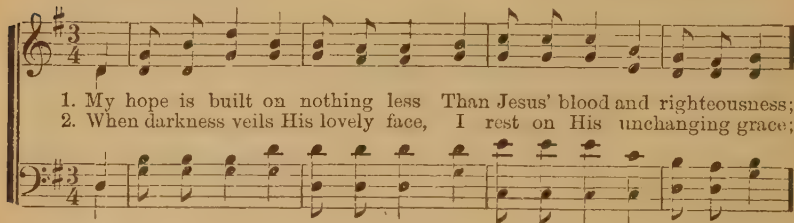
ev - er," A - mid the shad - ows of earth's "lit - tle while."

- 2 "A little while" for patient vigil-keeping,  
To face the storm and wrestle with the strong;  
"A little while" to sow the seed with weeping,  
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
- 3 "A little while" the earthen pitcher taking,  
To wayside brooks, from far off fountains fed;  
Then the parched lip its thirst forever slaking  
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.
- 4 "A little while" to keep the oil from failing,  
"A little while" faith's flickering lamp to trim;  
And then the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,  
We'll haste to meet Him with the bridal hymn.

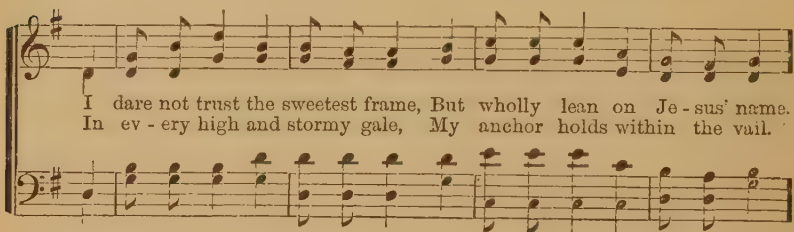
"The Lord is my defence, and rock of my refuge."—Ps. 94: 22.

Rev. EDWARD MOTE, 1825.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per

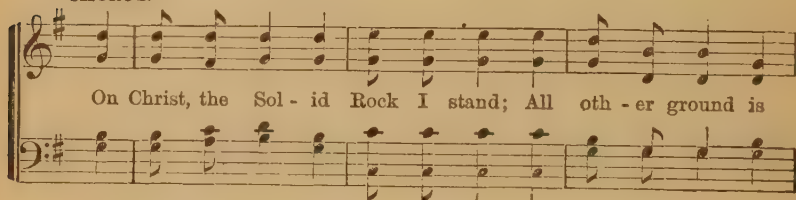


1. My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;  
2. When darkness veils His lovely face, I rest on His unchanging grace;

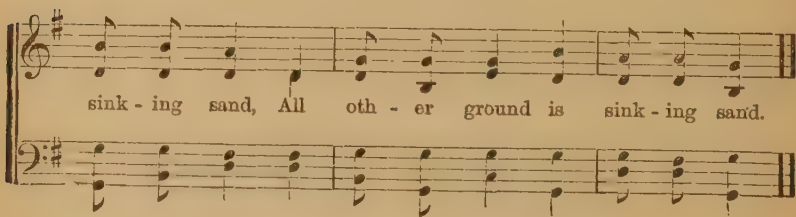


I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Je-sus' name.  
In ev-ery high and stormy gale, My anchor holds within the veil.

CHORUS.



On Christ, the Sol-id Rock I stand; All oth-er ground is



sink-ing sand, All oth-er ground is sink-ing sand.

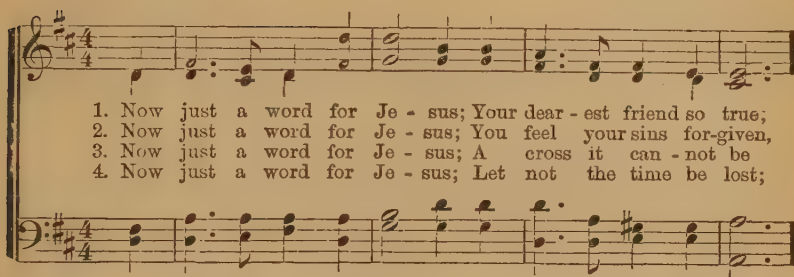
3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,  
Support me in the whelming flood;  
When all around my soul gives way,  
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound,  
O, may I then in Him be found;  
Drest in His righteousness alone,  
Faultless to stand before the throne!

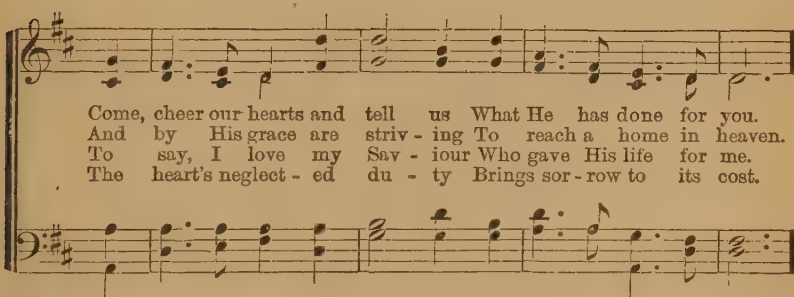
"Wilt thou not tell."—EZEK. 24: 19.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

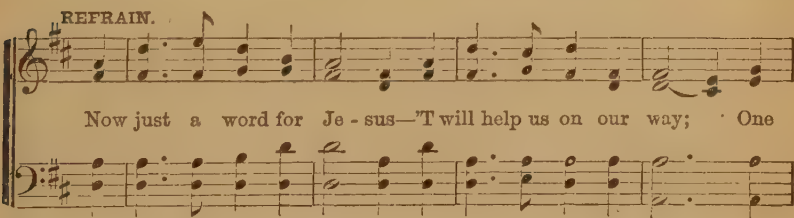


1. Now just a word for Je - sus; Your dear - est friend so true;  
 2. Now just a word for Je - sus; You feel your sins for-given,  
 3. Now just a word for Je - sus; A cross it can - not be  
 4. Now just a word for Je - sus; Let not the time be lost;

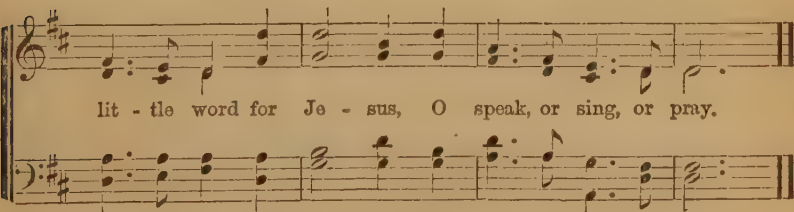


Come, cheer our hearts and tell us What He has done for you.  
 And by His grace are striv - ing To reach a home in heaven.  
 To say, I love my Sav - iour Who gave His life for me.  
 The heart's neglect - ed du - ty Brings sor - row to its cost.

REFRAIN.



Now just a word for Je - sus—"T will help us on our way; One



lit - tle word for Je - sus, O speak, or sing, or pray.

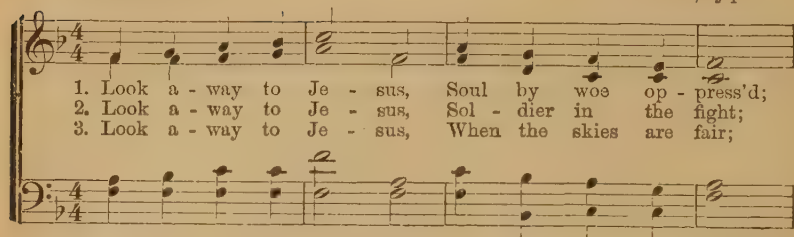
5.

Now just a word for Jesus;  
 And if your faith be dim,  
 Arise in all your weakness,  
 And leave the rest to Him.—*Ref.*

"Looking unto Jesus."—HEB. 12: 2.

Rev. HENRY BURTON.

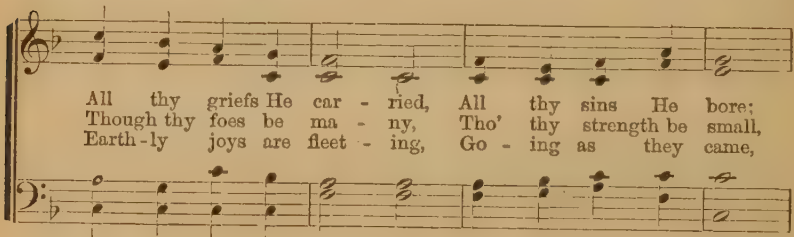
P. P. BLISS, by per.



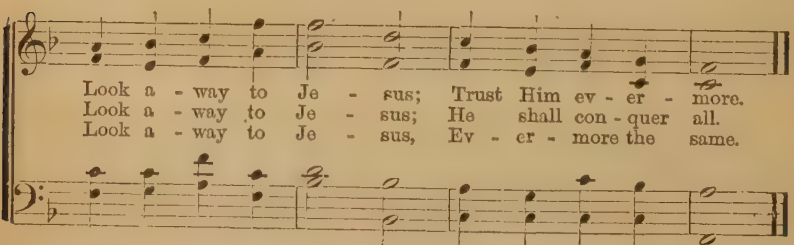
1. Look a-way to Je-sus, Soul by woe op-press'd;  
 2. Look a-way to Je-sus, Sol-dier in the fight;  
 3. Look a-way to Je-sus, When the skies are fair;



'T was for thee He suf-fer'd, Come to Him and rest,  
 When the bat-tle thick-ens, Keep thine ar-mor bright;  
 Calm seas have their dan-gers; Mar-in-er, be-ware!



All thy griefs He car-ried, All thy sins He bore;  
 Though thy foes be ma-ny, Tho' thy strength be small,  
 Earth-ly joys are fleet-ing, Go-ing as they came,



Look a-way to Je-sus; Trust Him ev-er-more.  
 Look a-way to Je-sus; He shall con-quer all.  
 Look a-way to Je-sus, Ev-er-more the same.

4 Look away to Jesus,  
 'Mid the toil and heat;  
 Soon will come the resting  
 At the Master's feet;  
 For the guests are bidden,  
 And the feast is spread;  
 Look away to Jesus,  
 In His footsteps tread.

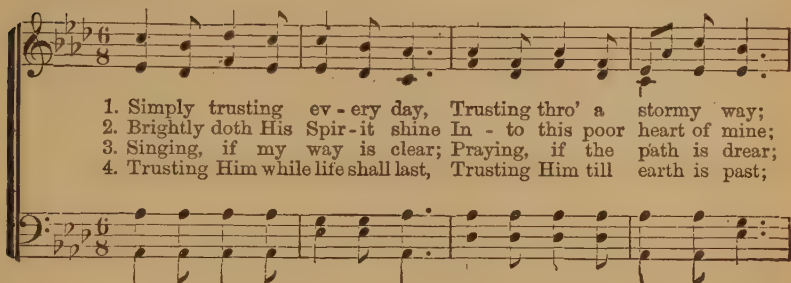
5 When, amid the music  
 Of the endless feast,  
 Saints will sing His praises,  
 Thine shall not be least;  
 Then, amid the glories  
 Of the crystal sea,  
 Look away to Jesus,  
 Through eternity.

# No. 165. Trusting Jesus, That is All. (G. H. 2-33.)

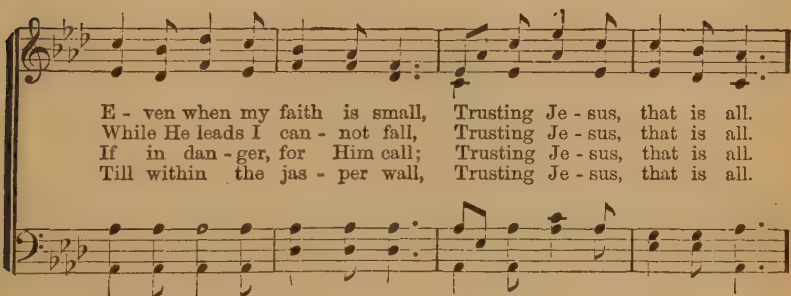
"Though he slay me, yet will I trust him."—JOB 13: 15.

EDGAR PAGE.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. Simply trusting ev - ery day, Trusting thro' a stormy way;  
 2. Brightly doth His Spir - it shine In - to this poor heart of mine;  
 3. Singing, if my way is clear; Praying, if the path is drear;  
 4. Trusting Him while life shall last, Trusting Him till earth is past;

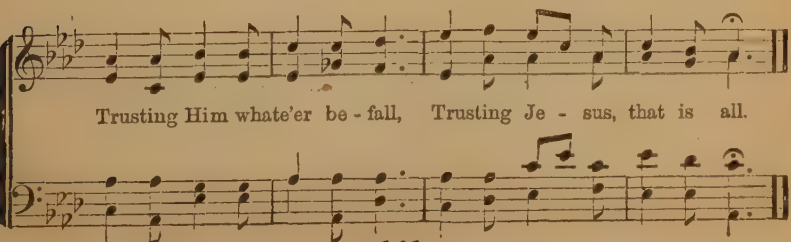


E - ven when my faith is small, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.  
 While He leads I can - not fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.  
 If in dan - ger, for Him call; Trusting Je - sus, that is all.  
 Till within the jas - per wall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

## CHORUS.



Trusting as the moments fly, Trusting as the days go by;



Trusting Him whate'er be - fall, Trusting Je - sus, that is all.

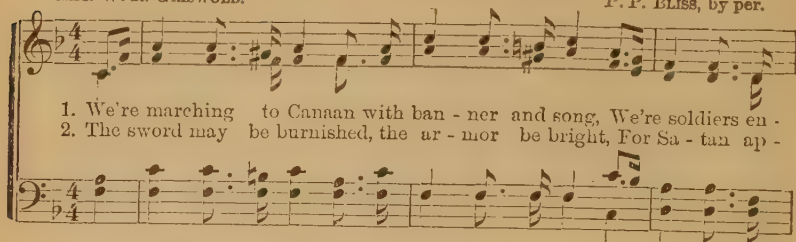


# No. 166. Who's on the Lord's Side? (G. H. 2-34.)

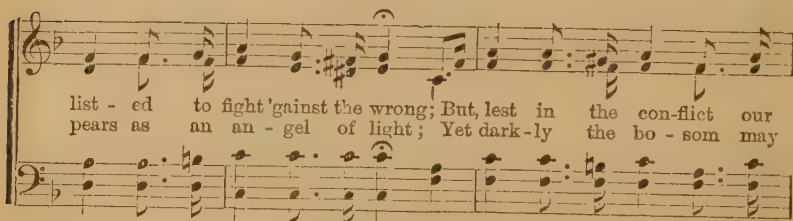
"Who is on the Lord's side."—Ex. 32: 26.

Mrs. W. R. GRISWOLD.

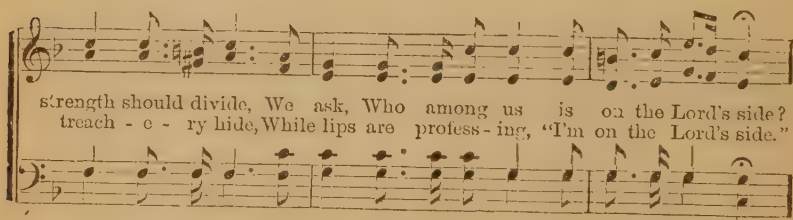
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. We're marching to Canaan with ban - ner and song, We're soldiers en -  
2. The sword may be burnished, the ar - mor be bright, For Sa - tan ap -

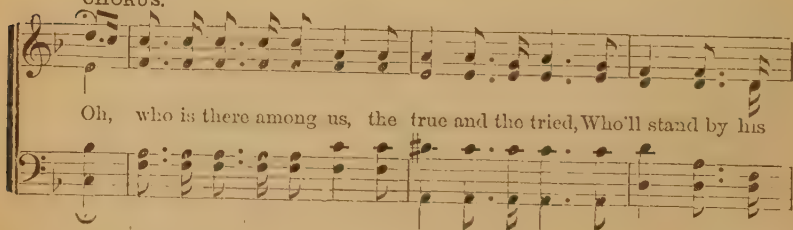


list - ed to fight 'gainst the wrong; But, lest in the con - flict our  
pears as an an - gel of light; Yet dark - ly the bo - som may

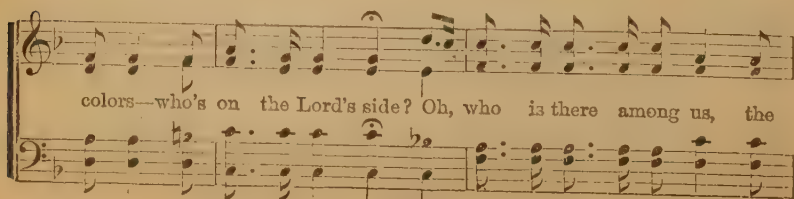


strength should divide, We ask, Who among us is on the Lord's side?  
treach - e - ry hide, While lips are profess - ing, "I'm on the Lord's side."

## CHORUS.

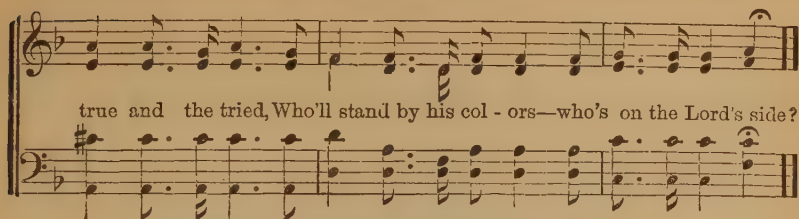


Oh, who is there among us, the true and the tried, Who'll stand by his



colors—who's on the Lord's side? Oh, who is there among us, the

# Who's on the Lord's Side?—Concluded.



true and the tried, Who'll stand by his col - ors—who's on the Lord's side?

3 Who is there among us yet under the rod,  
Who knows not the pardoning mercy of God?  
Oh, bring to Him humbly the heart in its pride;  
Oh, haste, while He's waiting and seek the Lord's side. *Cho.*

4 Oh, heed not the sorrow, the pain and the wrong,  
For soon shall our sighing be changed into song;  
So, bearing the cross of our covenant Guide,  
We'll shout, as we triumph, "I'm on the Lord's side." *Cho.*



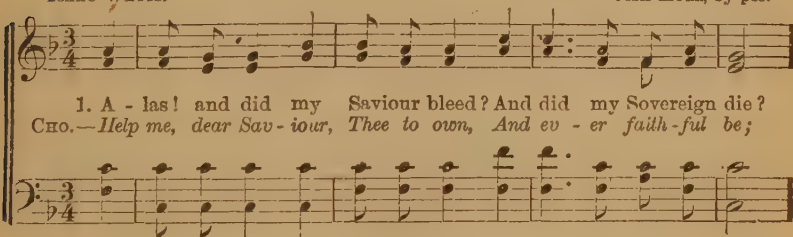
No. 167.

## Remember Me. (G.H. 1-111: 2-35.)

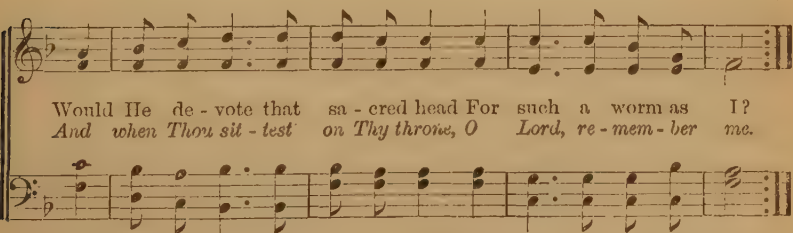
ISAAC WATTS.

"O Lord, Thou knowest; remember."—JER. 15: 15.

ASA HULL, by per.



1. A - las! and did my Saviour bleed? And did my Sovereign die?  
*CHO.—Help me, dear Sav - iour, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;*



Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?  
And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

2 Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree. *Cho.*

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker died  
For man, the creature's sin. *Cho.*

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
Whilst His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt mine eyes to tears. *Cho.*

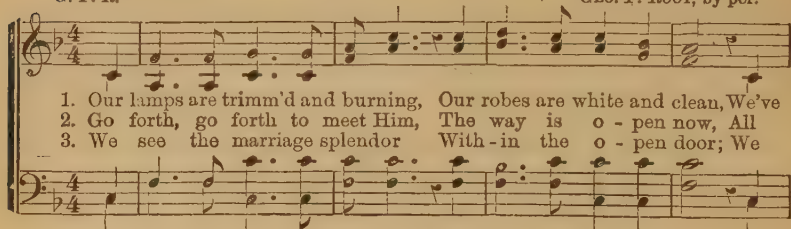
5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe;  
Here, Lord, I give myself away;  
'Tis all that I can do. *Cho.*

# No. 168. Behold, the Bridegroom Cometh. (G. H. 2-36.)

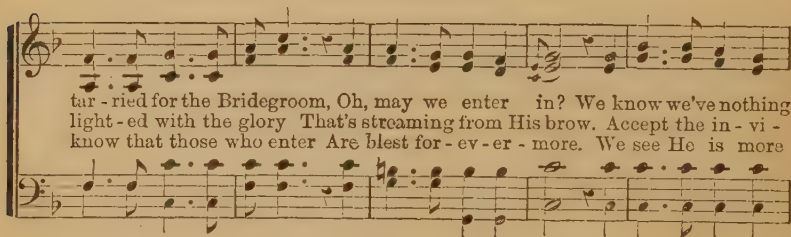
"At midnight there was a cry made, behold the Bridegroom cometh!"—MATT. 25: 6.

G. F. R.

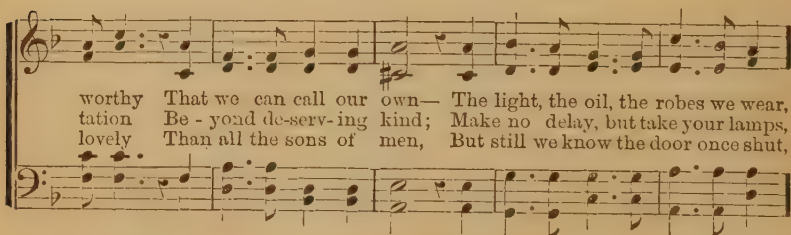
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



1. Our lamps are trimm'd and burning, Our robes are white and clean, We've  
 2. Go forth, go forth to meet Him, The way is o - pen now, All  
 3. We see the marriage splendor With-in the o - pen door; We

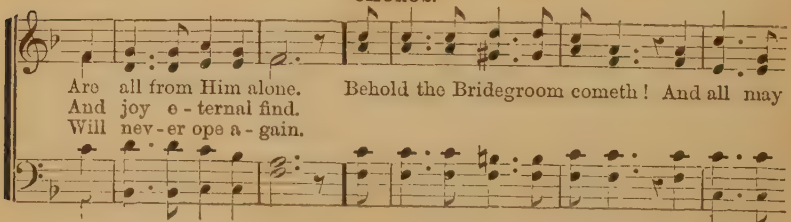


tar-ried for the Bridegroom, Oh, may we enter in? We know we've nothing  
 light-ed with the glory That's streaming from His brow. Accept the in-vi-  
 know that those who enter Are blest for-ev-er - more. We see He is more

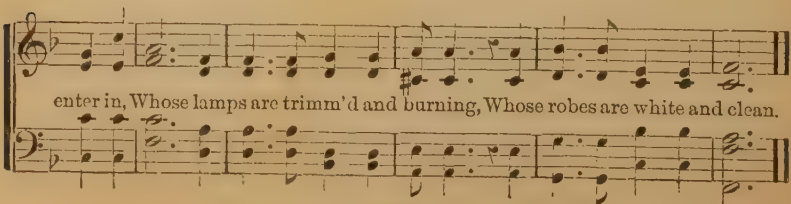


worthy That we can call our own— The light, the oil, the robes we wear,  
 tation Be - yond de-serv-ing kind; Make no delay, but take your lamps,  
 lovely Than all the sons of men, But still we know the door once shut,

## CHORUS.



Are all from Him alone. Behold the Bridegroom cometh! And all may  
 And joy o - ternal find.  
 Will nev-er ope a - gain.

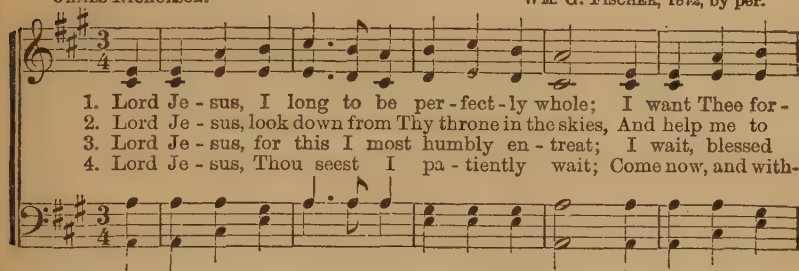


enter in, Whose lamps are trimm'd and burning, Whose robes are white and clean.

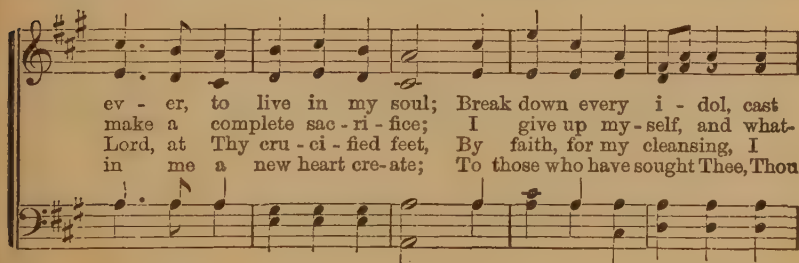
"Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow."—Ps. 51: 7.

JAMES NICHOLSON.

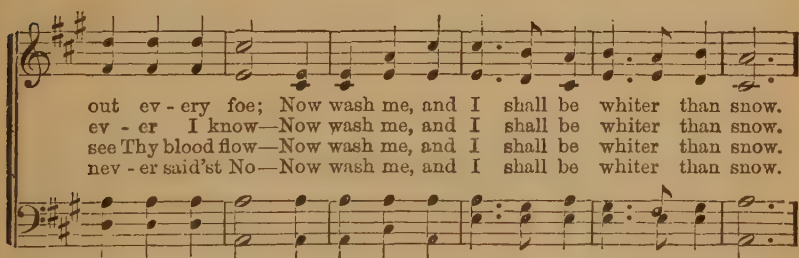
WM. G. FISCHER, 1872, by per.



1. Lord Je - sus, I long to be per - fect - ly whole; I want Thee for -  
 2. Lord Je - sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to  
 3. Lord Je - sus, for this I most humbly en - treat; I wait, blessed  
 4. Lord Je - sus, Thou seest I pa - tiently wait; Come now, and with -

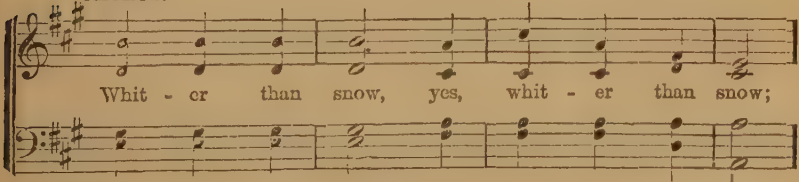


ev - er, to live in my soul; Break down every i - dol, cast  
 make a complete sac - ri - fice; I give up my - self, and what -  
 Lord, at Thy cru - ci - fied feet, By faith, for my cleansing, I  
 in me a new heart cre - ate; To those who have sought Thee, Thou

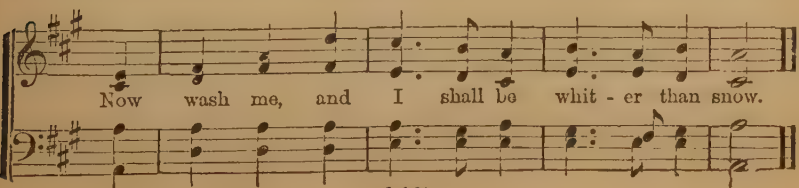


out ev - ery foe; Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
 ev - er I know—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
 see Thy blood flow—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.  
 nev - er said'st No—Now wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

## CHORUS.



Whit - er than snow, yes, whit - er than snow;

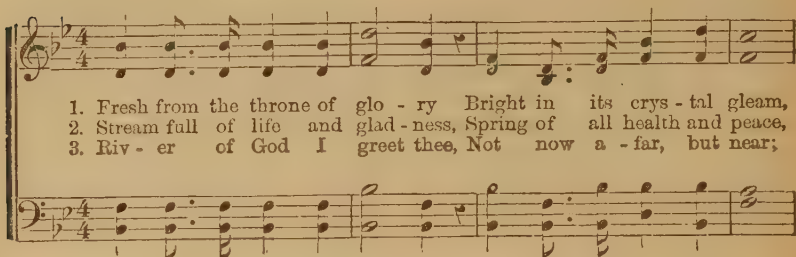


Now wash me, and I shall be whit - er than snow.

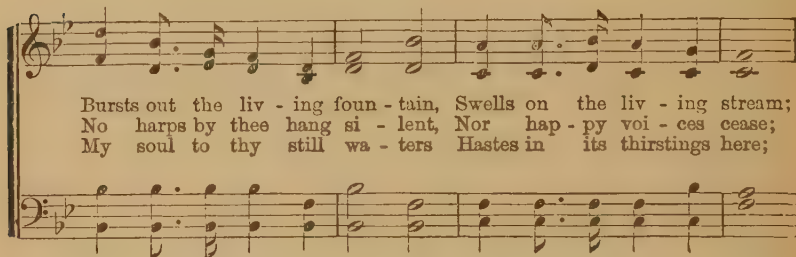
"And he shewed me a pure river of water of life."—REV. 22: 1

HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

Rev. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.



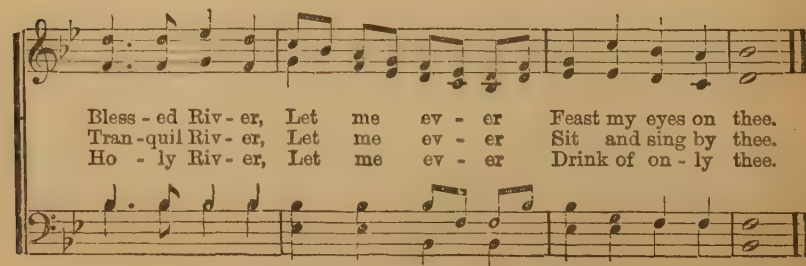
1. Fresh from the throne of glo - ry Bright in its crys - tal gleam,  
 2. Stream full of life and glad - ness, Spring of all health and peace,  
 3. Riv - er of God I greet thee, Not now a - far, but near;



Bursts out the liv - ing foun - tain, Swells on the liv - ing stream;  
 No harps by thee hang si - lent, Nor hap - py voi - ces cease;  
 My soul to thy still wa - ters Hastes in its thirstings here;



Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee,  
 Tran - quil Riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee,  
 Ho - ly Riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee,



Bless - ed Riv - er, Let me ev - er Feast my eyes on thee.  
 Tran - quil Riv - er, Let me ev - er Sit and sing by thee.  
 Ho - ly Riv - er, Let me ev - er Drink of on - ly thee.



## My High Tower. (G.H. 2-41.)

"The Lord is my Rock.....and my high Tower."—Ps. 18: 2.

P. P. B.

P. P. Bliss, by per.

*Firmly.*

1. In Zi - on's Rock a - bid - ing, My soul her tri - umph sings;  
 2. Wild waves are round me swelling, Dark clouds a - bove I see;  
 3. My Tower of strength can never In time of troub - le fail;

In His pa - vil - ion hid - ing, I praise the King of kings.  
 Yet, in my Fortress dwell - ing, More safe I can - not be.  
 No power of hell, for - ev - er, A - gainst it shall pre - vail.

CHORUS.

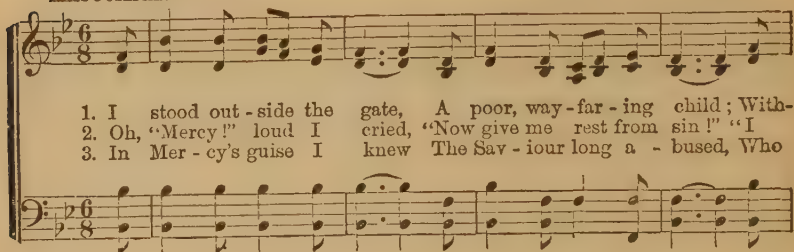
My High Tower is He! To Him will I flee;

In Him con - fide, In Him a - bide; My High Tower is He!

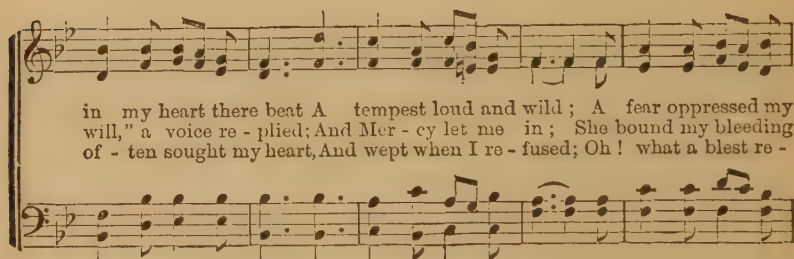
"Enter ye in at the strait gate."—MATT. 7: 13.

Miss JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

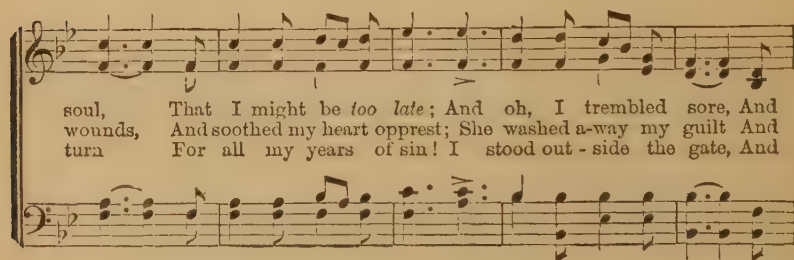
[ HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



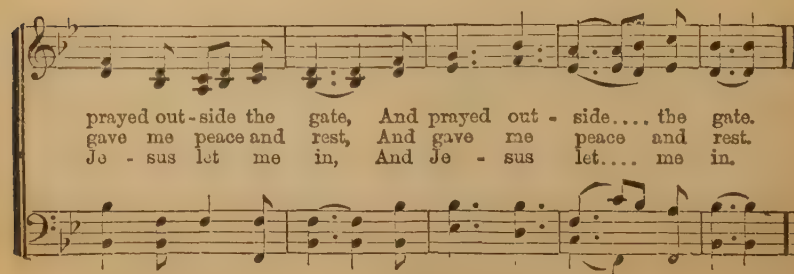
1. I stood out-side the gate, A poor, way-far-ing child; With-  
 2. Oh, "Mercy!" loud I cried, "Now give me rest from sin!" "I  
 3. Mer-cy's guise I knew The Sav-iour long a-bused, Who



in my heart there beat A tempest loud and wild; A fear oppressed my  
 will," a voice re-plied; And Mer-cy let me in; She bound my bleeding  
 of-ten sought my heart, And wept when I re-fused; Oh! what a blest re-



soul, That I might be too late; And oh, I trembled sore, And  
 wounds, And soothed my heart oppress; She washed a-way my guilt And  
 turn For all my years of sin! I stood out-side the gate, And

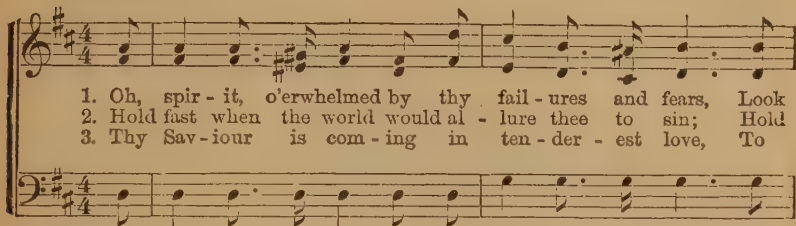


prayed out-side the gate, And prayed out-side... the gate.  
 gave me peace and rest, And gave me peace and rest.  
 Je-sus let me in, And Je-sus let... me in.

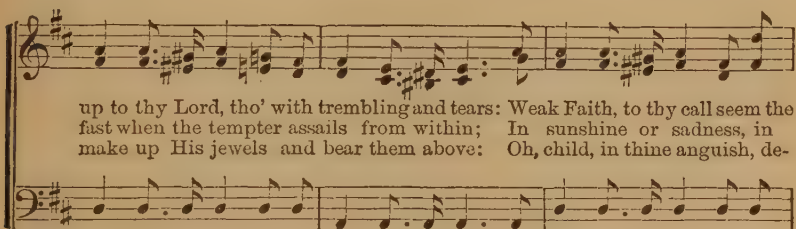
"That which ye have already, hold fast till I come."—REV. 2: 25.

Mrs. E. W. GRISWOLD.

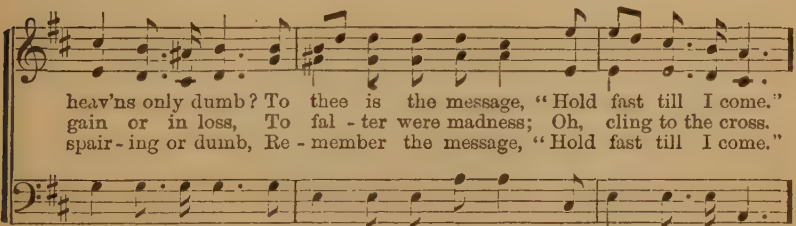
P. P. BLISS, by per,



1. Oh, spir - it, o'erwhelmed by thy fail - ures and fears, Look  
 2. Hold fast when the world would al - lure thee to sin; Hold  
 3. Thy Sav - iour is com - ing in ten - der - est love, To

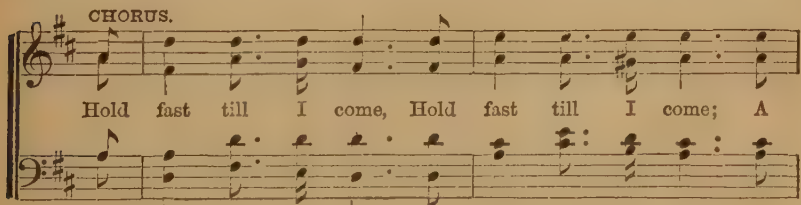


up to thy Lord, tho' with trembling and tears: Weak Faith, to thy call seem the  
 fast when the tempter assails from within; In sunshine or sadness, in  
 make up His jewels and bear them above: Oh, child, in thine anguish, de-

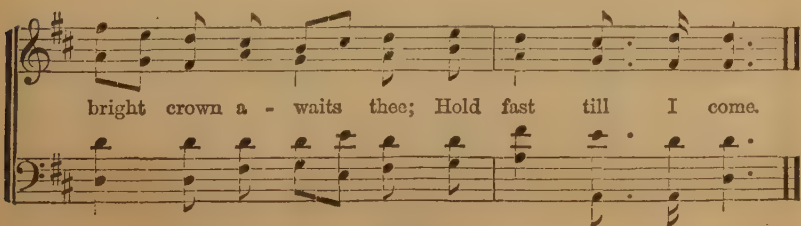


heav'n's only dumb? To thee is the message, "Hold fast till I come."  
 gain or in loss, To fal - ter were madness; Oh, cling to the cross.  
 spair - ing or dumb, Re - member the message, "Hold fast till I come."

CHORUS.



Hold fast till I come, Hold fast till I come; A

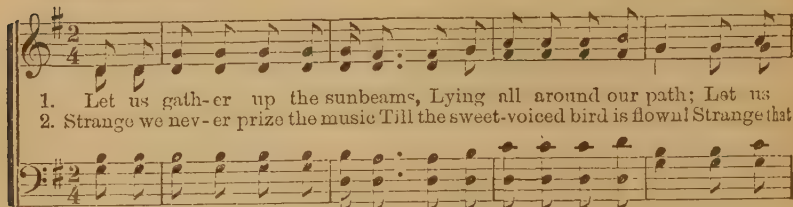


bright crown a - waits thee; Hold fast till I come.

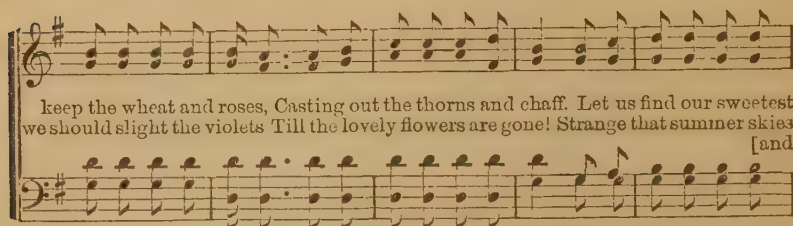
"Be kindly affectioned one to another."—ROM. 12: 10.

Mrs. ALBERT SMITH.

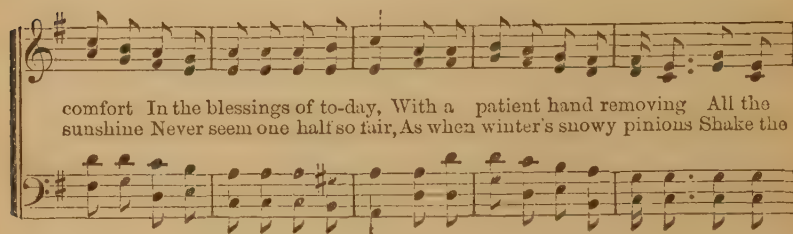
S. J. VAIL, by per.



1. Let us gath-er up the sunbeams, Lying all around our path; Let us  
2. Strange we nev-er prize the music Till the sweet-voiced bird is flown! Strange that

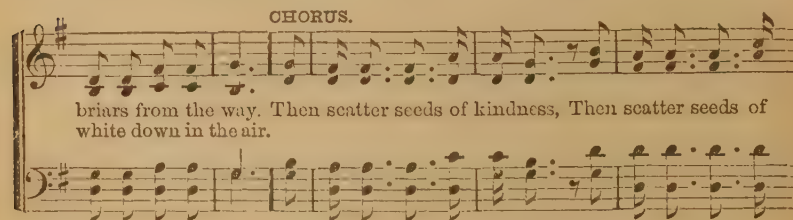


keep the wheat and roses, Casting out the thorns and chaff. Let us find our sweetest  
we should slight the violets Till the lovely flowers are gone! Strange that summer skies [and

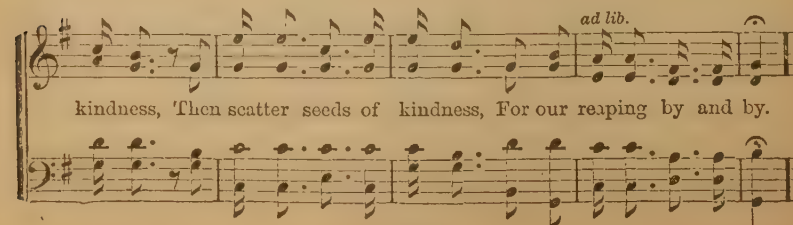


comfort In the blessings of to-day, With a patient hand removing All the  
sunshine Never seem one half so fair, As when winter's snowy pinions Shake the

CHORUS.



briars from the way. Then scatter seeds of kindness, Then scatter seeds of  
white down in the air.



kindness, 'Then scatter seeds of kindness, For our reaping by and by.

# Scatter Seeds of Kindness.—Concluded.

3 If we knew the baby fingers,  
Pressed against the window pane,  
Would be cold and stiff to-morrow—  
Never trouble us again—  
Would the bright eyes of our darling  
Catch the frown upon our brow?—  
Would the prints of rosy fingers  
Vex us then as they do now?

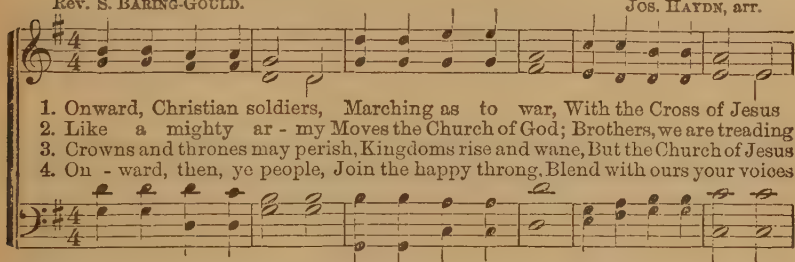
4 Ah! those little ice-cold fingers,  
How they point our memories back  
To the hasty words and actions  
Strewn along our backward track!  
How those little hands remind us,  
As in snowy grace they lie,  
Not to scatter thorns—but roses—  
For our reaping by and by.

## No. 175. Onward, Christian Soldiers. (G. H. 2-45.)

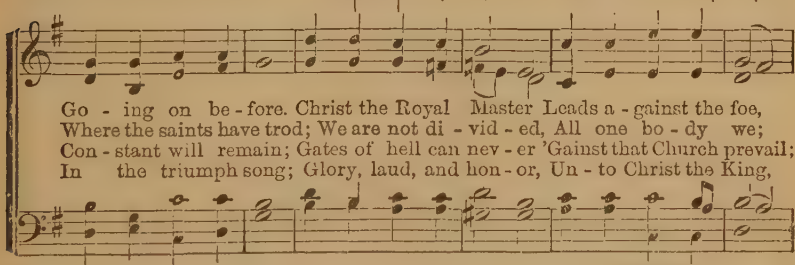
"Take unto you the whole armor of God."—Eph. 6: 13.

Rev. S. BARING-GOULD.

JOS. HAYDN, arr.

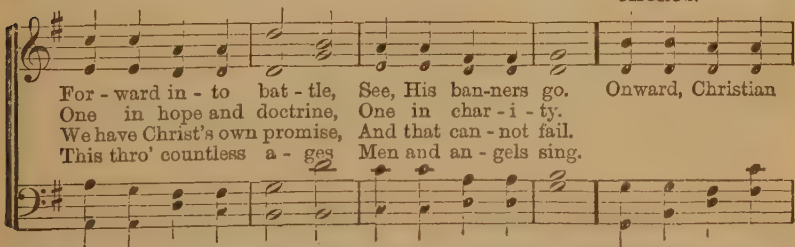


1. Onward, Christian soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Jesus  
2. Like a mighty ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers, we are treading  
3. Crowns and thrones may perish, Kingdoms rise and wane, But the Church of Jesus  
4. On-ward, then, ye people, Join the happy throng, Blend with ours your voices

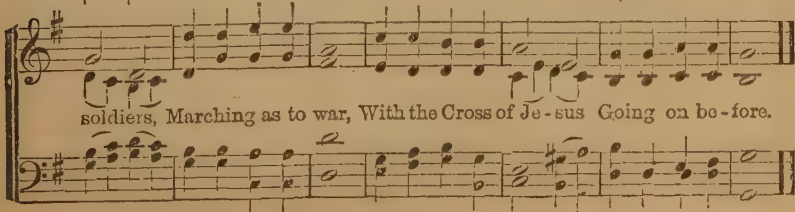


Go-ing on be-fore. Christ the Royal Master Leads a-gainst the foe,  
Where the saints have trod; We are not di-vid-ed, All one bo-dy we;  
Con-stant will remain; Gates of hell can nev-er 'Gainst that Church prevail;  
In the triumph song; Glory, laud, and hon-or, Un-to Christ the King,

CHORUS.



For-ward in-to bat-tle, See, His ban-ners go. Onward, Christian  
One in hope and doctrine, One in char-i-ty.  
We have Christ's own promise, And that can-not fail.  
This thro' countless a-ges Men and an-gels sing.



soldiers, Marching as to war, With the Cross of Je-sus Going on be-fore.



"It is good for me to draw near to God."—Ps. 73: 28.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. Thou my ev - er-last - ing por-tion, More than friend or life to me,  
 2. Not for ease or worldly pleasure, Nor for fame my prayer shall be ;  
 3. Lead me thro' the vale of shadows, Bear me o'er life's fit - ful sea :

All a - long my pil - grim journey, Saviour, let me walk with Thee.  
 Glad-ly will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.  
 Then the gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

REFRAIN.

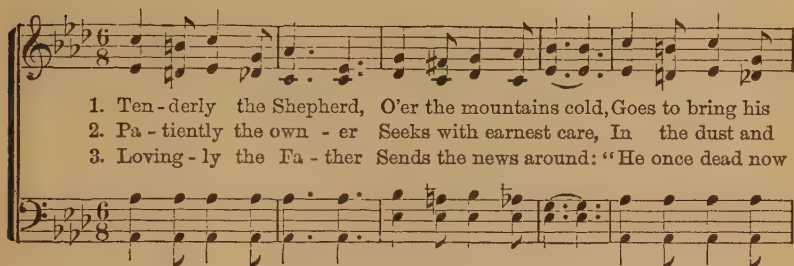
Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee ; All a -  
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee ; Glad-ly  
 Close to Thee, close to Thee, Close to Thee, close to Thee ; Then the

long my pil - grim jour - ney, Sav - iour, let me walk with Thee.  
 will I toil and suf - fer, On - ly let me walk with Thee.  
 gate of life e - ter - nal, May I en - ter, Lord, with Thee.

"For the Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."—LUKE 19: 10.

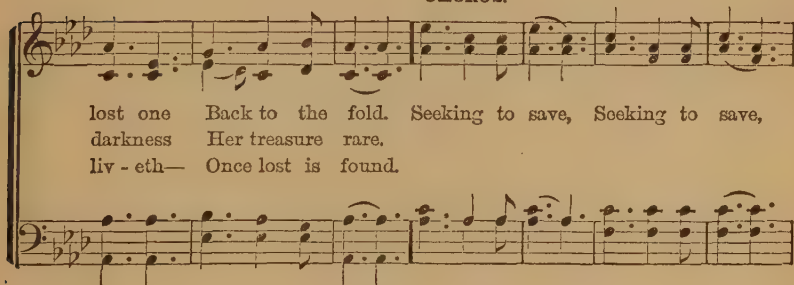
P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

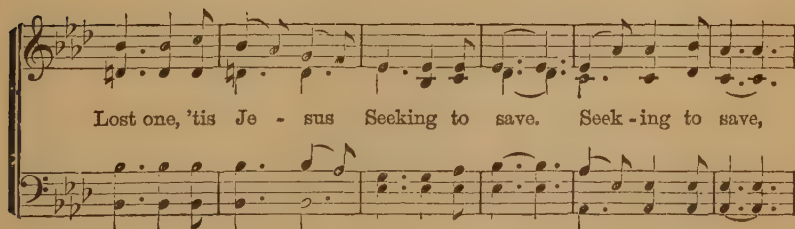


1. Ten - derly the Shepherd, O'er the mountains cold, Goes to bring his  
 2. Pa - tiently the own - er Seeks with earnest care, In the dust and  
 3. Loving - ly the Fa - ther Sends the news around: "He once dead now

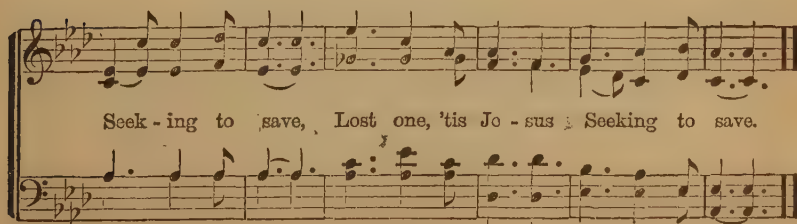
## CHORUS.



lost one Back to the fold. Seeking to save, Seeking to save,  
 darkness Her treasure rare,  
 liv - eth— Once lost is found.



Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seeking to save. Seek - ing to save,



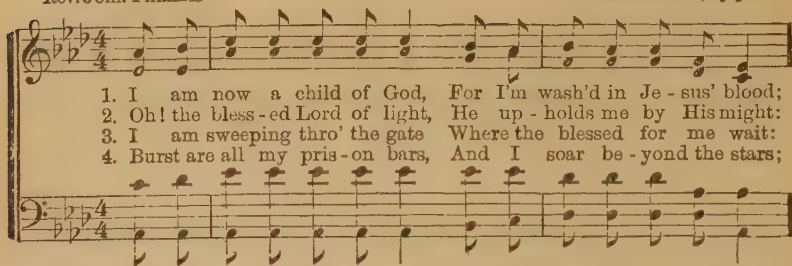
Seek - ing to save, Lost one, 'tis Je - sus Seeking to save.

# No. 178. *I am Sweeping thro' the Gates.* \* (G. H. 2-48.)

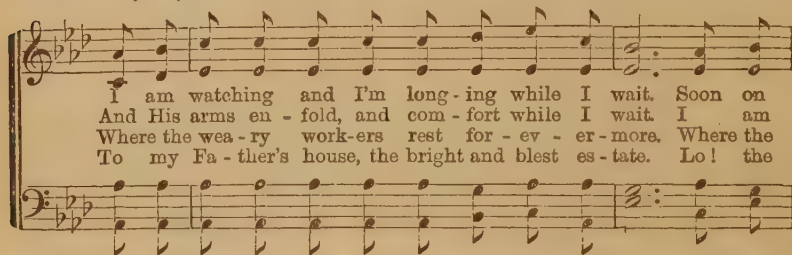
"The gates of it shall not be shut at all by day."—REV. 21: 25.

Rev. JOHN PARKER.

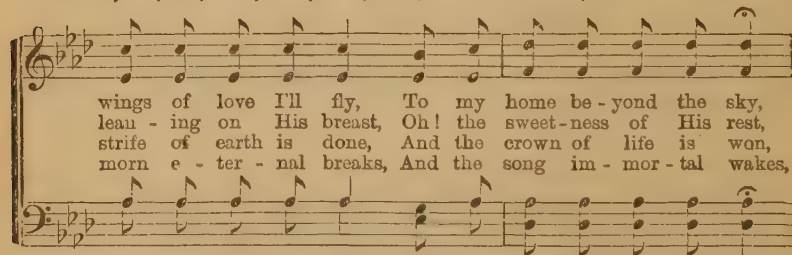
PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



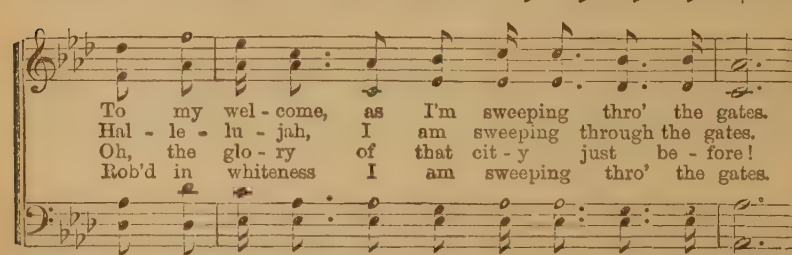
1. I am now a child of God, For I'm wash'd in Je - sus' blood;  
 2. Oh! the bless - ed Lord of light, He up - holds me by His might;  
 3. I am sweeping thro' the gate Where the blessed for me wait:  
 4. Burst are all my pris - on bars, And I soar be - yond the stars;



I am watching and I'm long - ing while I wait. Soon on  
 And His arms en - fold, and com - fort while I wait. I am  
 Where the wea - ry work - ers rest for - ev - er - more. Where the  
 To my Fa - ther's house, the bright and blest es - tate. Lo! the

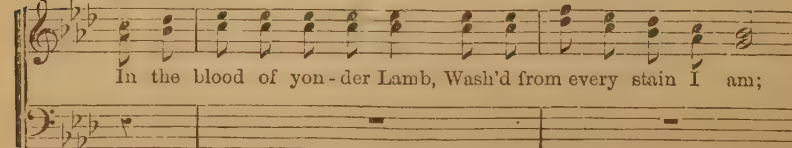


wings of love I'll fly, To my home be - yond the sky,  
 lean - ing on His breast, Oh! the sweet - ness of His rest,  
 strife of earth is done, And the crown of life is won,  
 morn e - ter - nal breaks, And the song im - mor - tal wakes,



To my wel - come, as I'm sweeping thro' the gates.  
 Hal - le - lu - jah, I am sweeping through the gates.  
 Oh, the glo - ry of that cit - y just be - fore!  
 Rob'd in whiteness I am sweeping thro' the gates.

## REFRAIN.



In the blood of yon - der Lamb, Wash'd from every stain I am;

# I am Sweeping through the Gates.—Concluded.

*Rit.* *Repeat pp.*

Rob'd in whiteness, clad in brightness, I am sweeping thro' the gates.

✥ Dying words of Rev. ALFRED COOKMAN.

No. 179.

## Jesus is Mine. (G. H. 2-49.)

"My beloved is mine."—SONG OF SOLOMON 2: 16.

Mrs. CATHERINE J. BONAR, 1843.

T. E. PERKINS, by per.

1. Fade, fade each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - ery  
 2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I  
 3. Fare - well, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this  
 4. Fare - well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e -

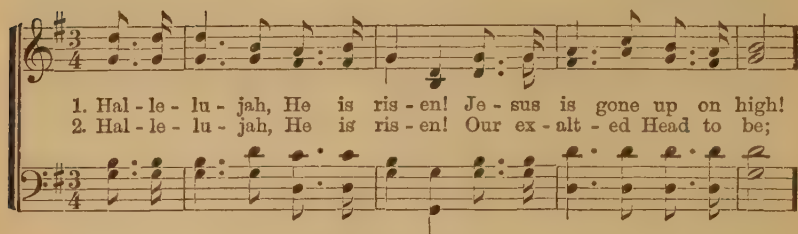
ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine! Dark is the wil - der - ness,  
 ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine! Per - ish - ing things of clay,  
 dawning light Je - sus is mine! All that my soul has tried,  
 ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine! Welcome, O loved and blest,

Earth has no resting place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine!  
 Born but for one brief day, Pass from my heart away, Je - sus is mine!  
 Left but a dismal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine!  
 Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Saviour's breast, Je - sus is mine!

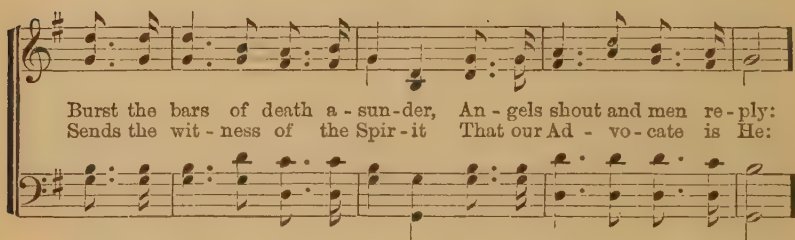
"He is not here; for he is risen, as he said."—MATT. 28: 6.

P. P. B.

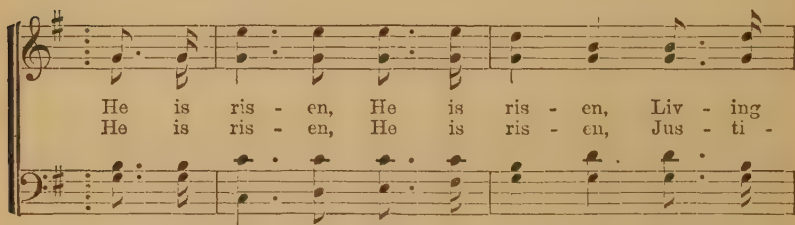
P. P. BLISS, by per.



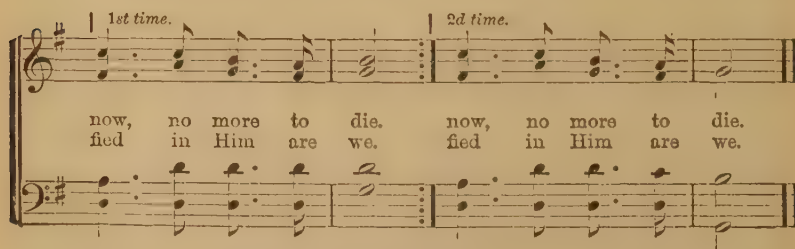
1. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Je - sus is gone up on high!  
2. Hal - le - lu - jah, He is ris - en! Our ex - alt - ed Head to be;



Burst the bars of death a - sun - der, An - gels shout and men re - ply:  
Sends the wit - ness of the Spir - it That our Ad - vo - cate is He:



He is ris - en, He is ris - en, Liv - ing  
He is ris - en, He is ris - en, Jus - ti -



1st time. now, no more to die. now, no more to die.  
fied in Him are we. fied in Him are we.  
2d time.

3 Hallelujah, He is risen!  
Death for aye hath lost his sting,  
Christ, Himself the Resurrection,  
From the grave His own will bring:  
||: He is risen,  
Living Lord and coming King. :||



## No. 181.

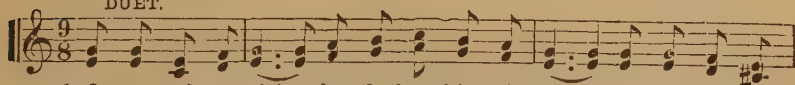
## A Crown of Rejoicing. (G. H. 2-53.)

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness." —2 TIM. 4: 8.

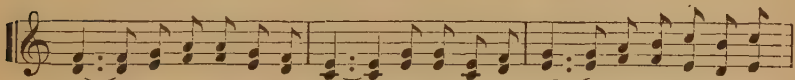
Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

DUET.



1. O crown of re-joic-ing that's waiting for me, When finished my
2. O won-der-ful song that in glo-ry I'll sing, To Him who re-
3. O joy ev-er-last-ing when hea-ven is won, For-ev-er in
4. O won-der-ful name which the glo-ri-fied bear, The new name which

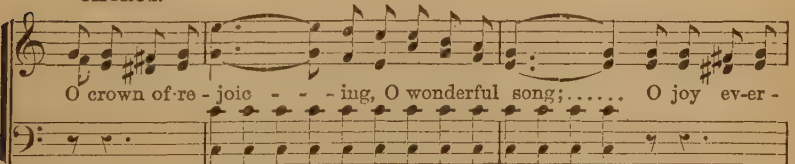


course, and when Jesus I see, And when from my Lord comes the sweet sounding  
deemed me to Jesus my King; All glo-ry and hon-or to Him shall be  
glo-ry to shine as the sun; No sorrow nor sigh-ing—these all flee a-  
Je-sus bestows on us there; To him that o'er-com-eth 'twill only be



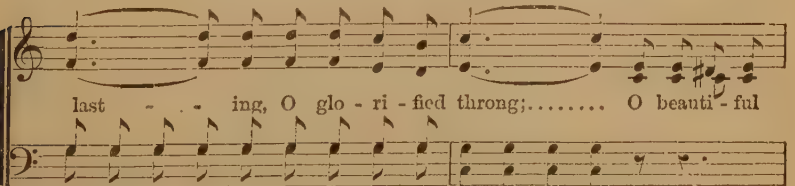
word: "Receive faithful ser-vant, the joy of thy Lord."  
given, And praises un-ceas-ing for-ev-er in heaven.  
way, No night there, no shad-ows—'tis one end-less day.  
given, Blest sign of ap-prov-al, our wel-come to heaven.

CHORUS.



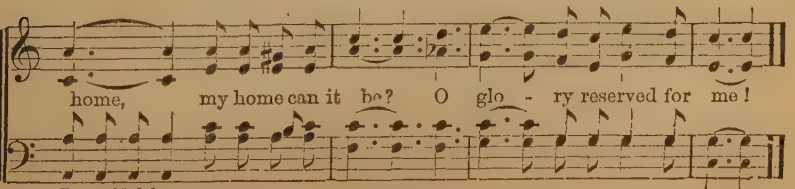
O crown of-re-joic-ing, O wonderful song;..... O joy ev-er-

Crown of rejoicing, O wonderful, wonderful song;



last-ing, O glo-ri-fied throng;..... O beauti-ful

Joy ev-er-last-ing, O glo-ri-fied, glo-ri-fied throng;



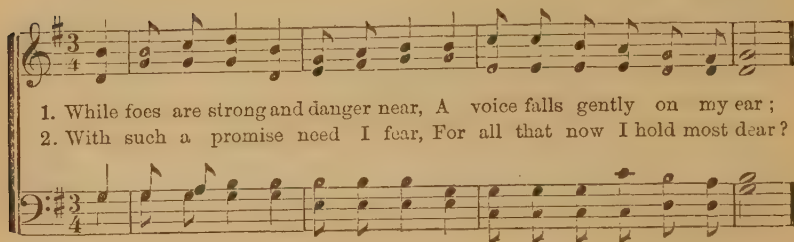
home, my home can it be? O glo-ry reserved for me!

Beautiful home,

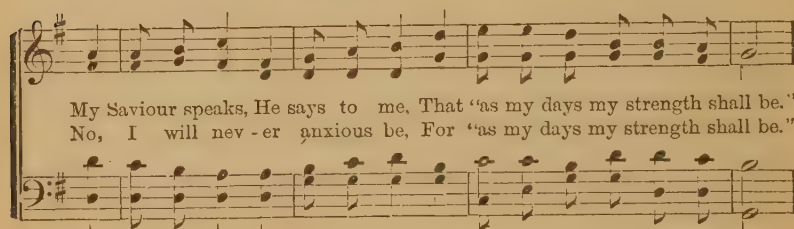
"As thy days, so shall thy strength be?"—DEUT. 33 : 25.

ANON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

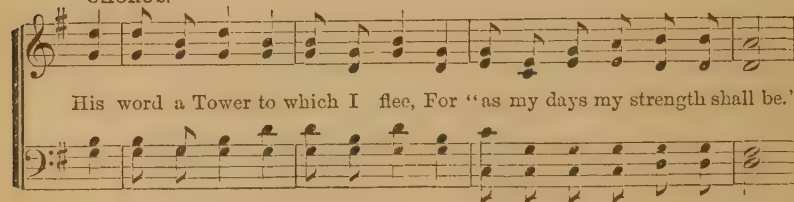


1. While foes are strong and danger near, A voice falls gently on my ear ;  
2. With such a promise need I fear, For all that now I hold most dear ?

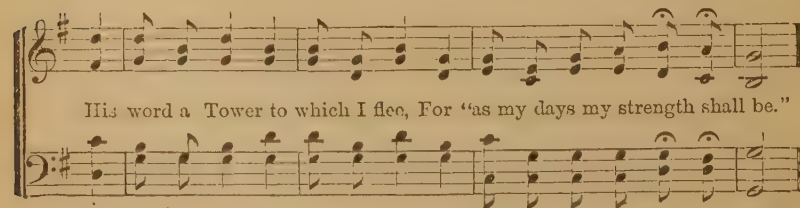


My Saviour speaks, He says to me, That "as my days my strength shall be."  
No, I will nev - er anxious be, For "as my days my strength shall be."

CHORUS.



His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."



His word a Tower to which I flee, For "as my days my strength shall be."

3 And when at last I'm called to die,  
Still on Thy promise I'll rely ;  
Yes, Lord, I then will trust in Thee,  
That "as my days my strength shall be."  
CHO.—His word a Tower, &c.


# No. 183. In the Silent Midnight Watches. (G. H. 2-56.)

"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.



Rev. A. C. COXE, D. D.

GEO. F. ROOT, by per.


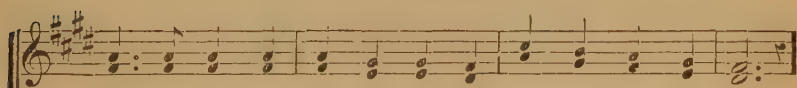
*Piano e Marcato.*





1. In the si - lent midnight watch-es, List—thy bosom's door!  
 2. Death comes down with reckless foot-steps, To the hall and hut;  
 3. Then 'tis time to stand en treat-ing Christ to let thee in;


How it knocketh, knocketh, knocketh, Knocketh ev - er - more!  
 Think you death will tar - ry knocking, When the door is shut?  
 At the gate of hea - ven beat-ing, Wail-ing for thy sin?

Say not 'tis thy puls-es beat-ing, 'Tis thy heart of sin;  
 Je - sus wait-eth, wait-eth, wait-eth; But the door is fast;  
 Nay! a - las, thou guilt-y crea-ture! Hast thou, then, for - got?

'Tis thy Sav-iour knocks, and cri-eth, "Rise, and let me in!"  
 Grieved, away thy Sav-iour go-eth, Death breaks in at last  
 Je - sus wait-ed long to know thee, Now He knows thee not!




# No. 184. We shall Sleep, but not Forever. (G. H. 2-58.)


"Sown in corruption...raised in incorruption."—1 COR. 15: 42.

Mrs. M. A. KIDDER.


S. J. VAIL, by per.




1. We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn!  
2. When we see a precious blossom That we tend-ed with such care,



We shall meet to part, no, nev - er, On the re - sur - rection morn!  
Rudely tak - en from our bo - som, How our ach - ing hearts de - spair!




From the deep - est caves of o - cean, From the de - sert and the plain,  
Round its lit - tle grave we lin - ger, Till the set - ting sun is low,



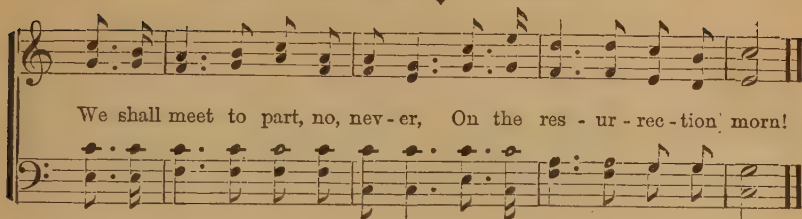
From the val - ley and the mountain, Countless throngs shall rise a - gain.  
Feel - ing all our hopes have perished With the flow'r we cherished so.

CHORUS.



We shall sleep, but not for - ev - er, There will be a glorious dawn;

## We shall Sleep.—Concluded.



We shall meet to part, no, nev-er, On the res - ur - rec - tion morn!

3 We shall sleep, but not for ever,  
In the lone and silent grave;  
Blessed be the Lord that taketh,  
Blessed be the Lord that gave.

In the bright, eternal city  
Death can never, never come!  
In His own good time He'll call us  
From our rest, to Home, sweet Home.  
Cho.

No. 185.

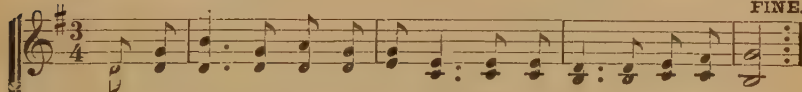
## Watchman, Tell Me. (G. H. 2-81.)

"Watchman, what of the night."—ISA. 21: 11.

REV. SIDNEY S. BREWER.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

FINE.



<p>1. { Watchman tell me does the morning Have the signs that mark His coming, D. C. <i>Spurn the un - b - lief that bound thee,</i> 2. { See the glorious light as - cending Hark! the voi - ces loud proclaiming D. C. <i>Sa - lem, too, ap - pears in grandeur,</i></p>	<p>Of fair Zi - on's glo - ry dawn; } Yet up - on my pathway shone? } <i>Morning dawns, a - rise, a - rise!</i> Of the grand Sa - bat - ic year, } The Mes - si - ah's kingdom near; } <i>Tow'ring 'neath her sun - lit skies.</i></p>
--	--



Pilgrim, yes, a - rise look round thee, Light is breaking in the skies;  
Watchman! yes; I see just yon - der, Canaan's glorious heights a - rise;



3 Pilgrim in that golden city,  
Seated in the jasper throne,  
Zion's King, arrayed in beauty,  
Reigns in peace from zone to zone;  
There, on verdant hills and mountains,  
Where the golden sunbeams play,  
Purling streams, and crystal fountains,  
Sparkle in th' eternal day.

4 Pilgrim, see! the light is beaming  
Brighter still upon thy way;  
Signs thro' all the earth are gleaming,  
Omens of thy coming day,  
When the last loud trumpet sounding,  
Shall awake from earth to sea  
All the saints of God now sleeping,—  
Clad in immortality.



# No. 186. Give me the Wings of Faith. (G. H. 2-60.)

"Here we have no continuing city."—HEB. 13: 14.

REV. I. WATTS, 1709.

Arr. by WALTER KITTREDGE.

SOLO.

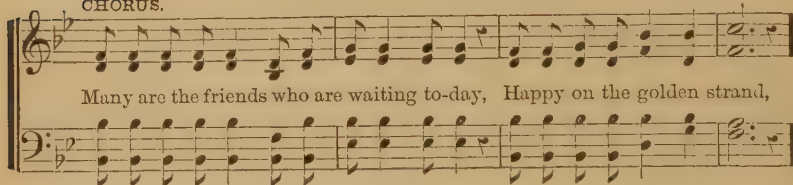


1. Give me the wings of faith to rise, Within the veil, and see The
2. Once they were mourners here be - low, And pour'd out cries and tears; They

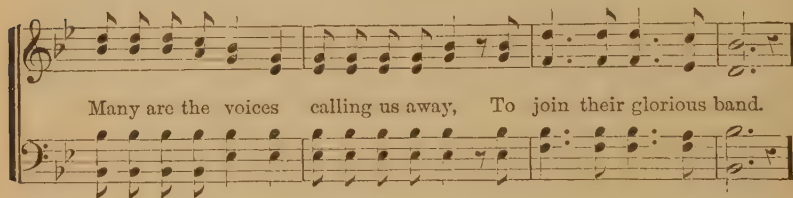


saints a - bove, how great their joys, How bright their glo - ries be.  
wres - tled hard, as we do now, With sins, and doubts, and fears.

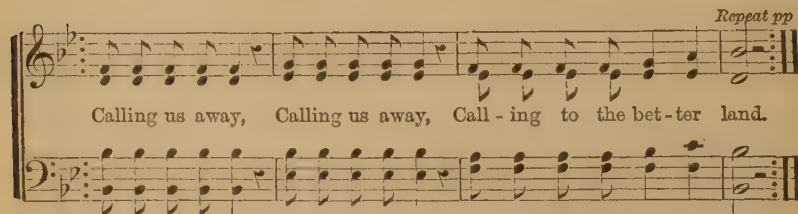
CHORUS.



Many are the friends who are waiting to-day, Happy on the golden strand,



Many are the voices calling us away, To join their glorious band.



Calling us away, Calling us away, Call - ing to the bet - ter land.

Repeat *pp*

3.

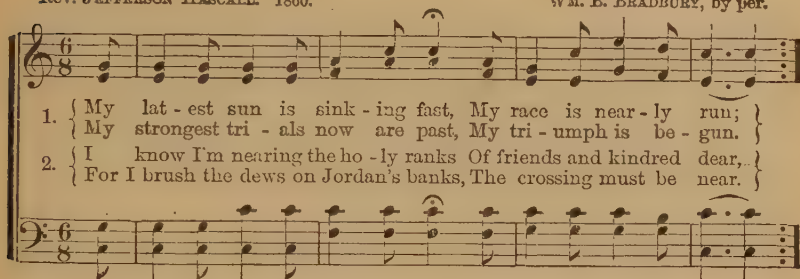
I ask them whence their victory came :  
They, with united breath,  
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,  
Their triumph to His death.  
Many are the friends, &c.

"Thou shalt be called Beulah, for the Lord delighteth in thee."—Isa. 62: 4.

*As sung by the late BISHOP MORRIS.*

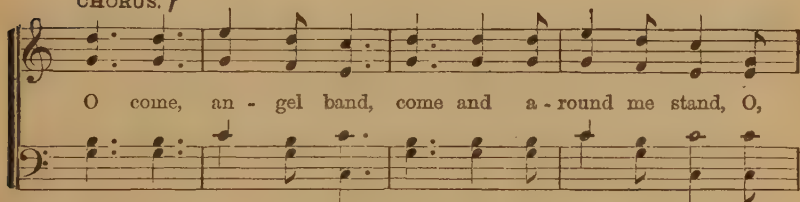
Rev. JEFFERSON HASCALL. 1860.

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

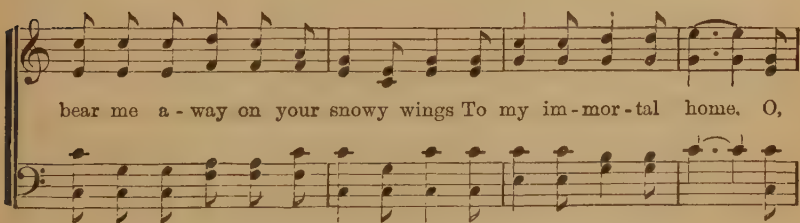


1. { My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run; }  
 { My strongest tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun. }  
 2. { I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kindred dear, }  
 { For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks, The crossing must be near. }

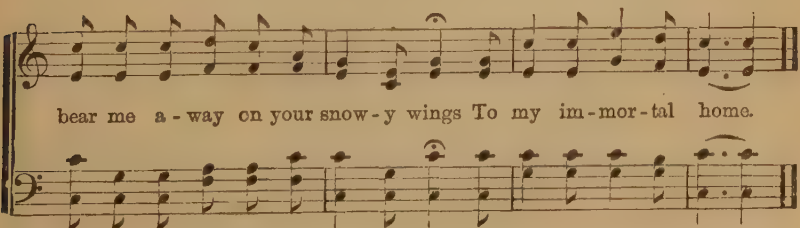
CHORUS. *f*



O come, an - gel band, come and a - round me stand, O,



bear me a - way on your snowy wings To my im - mor - tal home. O,



bear me a - way on your snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home.

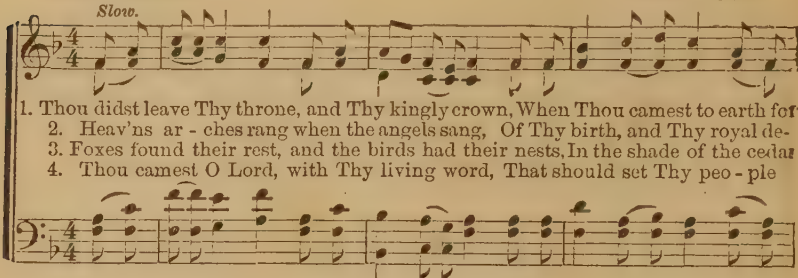
- 3 I've almost gained my heavenly home, My spirit loudly sings;  
 The holy ones, behold, they come! I hear the noise of wings.
- 4 O, bear my longing heart to Him  
 Who bled and died for me;  
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,  
 And gives me victory.

"There was no room for them in the inn."—LUKE. 2: 7.

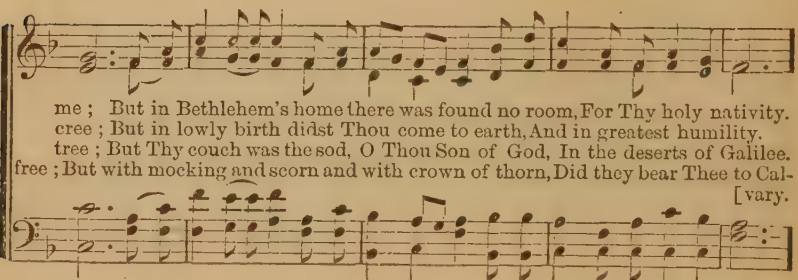
EMILY S. ELLIOTT.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

*Slow.*

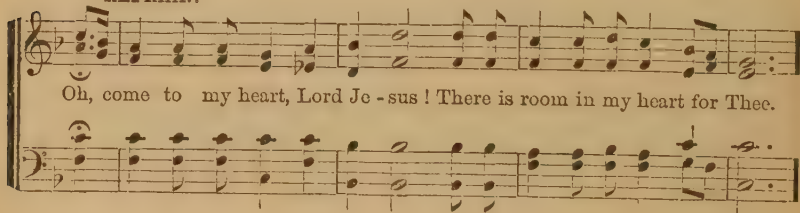


1. Thou didst leave Thy throne, and Thy kingly crown, When Thou camest to earth for  
 2. Heav'ns ar - ches rang when the angels sang, Of Thy birth, and Thy royal de-  
 3. Foxes found their rest, and the birds had their nests, In the shade of the cedar  
 4. Thou camest O Lord, with Thy living word, That should set Thy peo - ple

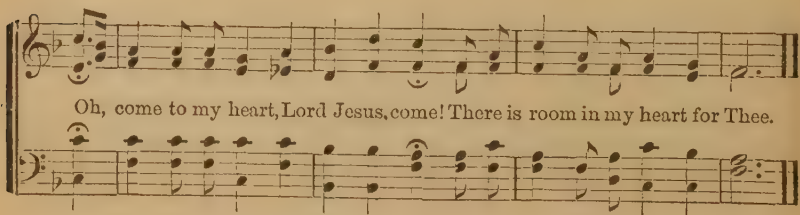


me ; But in Bethlehem's home there was found no room, For Thy holy nativity.  
 tree ; But in lowly birth didst Thou come to earth, And in greatest humility.  
 free ; But Thy couch was the sod, O Thou Son of God, In the deserts of Galilee.  
 free ; But with mocking and scorn and with crown of thorn, Did they bear Thee to Cal-  
 [ vary.

REFRAIN.



Oh, come to my heart, Lord Je - sus ! There is room in my heart for Thee.



Oh, come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come ! There is room in my heart for Thee.

5 Heaven's arches shall ring, and its choirs shall sing,  
 At Thy coming to victory,  
 Thou wilt call me home, saying "yet there is room,"  
 There is room at My side for thee. Cho.

"In my Father's house are many mansions....I go to prepare a place for you."—JOHN 14: 2.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying,"—REV. 21: 4.

Mrs. MARIA P. A. CROZIER.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

1. "Home at last" on heavenly mountains, Heard the "Come and en-ter in;"  
 2. Free at last from all tempta-tion, No more need of watch-ful care;  
 3. Saved to greet on hills of glo-ry Loved ones we have missed so long;  
 4. Welcomed at the pearl-y por-tal, Ev-er more a wel-come guest;

Saved by life's fair flow-ing fountains, Saved from earthly taint and sin.  
 Joy-ful in complete sal-va-tion, Given the victor's crown to wear.  
 Saved to tell the sin-ner's sto-ry, Saved to sing re-demption's song.  
 Welcomed to the life im-mor-tal, In the mansions of the blest.

REFRAIN.

"Home, sweet home," our home forev-er; All the pil-grim-jour-ney past;

Welcomed home to wan-der, nev-er, Saved thro' Je-sus—"Home at last."

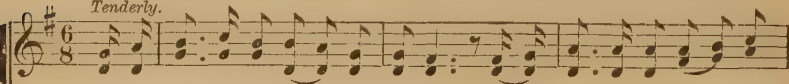
# No. 190. The Mistakes of my Life. (G. H. 2-64.)

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door."—REV. 3: 8.

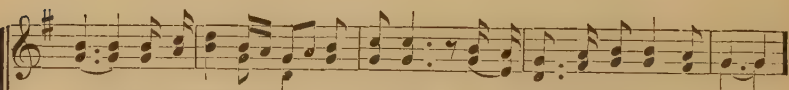
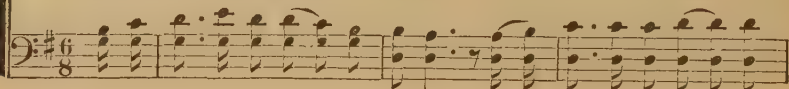
Mrs URANIA LOCKE BAILEY.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, by per.

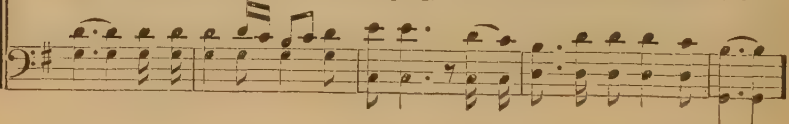
*Tenderly.*



1. The mistakes of my life have been many, The sins of my heart have been
2. I am lowest of those who love Him, I am weakest of those who
3. My mistakes His free grace will cover, My sins He will wash a -
4. The mistakes of my life have been many, And my spirit is sick with



more, And I scarce can see for weeping, But I'll knock at the open door.  
 pray; But I come as He has bidden, And He will not say me nay.  
 way, And the feet that shrink and falter Shall walk thro' the gates of day.  
 sin, And I scarce can see for weeping, But the Saviour will let me in.



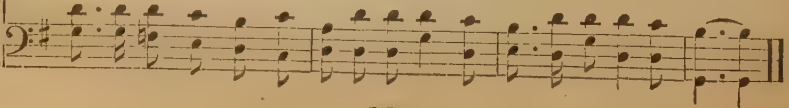
CHORUS.



I know I am weak and sinful, It comes to me more and more; But



when the dear Saviour shall bid me come in, I'll en - ter the o - pen door.



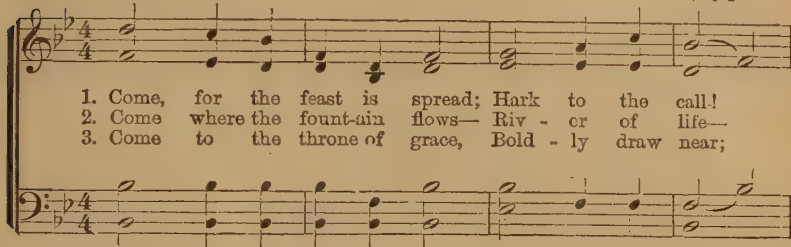


# No. 191. Come; for the Feast is Spread. (G. H. 2-68.)

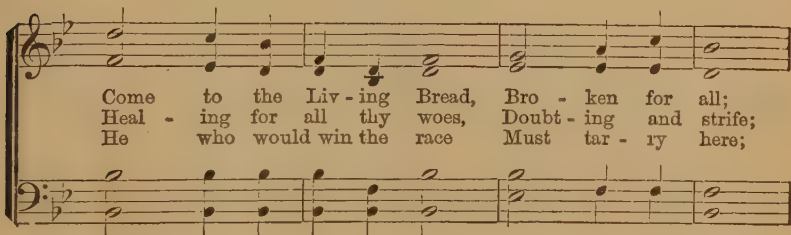
"Come; for all things are now ready."—LUKE 14: 17.

Rev. HENRY BURTON.

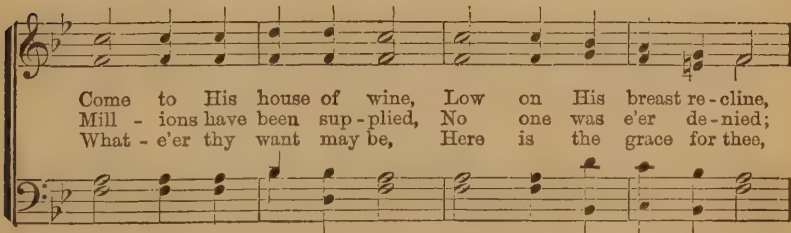
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Come, for the feast is spread; Hark to the call!  
 2. Come where the fount-ain flows— Riv - er of life—  
 3. Come to the throne of grace, Bold - ly draw near;



Come to the Liv - ing Bread, Bro - ken for all;  
 Heal - ing for all thy woes, Doubt - ing and strife;  
 He who would win the race Must tar - ry here;



Come to His house of wine, Low on His breast re - cline,  
 Mill - ions have been sup - plied, No one was e'er de - nied;  
 What - e'er thy want may be, Here is the grace for thee,



All that He hath is thine; Come, sin - ner, come.  
 Come to the crim - son tide, Come, sin - ner, come.  
 Je - sus thy on - ly plea; Come, Christian come.

4 Come to the Better Land,  
 Pilgrim, make haste!  
 Earth is a foreign strand—  
 Wilderness waste!  
 Here are the harps of gold,  
 Here are the joys untold—  
 Crowns for the young and old;  
 Come, pilgrim, come.

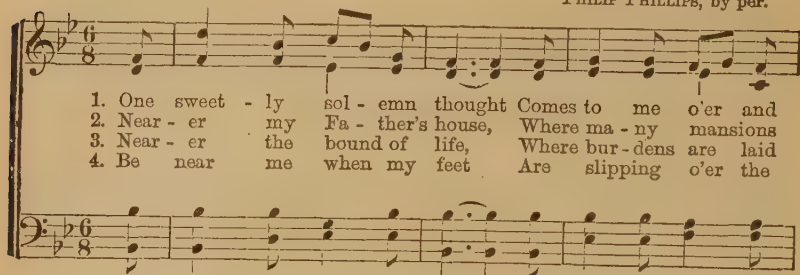
5 Jesus, we come to Thee,  
 Oh, take us in!  
 Set Thou our spirits free;  
 Cleanse us from sin!  
 Then, in yon land of light,  
 Clothed in our robes of white,  
 Resting not day nor night,  
 Thee will we sing.

# No. 192. One Sweetly Solemn Thought. (G. H. 2-66.)

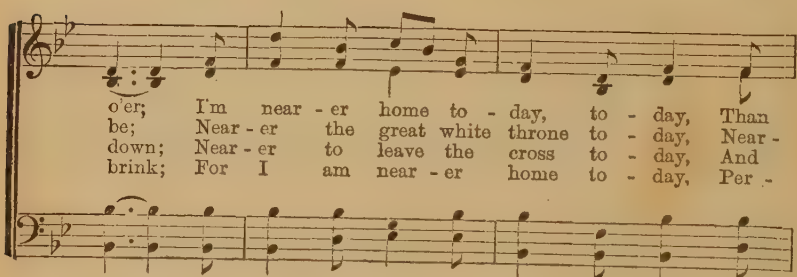
"Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly."—HEB. 11: 16.

Miss PHOEBE CAREY.

PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.

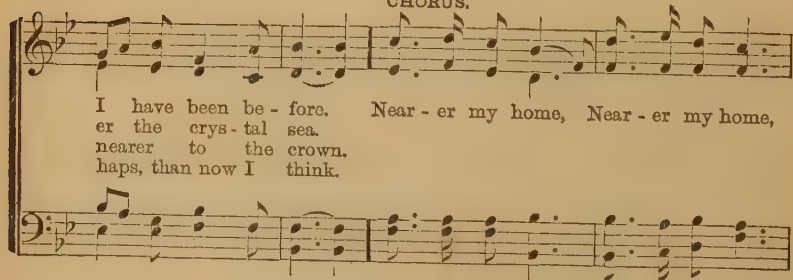


1. One sweet - ly sol - emn thought Comes to me o'er and  
 2. Near - er my Fa - ther's house, Where ma - ny mansions  
 3. Near - er the bound of life, Where bur - dens are laid  
 4. Be near me when my feet Are slipping o'er the

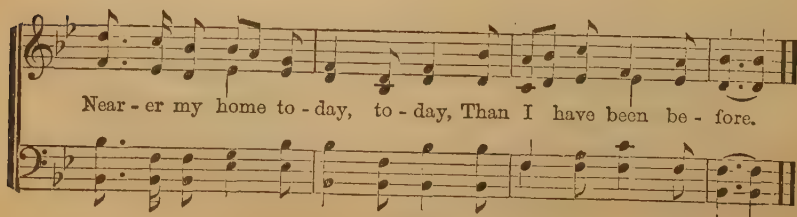


o'er; I'm near - er home to - day, to - day, Than  
 be; Near - er the great white throne to - day, Near -  
 down; Near - er to leave the cross to - day, And  
 brink; For I am near - er home to - day, Per -

## CHORUS.



I have been be - fore. Near - er my home, Near - er my home,  
 er the crys - tal sea.  
 nearer to the crown.  
 haps, than now I think.



Near - er my home to - day, to - day, Than I have been be - fore.

"The Lord also will be a refuge...in times of trouble."—Ps. 9: 9.

Rev. CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

JOS. P. HOLBROOK, by per.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,  
2. Oth - er ref - uge have I none, Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;

While the near - er wa - ters roll, While the tem - pest still is high ;  
Leave, oh, leave me not a - lone, Still sup - port and comfort me :

Hide me, oh, my Sav - iour hide, Till the storm of life is past ;  
All my trust on Thee is stay'd, All my help from Thee I bring ;

Safe in - to the ha - ven guide, Oh, re - ceive my soul at last.  
Cov - er my do - fenceless head With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;  
More than all in Thee I find :  
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,  
Heal the sick, and lead the blind :  
Just and holy is Thy name,  
I am all unrighteousness ;  
Vile, and full of sin I am,  
Thou art full of truth and grace.

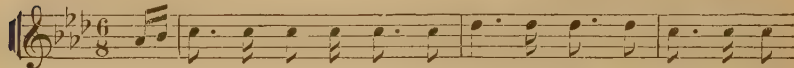
4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found—  
Grace to cover all my sin :  
Let the healing streams abound ;  
Make me, keep me, pure within,  
Thou of life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee :  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity.

# No. 194. Oh, what are You Going to Do? (G. H. 2-70.)

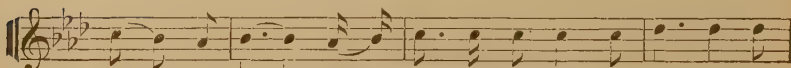
"How long halt ye between two opinions."—1 KINGS, 18: 21.

FANNY J. CROSBY, 1867.

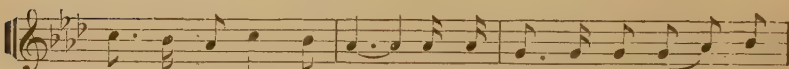
PHILIP PHILLIPS, by per.



1. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? Say, what are you
2. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? The morning of
3. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? Your sun at its
4. Oh, what are you go - ing to do, brother? The twi - light ap -



go - ing to do? You have thought of some useful la - bor, But  
youth is past; The vig - or and strength of manhood, My  
noon is high; It shines in me - rid - ian splendor, And  
proach - es now;— Al - read - y your locks are silvered, And



what is the end in view? You are fresh from the home of your  
brother, are yours at last: You are ris - ing in world - ly  
rides through a cloudless sky: You are hold - ing a high po -  
win - ter is on your brow: Your tal - ents, your time, your



boy - hood, And just in the bloom of youth! Have you  
pro - spects, And prospered in world - ly things;— A....  
si - tion, Of hon - or, and trust, and fame;— Are you  
rich - es, To Je - sus, your Mas - ter, give; Then....



tast - ed the sparkling wa - ter That flows from the fount of truth?  
du - ty to those less fa - vored, The smile of your fortune brings.  
will - ing to give the glo - ry And praise to your Saviour's Name?  
ask if the world a - round you Is bet - ter because you live.

## CHORUS.



1. Is your heart in the Sav - iour's keep - ing? Re -
2. Go, prove that your heart is grate - ful— The
3. The re - gions that sit in dark - ness Are
4. You are near - ing the brink of Jor - dan, But



# Oh, what are You Going to Do?—Concluded.

member, He died for you! Then what are you go - ing to  
 Lord has a work for you! Then what are you go - ing to  
 stretching their hands to you! Then what are you go - ing to  
 still there is work for you! Then what are you go - ing to

do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do?  
 do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do?  
 do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do?  
 do, brother? Say, what are you go - ing to do?

—o—

No. 195.

## Art Thou Weary? (G. H. 2-71.)

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 23.

Rev. J. M. NEALE, trans.

Rev. HENRY W. BAKER, 1861.

1. Art thou wea - ry, art thou languid? Art thou sore dis - tress'd?  
 2. Hath He marks to lead me to Him If He be my guide?

"Come to Me," saith One, and coming, Be at rest." A - MEN.  
 "In His feet and hands are wound-prints, And His side."

- 3 Is there diadem as monarch,  
 That His brow adorns?  
 "Yes, a crown in very surety,  
 But of thorns!"
- 4 If I find Him, if I follow,  
 What my future here?  
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,  
 Many a tear."

- 5 If I still hold closely to Him,  
 What hath He at last?  
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,  
 Jordan past."
- 6 If I ask Him to receive me,  
 Will He say me nay?  
 "Not till earth and not till heaven  
 Pass away."

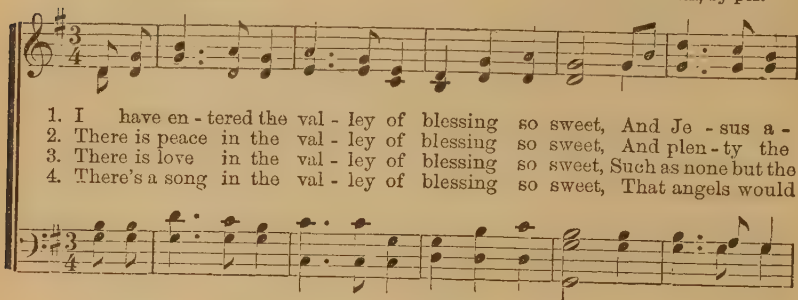


# The Valley of Blessing. (G. H. 2-72.)

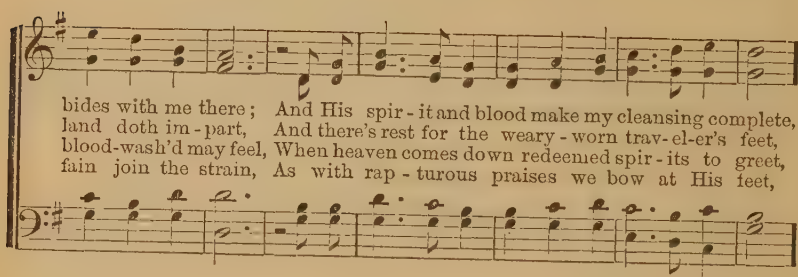
"The valley of Berachah."—2 CHR., 20: 26.

Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

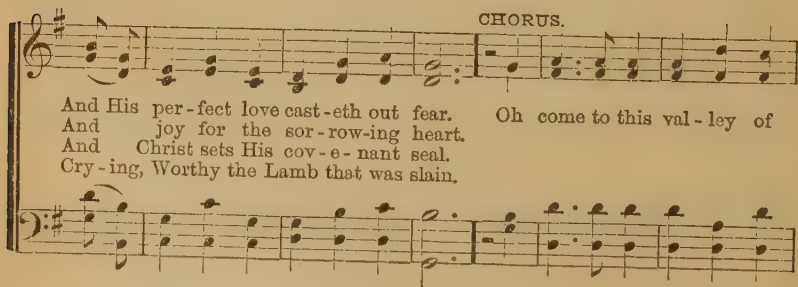


1. I have en - tered the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And Je - sus a -  
 2. There is peace in the val - ley of blessing so sweet, And plen - ty the  
 3. There is love in the val - ley of blessing so sweet, Such as none but the  
 4. There's a song in the val - ley of blessing so sweet, That angels would



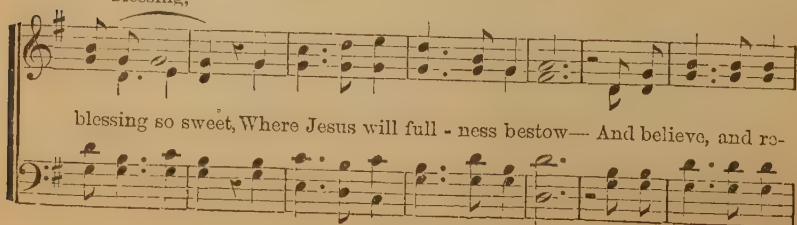
bides with me there; And His spir - it and blood make my cleansing complete,  
 land doth im - part, And there's rest for the weary - worn trav - el - er's feet,  
 blood - wash'd may feel, When heaven comes down redeemed spir - its to greet,  
 fain join the strain, As with rap - turous praises we bow at His feet,

## CHORUS.



And His per - fect love cast - eth out fear. Oh come to this val - ley of  
 And joy for the sor - row - ing heart.  
 And Christ sets His cov - e - nant seal.  
 Cry - ing, Worthy the Lamb that was slain.

blessing,



blessing so sweet, Where Jesus will full - ness bestow— And believe, and re-

# The Valley of Blessing.—Concluded.

ceive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal - va - tion may know.

## No. 197. Come, ye Disconsolate. (G. H. 2-85.)

"Come unto me and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

THO'S. MOORE & THO'S. HASTINGS.

SAMUEL WEBBE.

1. Come, ye dis-con-so-late! wher-e'er ye lan-guish, Come to the  
 2. Joy of the des-o-late! light of the stray-ing, Hope of the  
 3. Here see the bread of life: see wa-ters flow-ing, Forth from the

mer-cy-seat, fer-vent-ly kneel: Here bring your wounded hearts,  
 pen-i-tent, fade-less and pure! Here speaks the Com-fort-er,  
 throne of God, pure from a-bove: Come to the feast of love;

here tell your an-guish; Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot heal.  
 ten-der-ly say-ing, Earth has no sor-row that heav'n cannot cure.  
 come, ev-er knowing, Earth has no sorrows, but heav'n can re-move.

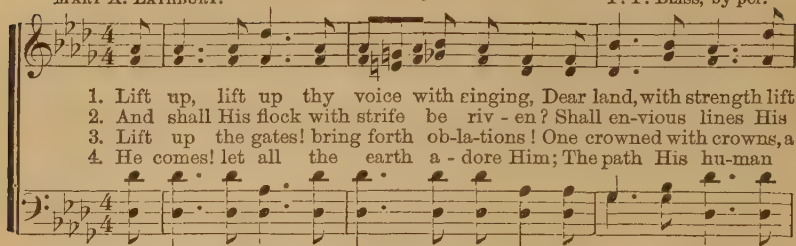
## No. 198.

## Arise and Shine. (G. H. 2-74.)

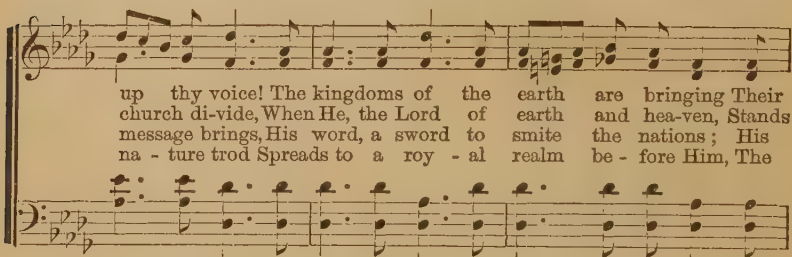
"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."—ISA. 60 : 1.

MARY A. LATHBURY.

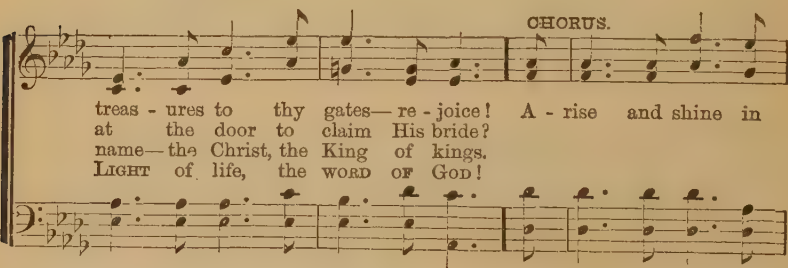
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Lift up, lift up thy voice with singing, Dear land, with strength lift  
 2. And shall His flock with strife be riv - en? Shall en-vi-ous lines His  
 3. Lift up the gates! bring forth ob-la-tions! One crowned with crowns, a  
 4. He comes! let all the earth a - dore Him; The path His hu-man

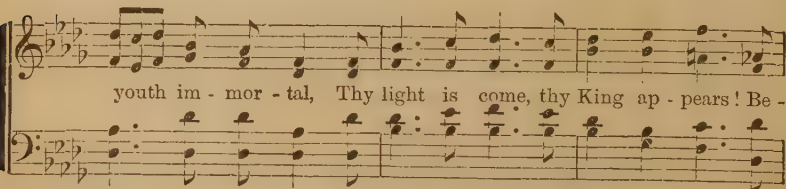


up thy voice! The kingdoms of the earth are bringing Their  
 church di-vide, When He, the Lord of earth and hea-ven, Stands  
 message brings, His word, a sword to smite the nations; His  
 na - ture trod Spreads to a roy - al realm be - fore Him, The

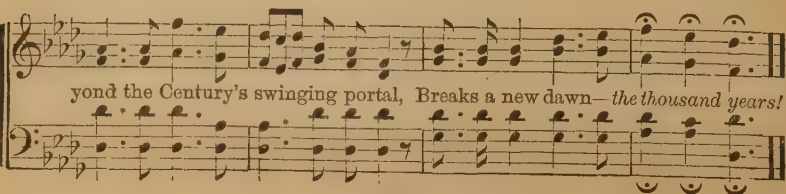


CHORUS.

treas - ures to thy gates—re - joice! A - rise and shine in  
 at the door to claim His bride?  
 name—the Christ, the King of kings.  
 LIGHT of life, the WORD OF GOD!



youth im - mor - tal, Thy light is come, thy King ap - pears! Be -



yond the Century's swinging portal, Breaks a new dawn—the thousand years!

"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 30: 10.

HORACE L. HASTINGS, 1858

ELIHU S. RICE, 1866, by per.

*Moderato.*

1. Shall we meet beyond the river, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?  
 2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm - y voyage is o'er?  
 3. Shall we meet in yon - der cit - y, Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?  
 4. Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour, When He comes to claim His own?

Where, in all the bright for-ev - er, Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?  
 Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the fair, ce - les - tial shore?  
 Where the walls are all of jas - per, Built by work-man-ship di-vine?  
 Shall we know His blessed fa - vor, And sit down up - on His throne?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet beyond the riv - er?

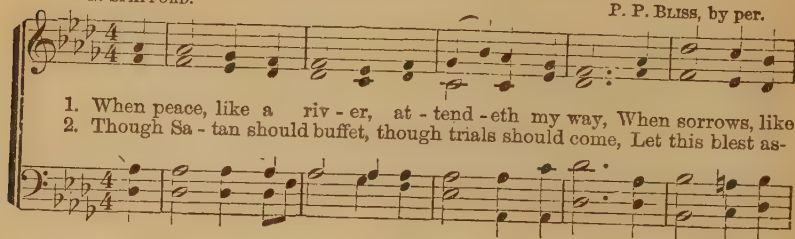
Shall we meet beyond the riv - er, Where the sur - ges cease to roll?

# No. 200. It is Well with My Soul. (G. H. 2-76.)

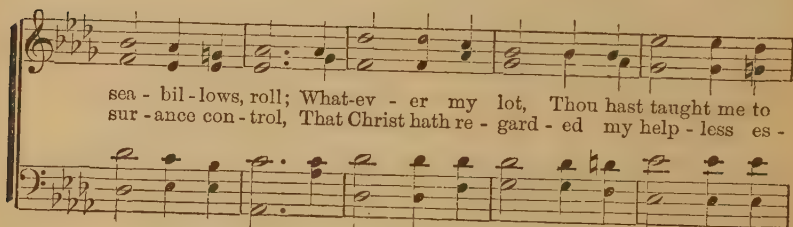
"He hath delivered my soul in peace."—Ps. 55: 18.

H. G. SPAFFORD.

P. P. BLISS, by per.



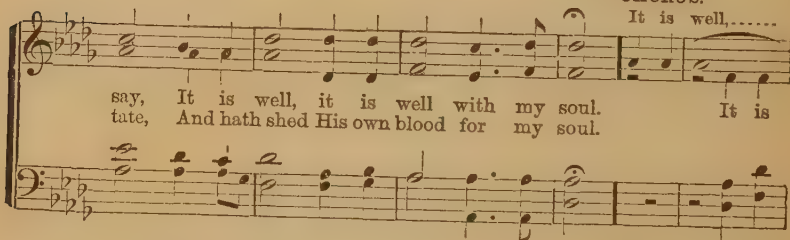
1. When peace, like a riv - er, at - tend - eth my way, When sorrows, like  
2. Though Sa - tan should buffet, though trials should come, Let this blest as -



sea - bil - lows, roll; What - ev - er my lot, Thou hast taught me to  
sur - ance con - trol, That Christ hath re - gard - ed my help - less es -

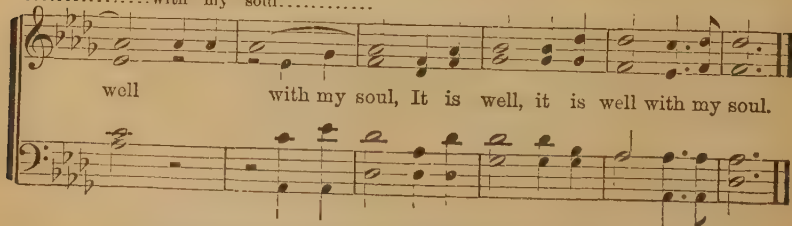
## CHORUS.

It is well,.....



say, It is well, it is well with my soul. It is  
tate, And hath shed His own blood for my soul.

.....with my soul.....



well with my soul, It is well, it is well with my soul.

3 My sin—oh, the bliss of this glorious thought—  
My sin—not in part but the whole,  
Is nailed to His cross and I bear it no more,  
Praise the Lord, praise the Lord, oh, my soul! *Cho.*

4 And, Lord, haste the day when the faith shall be sight,  
The clouds be rolled back as a scroll,  
The trump shall resound, and the Lord shall descend,  
"Even so"—it is well with my soul. *Cho.*



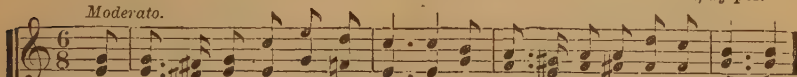
# No. 201. Jesus is Mighty to Save. (G. H. 2-77.)

"Mighty to save."—ISA. C3: 1.


Mrs. ANNIE WITTENMYER.

WM. G. FISCHER, by per.

*Moderato.*




1. All glo - ry to Je - sus be given, That life and salvation are free;  
 2. From darkness and sin and de - spair, Out in - to the light of His love,  
 3. Oh, the rapturous heights of His love, The measureless depths of His grace,  
 4. In Him all my wants are sup - plied, His love makes my heaven below,

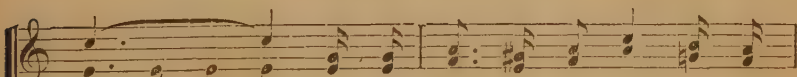


And all may be wash'd and for-given, And Je - sus can save even me.  
 He has brought me and made mean heir, To kingdoms and mansions above.  
 My soul all His fullness would prove, And live in His loving em - brace.  
 And free - ly His blood is ap - plied, His blood that makes whiter than snow.

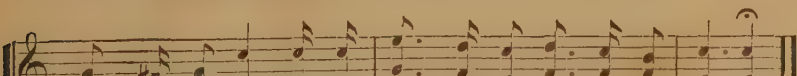
CHORUS.



Yes, Je - sus is mighty to save,..... And all His sal - va - tion may  
 is mighty to save, sal -



know,..... On His bo - som I lean, And His  
 va - tion may know,



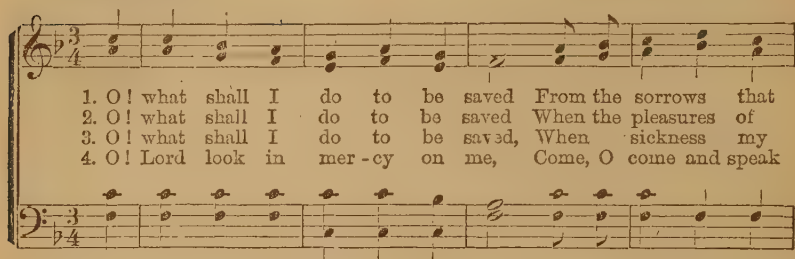
blood makes me clean, For His blood can wash whit - er than snow.

# No. 202. What shall I do to be Saved? (G. H. 2-78.)

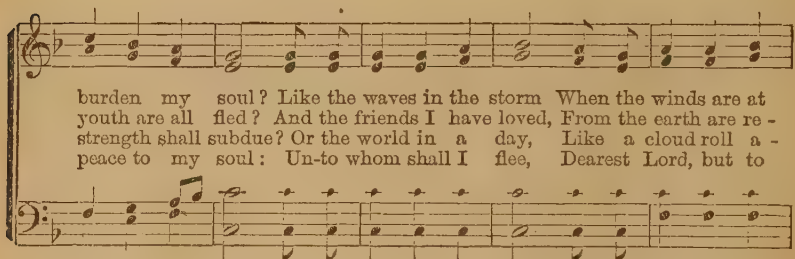
"What must I do to be saved?"—ACTS, 16: 30.

J. W. HOLMAN, 1852.

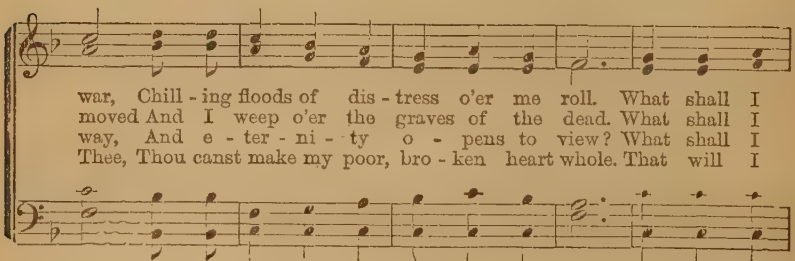
WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.



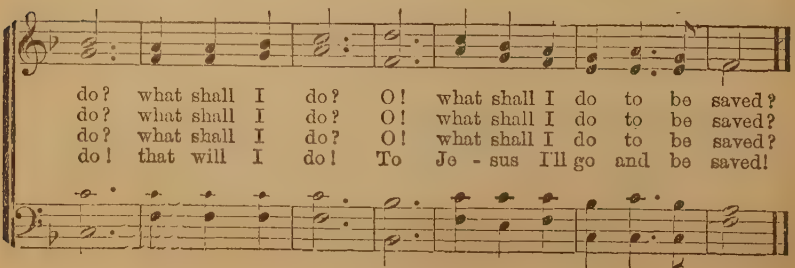
1. O! what shall I do to be saved From the sorrows that  
 2. O! what shall I do to be saved When the pleasures of  
 3. O! what shall I do to be saved, When sickness my  
 4. O! Lord look in mer-cy on me, Come, O come and speak



burden my soul? Like the waves in the storm When the winds are at  
 youth are all fled? And the friends I have loved, From the earth are re-  
 strength shall subdue? Or the world in a day, Like a cloud roll a-  
 peace to my soul: Un-to whom shall I flee, Dearest Lord, but to



war, Chill-ing floods of dis-tress o'er me roll. What shall I  
 moved And I weep o'er the graves of the dead. What shall I  
 way, And e-ter-ni-ty o-pens to view? What shall I  
 Thee, Thou canst make my poor, bro-ken heart whole. That will I



do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 do? what shall I do? O! what shall I do to be saved?  
 do! that will I do! To Je-sus I'll go and be saved!

"Remember how short my time is."—Ps. 89: 47.

ELLEN H. GATES.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! Night and day they nev - er cease;  
2. Oh, the clanging bells of Time! How their changes rise and fall,

We are wearied with their chime, For they do not bring us peace;  
But in un - der tone sublime, Sounding clear - ly through them all,

And we hush our breath to hear, And we strain our eyes to see  
Is a voice that must be heard, As our mo - ments onward flee,

*Rit.* *Rallentando.*  
If thy shores are drawing near,—E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!  
And it speaketh aye one word,—E - ter - ni - ty! E - ter - ni - ty!

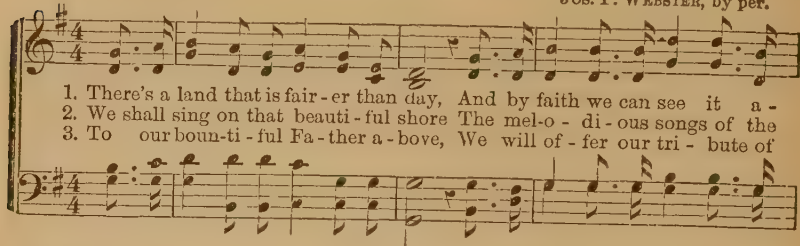
3 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!  
To their voices, loud and low,  
In a long, unresting line  
We are marching to and fro;  
And we yearn for sight or sound,  
Of the life that is to be,  
For thy breath doth wrap us round,—  
Eternity! Eternity!

4 Oh, the clanging bells of Time!  
Soon their notes will all be dumb,  
And in joy and peace sublime,  
We shall feel the silence come;  
And our souls their thirst will slake,  
And our eyes the King will see,  
When thy glorious morn shall break,—  
Eternity! Eternity!

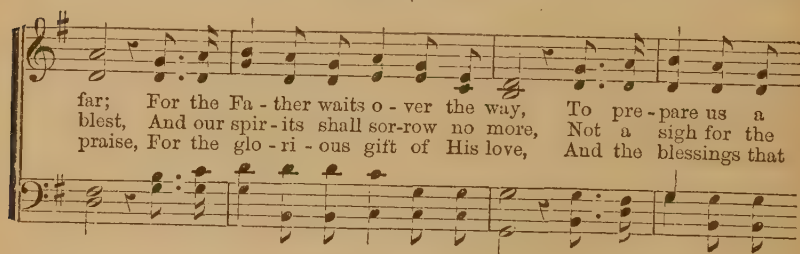
"The ransomed of the Lord shall return and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads."—ISA. 35: 10.

S. FILLMORE BENNETT.

JOS. P. WEBSTER, by per.

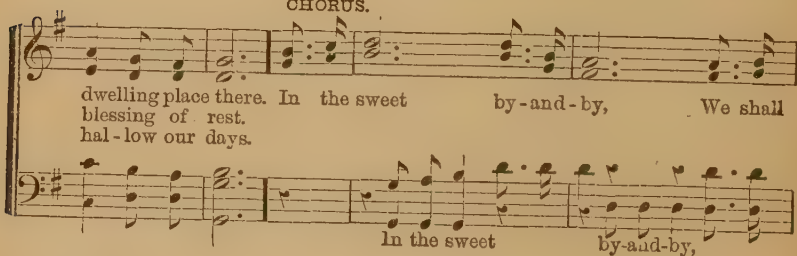


1. There's a land that is fair-er than day, And by faith we can see it a-  
 2. We shall sing on that beau-ti-ful shore The mel-o-di-ous songs of the  
 3. To our boun-ti-ful Fa-ther a-bove, We will of-fer our tri-bute of



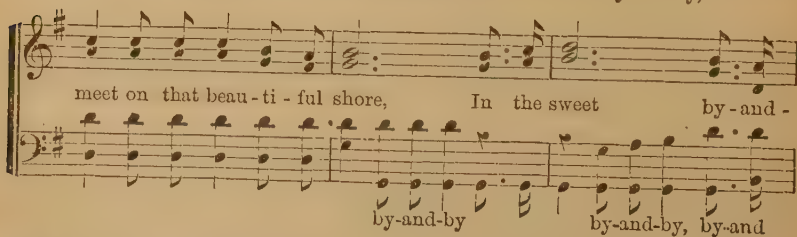
far; For the Fa-ther waits o-ver the way, To pre-pare us a  
 blest, And our spir-its shall sor-row no more, Not a sigh for the  
 praise, For the glo-ri-ous gift of His love, And the blessings that

## CHORUS.

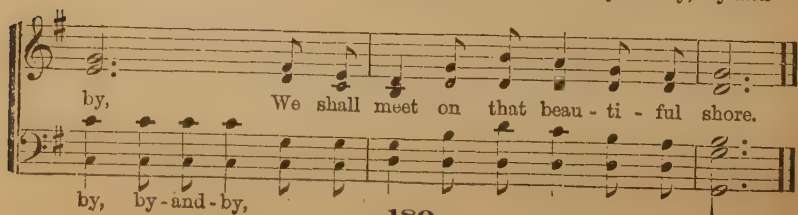


dwelling place there. In the sweet by-and-by, We shall  
 blessing of rest.  
 hal-low our days.

In the sweet by-and-by,



meet on that beau-ti-ful shore, In the sweet by-and-  
 by-and-by by-and-by, by-and



by, We shall meet on that beau-ti-ful shore.  
 by, by-and-by,

# No. 205.

# Expostulation. (G. H. 2-82.)

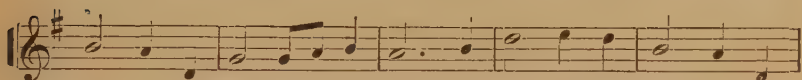
Turn ye, turn ye—for why will ye die."—EZE. 33: 11.

J. H.

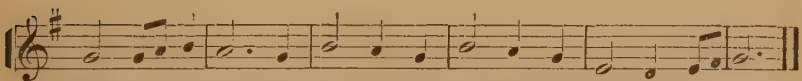
Rev. JOSIAH HOPKINS, 1830.



1. Oh, turn ye, oh, turn ye, for why will ye die? When God in great
2. How vain the de-lu-sion, that while you de-lay, Your hearts may grow
3. The con-trite in heart He will free-ly receive, Oh! why will you



mer-cy is com-ing so nigh? Now Je-sus in-vites you, the  
bet-ter your chains melt a-way; Come guilt-y, come wretched, come  
not the glad mes-sage be-lieve? If sin be your bur-den, why



Spirit says, "Come," And an-gels are wait-ing to wel-come you home.  
just as you are All helpless and dy-ing, to Je-sus re-pair.  
will you not come? 'Tis you He makes welcome; He bids you come home.

# No. 206.

# Cross and Crown. (G. H. 2-83.)

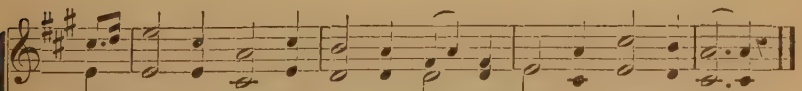
"And he bearing his cross, went forth."—JOHN 19: 17.

THO'S. SHEPHERD

GEO. N. ALLEN, 1849, by per.



1. Must Je-sus bear the cross a-lone, And all the world go free?
2. The con-se-cra-ted cross I'll bear, Till death shall set me free;
3. Up-on the crys-tal pavement, down At Je-sus' piercéd feet,
4. O pre-cious cross! O glorious crown! O res-ur-rec-tion day!



No, there's a cross for ev-ery one, And there's a cross for me.  
And then go home my crown to wear, For there's a crown for me.  
With joy I'll cast my gold-en crown, And His dear name re-peat.  
Ye an-gels, from the stars come down, And bear my soul a-way.





# No. 207. There's a Light in the Valley. (G. H. 2-91.)

"Though I walk through the valley \* \* \* I will fear no evil." **PSA. 23: 4.**

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

*With Expression.*

1. Through the val-ley of the shadow I must go, Where the

cold waves of Jor-dan roll; But the promise of my Shepherd

*Slower.*  
will I know, Be the rod and the staff to my soul. E-ven

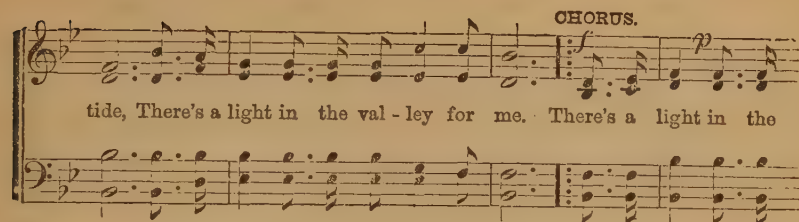
now down the val-ley as I glide, I can hear my Saviour

*A tempo.*

say, "Follow me!" And with Him I'm not a-fraid to cross the

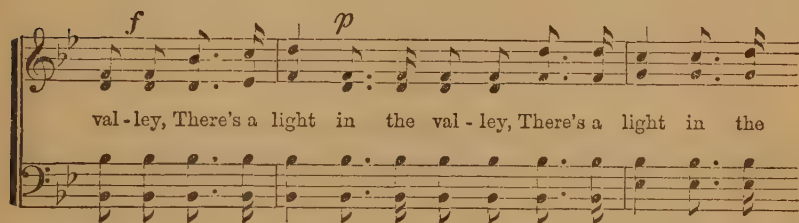
# There's a Light in the Valley.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

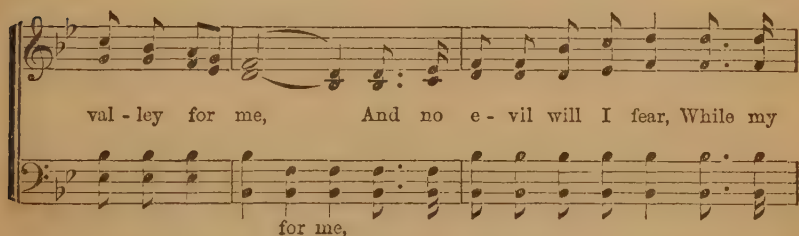


tide, There's a light in the val - ley for me. There's a light in the

*f* *p*

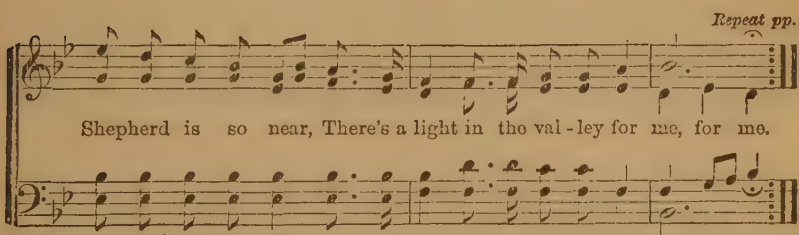


val - ley, There's a light in the val - ley, There's a light in the



val - ley for me, And no e - vil will I fear, While my  
for me,

*Repeat pp.*



Shepherd is so near, There's a light in the val - ley for me, for me.

2 Now the rolling of the billows I can hear,  
As they beat on the turf-bound shore;  
But the beacon light of love so bright and clear,  
Guides my bark, frail and lone safely o'er.  
I shall find down the valley no alarms,  
For my Saviour's blessed smile I can see;  
He will bear me in His loving, mighty arms,  
There's a light in the valley for me.  
There's a light, &c.

# No. 208.      The Palace of the King. (G. H. 2-93.)

"With gladness—they shall enter into the King's palace."—Ps. 43: 15.

Arr. by FANNY J. CROSBY, 1876.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. 'Tis a good-ly pleasant land that we pilgrims journey thro,' And our  
 2. Our Redeem-er is the King; what a sac - ri - fice He made, When He

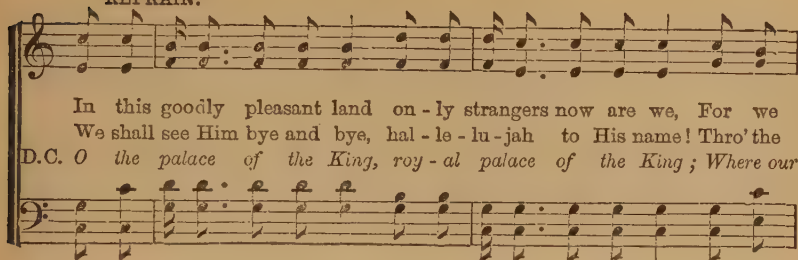
Fa - ther's constant blessings fall a - round us like the dew ; But its  
 purchased our re - demption, and His blood the ran - som paid ; In His

sunshine and its beau-ty to our hearts no joy can bring, Like the  
 cross shall be our glo - ry, to that bless - ed cross we'll cling, Till we

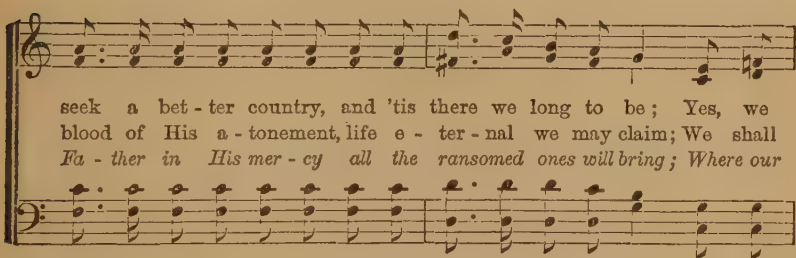
splendors that a - wait us in the pal - ace of the King.  
 reach the gates that o - pen, to the pal - ace of the King.

# The Palace of the King.—Concluded.

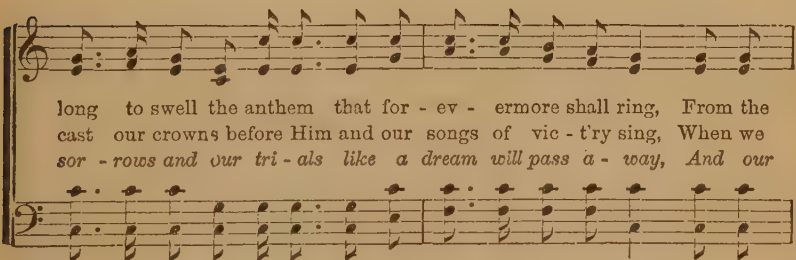
## REFRAIN.



In this goodly pleasant land on - ly strangers now are we, For we  
We shall see Him bye and bye, hal - le - lu - jah to His name! Thro' the  
D.C. O the palace of the King, roy - al palace of the King; Where our



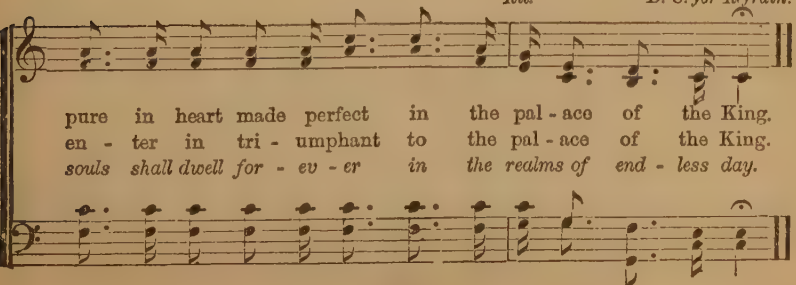
seek a bet - ter country, and 'tis there we long to be; Yes, we  
blood of His a - tonement, life e - ter - nal we may claim; We shall  
Fa - ther in His mer - cy all the ransomed ones will bring; Where our



long to swell the anthem that for - ev - ermore shall ring, From the  
cast our crowns before Him and our songs of vic - try sing, When we  
sor - rows and our tri - als like a dream will pass a - way, And our

Rit.

D. C. for Refrain.

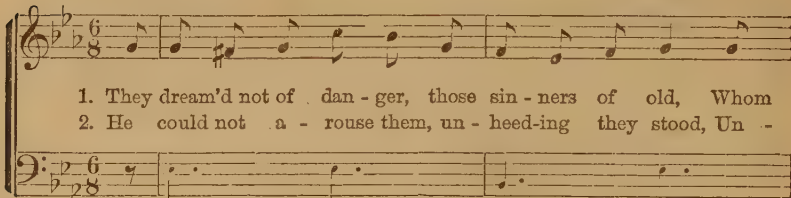


pure in heart made perfect in the pal - ace of the King.  
en - ter in tri - umphant to the pal - ace of the King.  
souls shall dwell for - ev - er in the realms of end - less day.

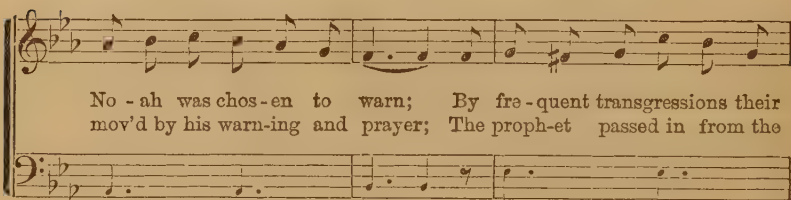
"Come thou and all thy house into the ark."—GEN. 7: 1.

KATE HARRINGTON.

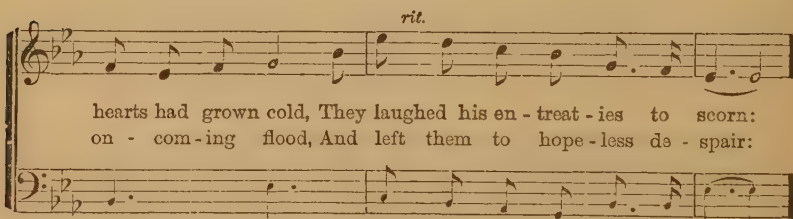
P. P. BLISS, by per.



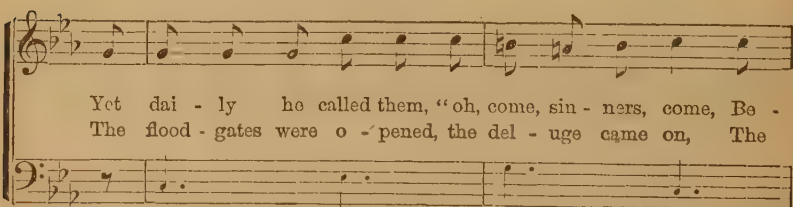
1. They dream'd not of dan - ger, those sin - ners of old, Whom  
2. He could not a - rouse them, un - heed-ing they stood, Un -



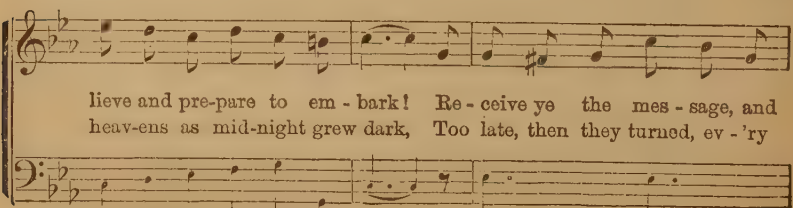
No - ah was chos-en to warn; By fre-quent transgressions their  
mov'd by his warn-ing and prayer; The proph-et passed in from the



hearts had grown cold, They laughed his en - treat - ies to scorn:  
on - com-ing flood, And left them to hope-less de - spair:



Yet dai - ly he called them, "oh, come, sin - ners, come, Be -  
The flood - gates were o - pened, the del - uge came on, The

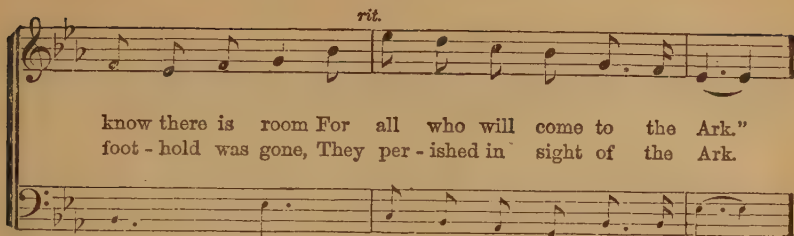


lieve and pre-pare to em - bark! Re - ceive ye the mes - sage, and  
heav-ens as mid-night grew dark, Too late, then they turned, ev - 'ry



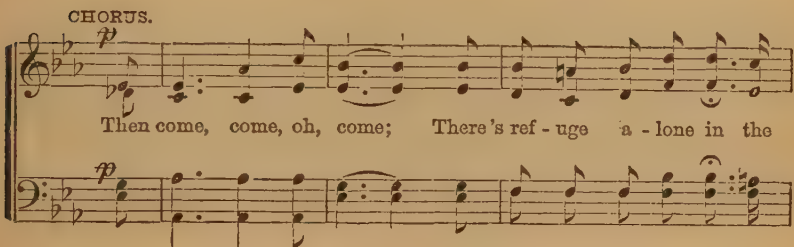
## Out of the Ark.—Concluded.

*rit.*

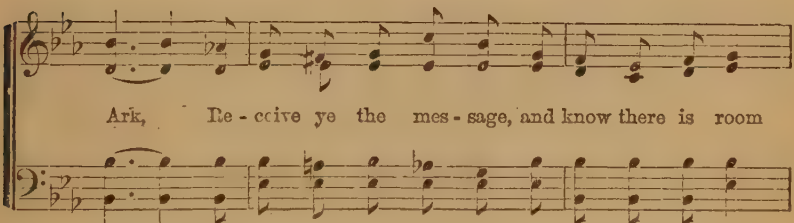


know there is room For all who will come to the Ark."  
foot-hold was gone, They per-ished in sight of the Ark.

CHORUS.

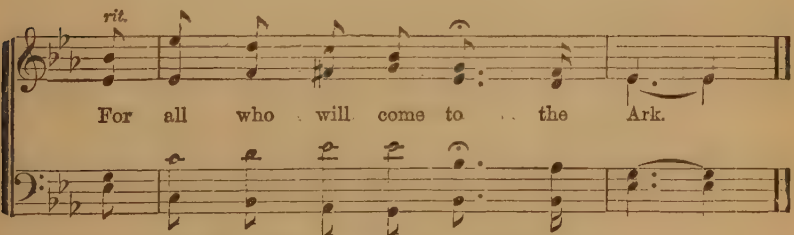


*p* Then come, come, oh, come; There's ref-uge a-lone in the



Ark, Re-cive ye the mes-sage, and know there is room

*rit.*



For all who will come to the Ark.

3 O sinners, the heralds of mercy implore,  
They cry like the patriarch, "Come;"  
The Ark of salvation is moored to your shore,  
Oh, enter while yet there is room!  
The storm-cloud of Justice rolls dark over head,  
And when by its fury you're tossed,  
Alas, of your perishing souls 't will be said,  
"They heard—they refused—and were lost!"—*Cho.*

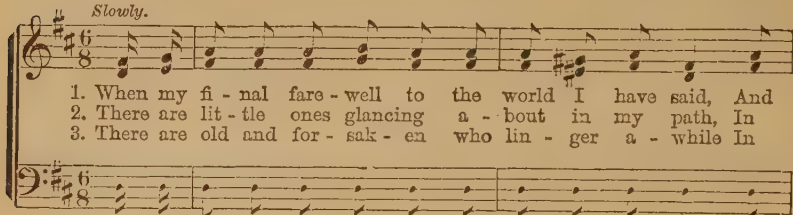
# No. 210. Waiting and Watching for Me. (G. H. 2-95)

"I shall go to him \* \* \* he shall not return to me."—2 SAM. 12: 23.

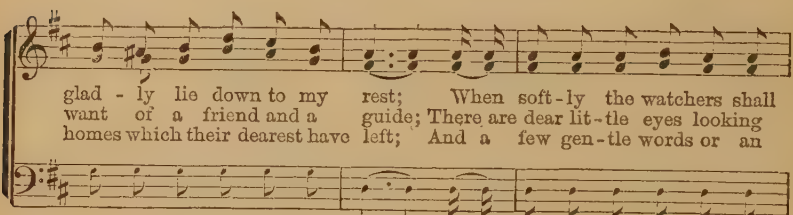
MARIANNE FARMINGHAM HEARN, 1862.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

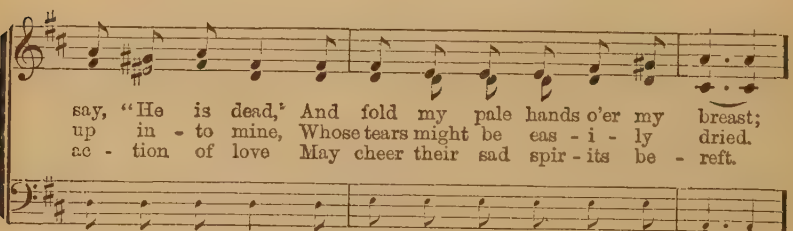
*Slowly.*



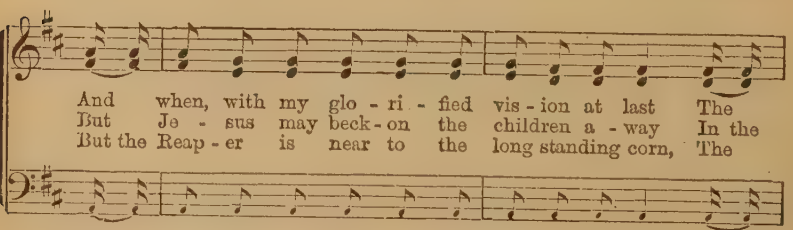
1. When my fi - nal fare - well to the world I have said, And  
 2. There are lit - tle ones glancing a - bout in my path, In  
 3. There are old and for - sak - en who lin - ger a - while In



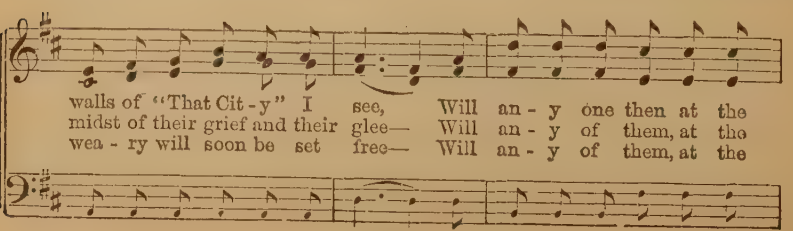
glad - ly lie down to my rest; When soft - ly the watchers shall  
 want of a friend and a guide; There are dear lit - tle eyes looking  
 homes which their dearest have left; And a few gen - tle words or an



say, "He is dead," And fold my pale hands o'er my breast;  
 up in - to mine, Whose tears might be eas - i - ly dried.  
 ac - tion of love May cheer their sad spir - its be - reft.

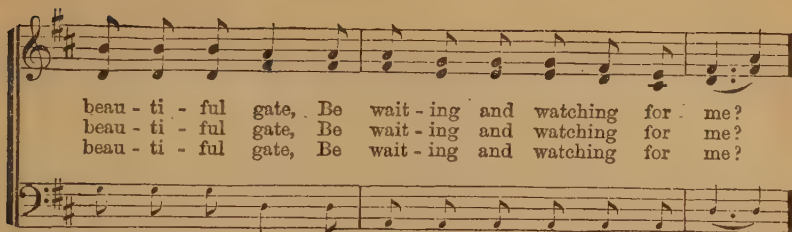


And when, with my glo - ri - fied vis - ion at last The  
 But Je - sus may beck - on the children a - way In the  
 But the Reap - er is near to the long standing corn, The

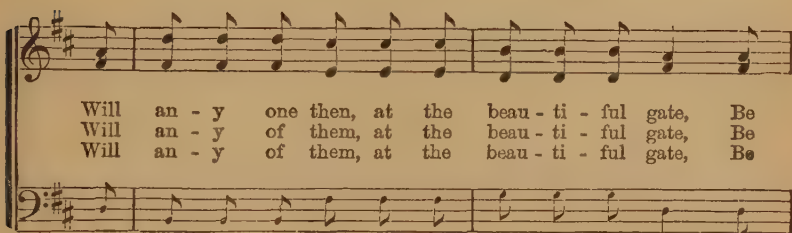


walls of "That Cit - y" I see, Will an - y one then at the  
 midst of their grief and their glee— Will an - y of them, at the  
 wea - ry will soon be set free— Will an - y of them, at the

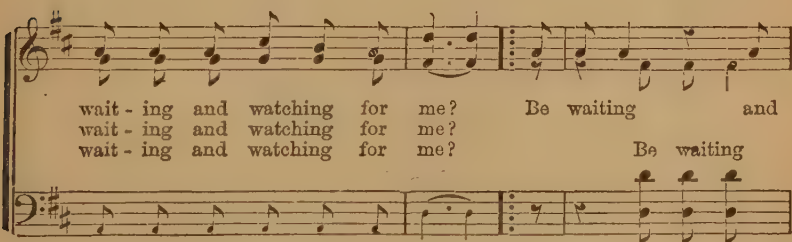
# Waiting and Watching for Me.—Concluded.



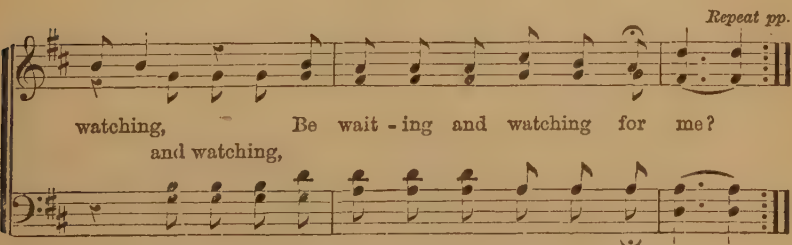
beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watching for me?  
 beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watching for me?  
 beau - ti - ful gate, Be wait - ing and watching for me?



Will an - y one then, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be  
 Will an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be  
 Will an - y of them, at the beau - ti - ful gate, Be



wait - ing and watching for me? Be waiting and  
 wait - ing and watching for me?  
 wait - ing and watching for me? Be waiting



watching, Be wait - ing and watching for me?  
 and watching,

4 Oh, should I be brought there by the bountiful grace  
 Of Him who delights to forgive,  
 Though I bless not the weary about in my path,  
 Pray only for self while I live,—  
 Methinks I should mourn o'er my sinful neglect,  
 If sorrow in heaven can be,  
 ||: Should no one I love, at the beautiful gate,  
 Be waiting and watching for me! :||

## No. 211.

## Shirland. S. M.

(G. H. 2-107.)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.

1. I love Thy king - dom, Lord, The house of Thine a - bode,

The Church our blest Re - deemer saved With His own precious blood.

- 2 I love Thy Church, O God!  
Her walls before Thee stand,  
Dear as the apple of Thine eye,  
And graven on Thy hand.
- 3 For her my tears shall fall;  
For her my prayers ascend;  
To her my cares and toils be given,  
Till toils and cares shall end.

- 4 Beyond my highest joy  
I prize her heavenly ways;  
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,  
Her hymns of love and praise.
- 5 Sure as Thy truth shall last,  
To Zion shall be given  
The brightest glories earth can yield,  
And brighter bliss of heaven.

## No. 212.

## Hebron. L. M.

(G. H. 2-108.)

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, D. D., 1800.

DR. L. MASON, 1830.

1. While life prolongs its precious light, Mer-cy is found, and peace is given;

But soon, ah, soon, approaching night Shall blot out ev - ery hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blest the day!  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pard'ning God is found
- 3 Soon, borne on time's most rapid wing,  
Shall death command you to the grave, —  
Before His bar your spirits bring,  
And none be found to hear or save.
- 4 In that lone land of deep despair,  
No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise, —  
No God regard your bitter prayer,  
No Saviour call you to the skies.
- 5 Now God invites; how blest the day!  
How sweet the Gospel's charming sound!  
Come, sinners, haste, O haste away,  
While yet a pard'ning God is found.

## No. 213.

## Warwick. C. M. (G. H. 2-102.)

- Rev. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

SAMUEL STANLEY.

1. A - mazing grace, how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!  
 2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;

I once was lost, but now am found; Was blind, but now I see.  
 How precious did that grace ap - pear, The hour I first be - lieved.

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares, I have already come;  
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.

4 Yes, when this heart and flesh shall fail,  
 And mortal life shall cease,  
 I shall possess, within the veil  
 A life of joy and peace.

## No. 214.

## Pleyel's Hymn. 7s. (G. H. 2-106.)

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773.

IGNACE PLEYEL.

1. Hasten, sin - ner, to be wise! Stay not for the morrow's sun:  
 2. Hasten, mer - cy to implore! Stay not for the morrow's sun,

Wisdom, if you still de - spise, Harder is it to be won.  
 Lest thy sea - son should be o'er Ere this evening's stage is run.

3 Hasten, sinner, to return!  
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
 Lest thy lamp should fail to burn  
 Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner, to be blest!  
 Stay not for the morrow's sun,  
 Lest perdition thee arrest  
 Ere the morrow is begun.



## No. 215.

## Sessions. L. M. (G. H. 2-84.)

"That the promise by faith might be given to them that believe."—GAL. 3: 22.

A. D. 1531.

L. O. EMERSON, 1847, by per.

1. Faith is a liv-ing power from heaven Which grasps the promise God has given;  
2. Faith finds in Christ whate'er we need To save and strengthen, guide and feed;

Se-curely fixed on Christ a-lone, A trust that can - not be o'er-thrown.  
Strong in His grace it joys to share His cross, in hope His crown to wear.

- 3 Faith to the conscience whispers peace, And bids the mourner's sighing cease;  
By faith the children's right we claim, And call upon our Father's name.
- 4 Such faith in us, O God, implant,  
And to our prayers Thy favor grant  
In Jesus Christ, Thy saving Son,  
Who is our fount of health alone.

## No. 216.

## Olive's Brow. L. M. (G. H. 2-99.)

"My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."—MATT. 26: 38.

Rev. WM. BINGHAM TAPPAN, 1819.

WM. B. BRADBURY, 1855, by per.

1. 'Tis mi n'ight; and on Olive's brow The star is dimmed that lately shone;  
2. 'Tis midnight; and from all removed The Saviour wrestles 'lone with fears;

'Tis midnight; in the gar-den now The suffering Saviour prays a-lone.  
E'en that dis-ci-p'le whom He loved Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

- 3 'Tis midnight; and for others guilt  
The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;  
Yet He, who hath in anguish knelt,  
Is not forsaken by His God.
- 4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains  
Is borne the song that angels know;  
Unheard by mortals are the strains  
That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

**No. 217.** HENDON. (G. H. 2-119.)  
Key D.

- 1 Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,  
Jesus loves to answer prayer,  
He Himself has bid thee pray,  
Therefore will not say thee, nay.
- 2 Thou art coming to a King,  
Large petitions with thee bring,  
For His grace and power are such,  
None can ever ask too much.
- 3 With my burden I begin,  
Lord, remove this load of sin;  
Let Thy blood for sinners spilt,  
Set my conscience free from guilt.
- 4 Lord, I come to Thee for rest,  
Take possession of my breast,  
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,  
And without a rival reign.

REV. JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

**No. 218.** P. M. (G. H. 2-121.)  
Key E.

- 1 There's a beautiful land on high,  
To its glories I fain would fly,—  
When by sorrows pressed down,  
I long for a crown,  
In that beautiful land on high.
- CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there,  
He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.

- 2 There's a beautiful land on high,  
I shall enter it by and by;  
There, with friends, hand in hand,  
I shall walk on the strand,  
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there,  
He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.

- 3 There's a beautiful land on high,  
Then why should I fear to die,  
When death is the way  
To the realms of day,  
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there,  
He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.

- 4 There's a beautiful land on high,  
And my kindred its bliss enjoy;  
Methinks I now see  
How they're waiting for me,  
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there,  
He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.

- 5 There's a beautiful land on high,  
And though here I oft weep and sigh,  
My Jesus hath said  
That no tears shall be shed,  
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there,  
He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.

- 6 There's a beautiful land on high,  
Where we never shall say "good-bye!"  
When over the river  
We're happy forever,  
In that beautiful land on high.

CHO.—In that beautiful land I'll be,  
From earth and its cares set free;  
My Jesus is there,  
He's gone to prepare  
A place in that land for me.

JAMES NICHOLSON, 1856.

**No. 219.** THE SHINING SHORE. (G. H. 2-124.)  
Key G.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by,  
And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
Would not detain them as they fly,  
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins my brethren dear,  
Our heavenly home discerning;  
Our absent Lord has left us word,  
Let every lamp be burning.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
We need not cease our singing;  
That perfect rest naught can molest,  
Where golden harps are ringing.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before, the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
Each chord on earth to sever;  
Our King says Come, and there's our  
home,  
Forever, O forever.

CHO.—For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
Our friends are passing over,  
And just before the shining shore  
We may almost discover.

REV. DAVID NELSON, 1835.

## No. 220. 8s & 7s (G. H. 2-127.) Key C.

1 We are waiting by the river,  
We are watching by the shore,  
Only waiting for the boatman,  
Soon He'll come to bear us o'er.

2 Though the mist hang o'er the river,  
And its billows loudly roar,  
Yet we hear the song of angels,  
Wafted from the other shore.

3 And the bright celestial city,—  
We have caught such radiant gleams  
Of its towers like dazzling sunlight,  
With its sweet and peaceful streams.

4 He has called for many a loved one,  
We have seen them leave our side;  
With our Saviour we shall meet them  
When we too have crossed the tide.

5 When we've passed the vale of shadows,  
With its dark and chilling tide,  
In that bright and glorious city  
We shall evermore abide.

MISS MARY P. GRIFFIN.

## No. 221. TUNE—G. H. COMBINED. NO. 24. (G. H. 2-128.)

1 My God I have found  
The thrice blessed ground,  
Where life, and where joy, and true com-  
fort abound.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Revive us again.

2 'Tis found in the blood  
Of Him who once stood  
My refuge and safety, my surety with God,

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Revive us again.

3 He bore on the tree  
The sentence for me,  
And now both the surety and sinner are  
free.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Revive us again.

4 And though here below  
'Mid sorrow and woe,  
My place is in heaven with Jesus I know.

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Revive us again.

5 And this I shall find  
For such is His mind,  
"He'll not be in glory and leave me be-  
hind."

CHO.—Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Hallelujah! Amen!  
Hallelujah! Thine the glory!  
Revive us again.

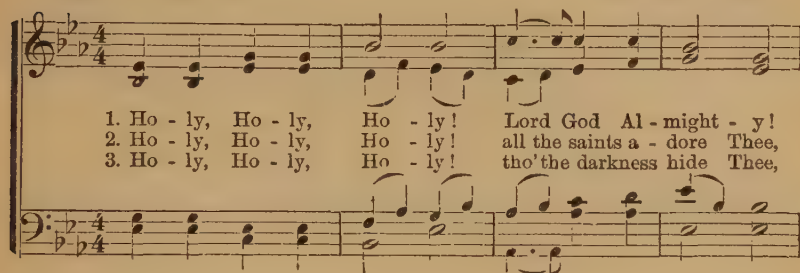
REV. JOHN GAMBOLD.

# No. 222. *Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!* (G. H. 3-1.)

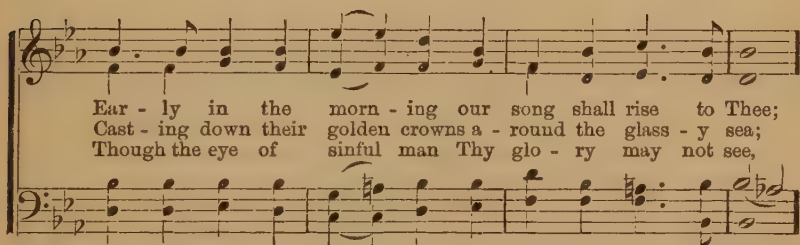
"They rest not day nor night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty,  
which was, and is, and is to come."—REV. 4: 8.

REGINALD HEBER, D. D.

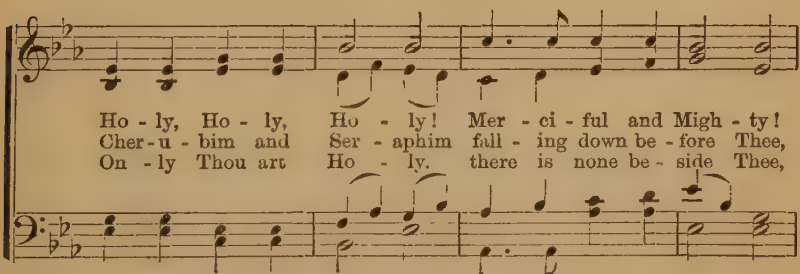
REV. JOHN B. DYKES.



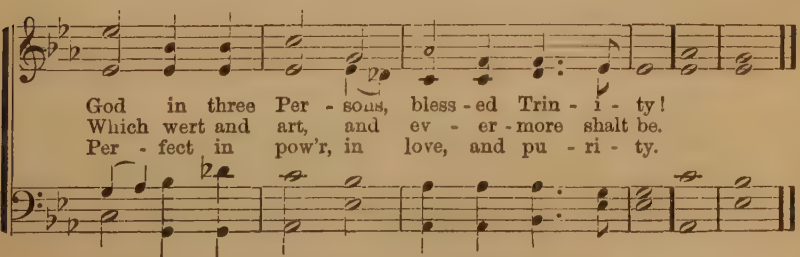
1. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Lord God Al - might - y!  
2. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! all the saints a - dore Thee,  
3. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! tho' the darkness hide Thee,



Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;  
Cast - ing down the golden crowns a - round the glass - y sea;  
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glo - ry may not see,



Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Mer - ci - ful and Migh - ty!  
Cher - u - bim and Ser - aphim full - ing down be - fore Thee,  
On - ly Thou art Ho - ly. there is none be - side Thee,



God in three Per - sons, bless - ed Trin - i - ty!  
Which wert and art, and ev - er - more shalt be.  
Per - fect in pow'r, in love, and pu - ri - ty.

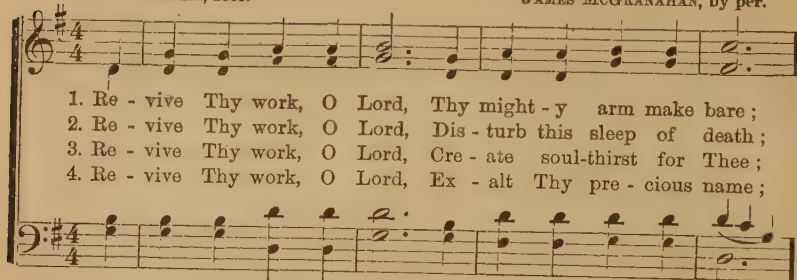
4 Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!  
All Thy works shall praise Thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;  
Holy, Holy, Holy! Merciful and Mighty!  
God in three Persons, blessed Trinity! Amen.

# Revive Thy Work. (G. II. 3-2.)

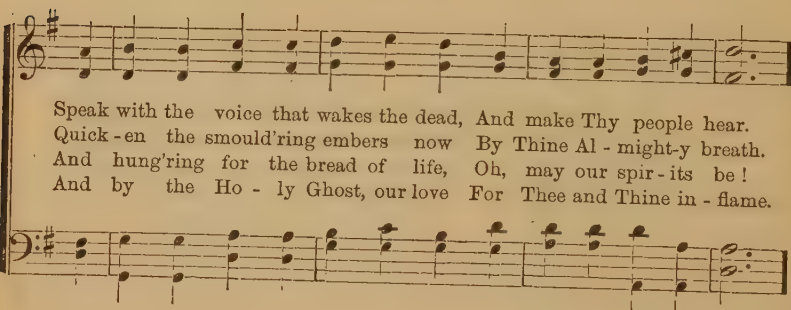
"O Lord, revive thy work."—HAB. 3: 2.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1860.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



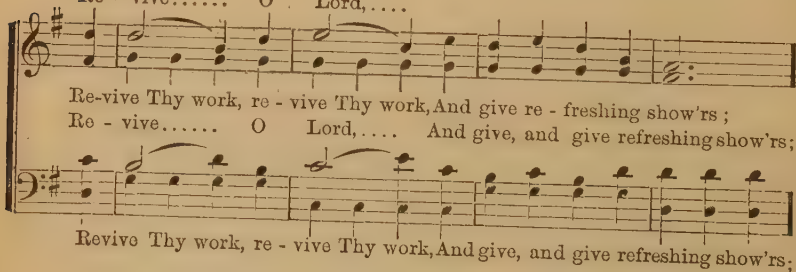
1. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Thy might - y arm make bare ;  
 2. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Dis - turb this sleep of death ;  
 3. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Cre - ate soul-thirst for Thee ;  
 4. Re - vive Thy work, O Lord, Ex - alt Thy pre - cious name ;



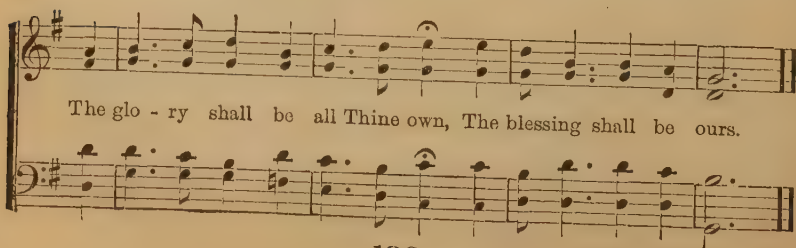
Speak with the voice that wakes the dead, And make Thy people hear.  
 Quick - en the smould'ring embers now By Thine Al - mighty breath.  
 And hung'ring for the bread of life, Oh, may our spir - its be !  
 And by the Ho - ly Ghost, our love For Thee and Thine in - flame.

## CHORUS.

Re - vive..... O Lord,....



Re-vive Thy work, re - vive Thy work, And give re - freshing show'rs ;  
 Re - vive..... O Lord,.... And give, and give refreshingshow'rs ;  
 Revive Thy work, re - vive Thy work, And give, and give refreshing show'rs ;



The glo - ry shall be all Thine own, The blessing shall be ours.



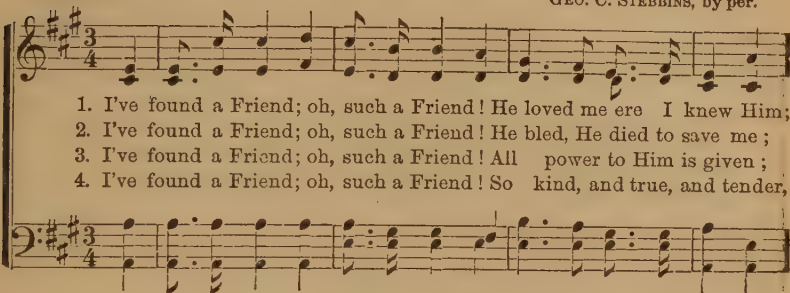
## No. 224.

*I've Found a Friend.* (G. II. 3-3.)

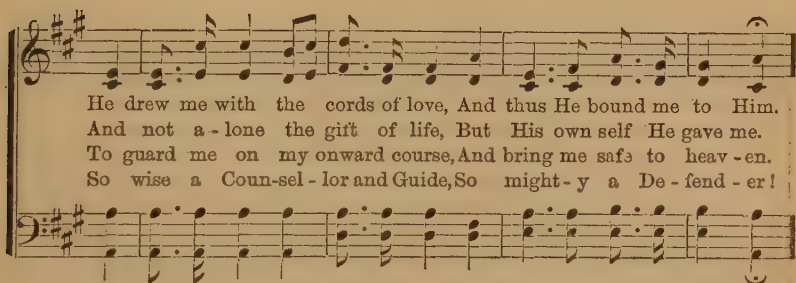
A friend that sticketh closer than a brother."—PROV. 18: 24.

ANON.

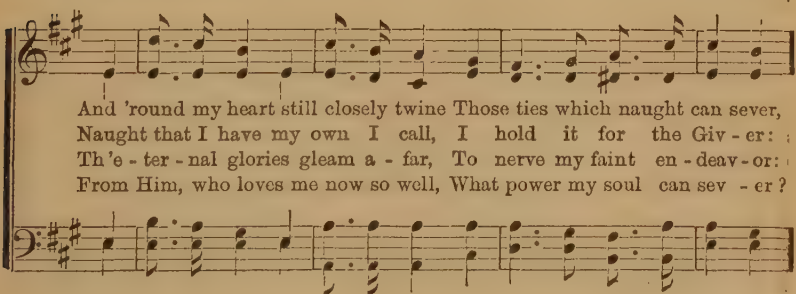
GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



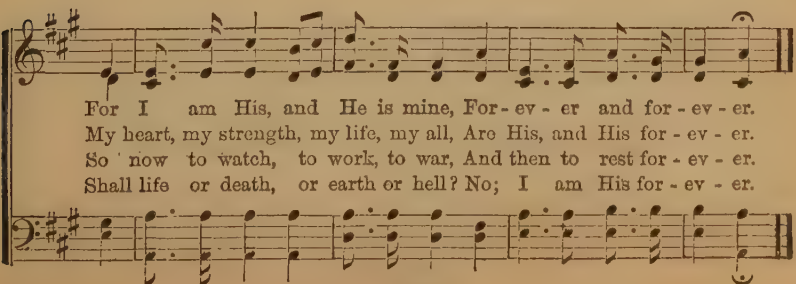
1. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;  
 2. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;  
 3. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! All power to Him is given;  
 4. I've found a Friend; oh, such a Friend! So kind, and true, and tender,



He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.  
 And not a-lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.  
 To guard me on my onward course, And bring me safe to heav-en.  
 So wise a Coun-sel-lor and Guide, So might-y a De-fend-er!



And 'round my heart still closely twine Those ties which naught can sever,  
 Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv-er:  
 Th'e-ter-nal glories gleam a-far, To nerve my faint en-deav-or:  
 From Him, who loves me now so well, What power my soul can sev-er?

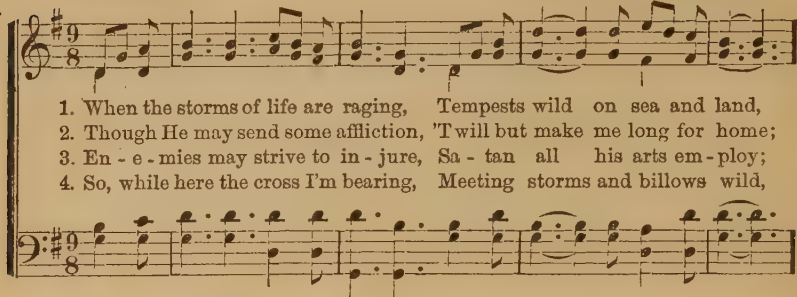


For I am His, and He is mine, For-ev-er and for-ev-er.  
 My heart, my strength, my life, my all, Are His, and His for-ev-er.  
 So now to watch, to work, to war, And then to rest for-ev-er.  
 Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No; I am His for-ev-er.

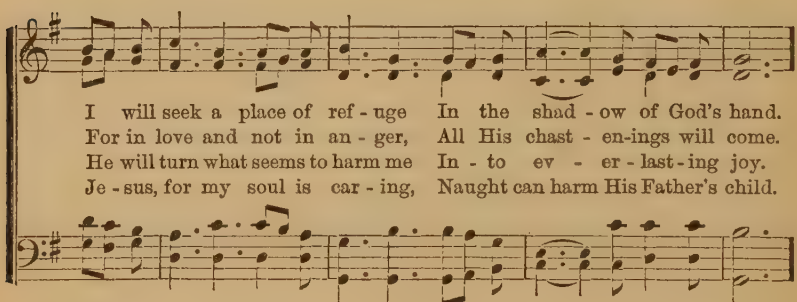
"In the shadow of his hand hath he hid me."—ISA. 49: 2.

M. E. SERVOS.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

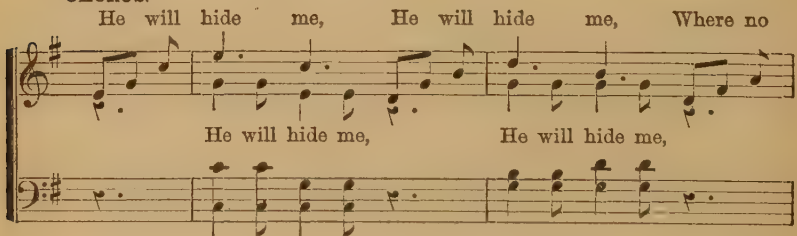


1. When the storms of life are raging, Tempests wild on sea and land,  
 2. Though He may send some affliction, 'Twill but make me long for home;  
 3. En - e - mies may strive to in - jure, Sa - tan all his arts em - ploy;  
 4. So, while here the cross I'm bearing, Meeting storms and billows wild,

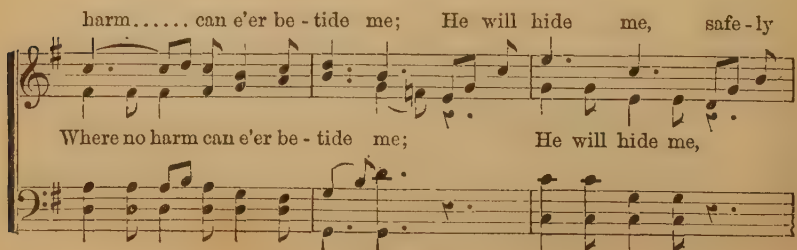


I will seek a place of ref - uge In the shad - ow of God's hand.  
 For in love and not in an - ger, All His chast - en - ings will come.  
 He will turn what seems to harm me In - to ev - er - last - ing joy.  
 Je - sus, for my soul is car - ing, Naught can harm His Father's child.

CHORUS.



He will hide me, He will hide me, Where no  
 He will hide me, He will hide me,



harm..... can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me, safe - ly  
 Where no harm can e'er be - tide me; He will hide me,

## He will Hide Me.—Concluded.

hide me In the shad - - ow of His hand.

safe - ly hide me In the shad - ow of His hand.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. It contains the melody for the first line of the song. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staves, with hyphens indicating syllables that span across notes.

No. 226.

## Thine, Jesus, Thine. (G. H. 3-5.)

"I am thine."—Ps. 119: 94.

ENGLISH.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

The first system of the musical score is in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one flat (Bb). It features a melody in the treble clef and a bass line in the bass clef. The lyrics are written below the staves.

1. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, No more this heart of mine Shall  
 2. Thine, Thine a - lone, My joy, my hope, my crown; Now  
 3. Thine, ev - er Thine, For - ev - er to re - cline On  
 4. Thine, Je - sus, Thine, Soon in Thy crown to shine, When

The second system of the musical score continues the melody and bass line from the first system. The lyrics are written below the staves.

seek its joy a - part from Thee; The world is cru - ci -  
 earth - ly things may fade and die, They charm my soul no  
 love e - ter - nal, fixed and sure, Yes, I am Thine for  
 from the glo - ry Thou shalt come And with Thy saints shall

The third system of the musical score concludes the piece. The melody and bass line are shown, with the final lyrics written below.

fied to me, And I am Thine, And I am Thine.  
 more, for I Am Thine a - lone, Am Thine a - lone.  
 ev - er more, Lord, Je - sus, Thine, Lord, Je - sus, Thine  
 take me home, Lord, Je - sus, come, Lord, Je - sus, come.

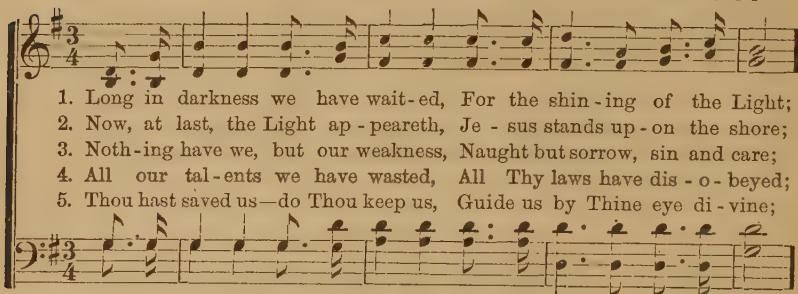
# No. 227. Out of Darkness into Light. (G. H. 3-6.)

"I am the light of the world, he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."—JOHN 8: 12.

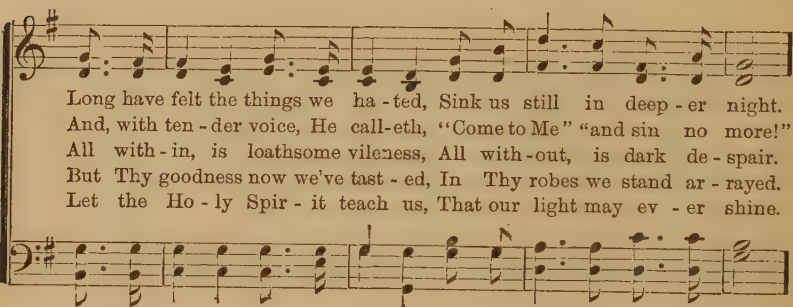
W. O. LATTIMORE.\*

(TEMPERANCE HYMN.)

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

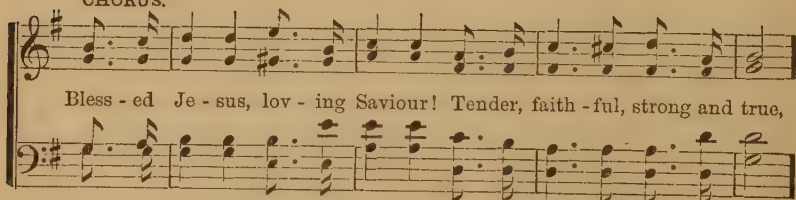


1. Long in darkness we have wait-ed, For the shin-ing of the Light;  
 2. Now, at last, the Light ap-peareth, Je-sus stands up-on the shore;  
 3. Noth-ing have we, but our weakness, Naught but sorrow, sin and care;  
 4. All our tal-ents we have wasted, All Thy laws have dis-o-beyed;  
 5. Thou hast saved us—do Thou keep us, Guide us by Thine eye di-vine;

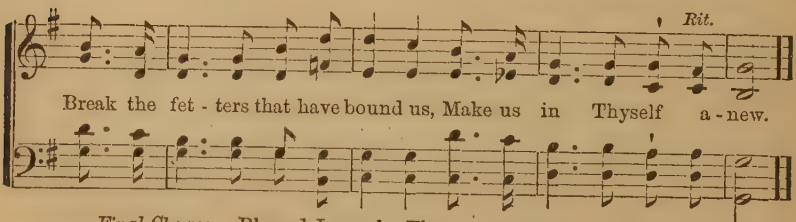


Long have felt the things we ha-ted, Sink us still in deep-er night.  
 And, with ten-der voice, He call-eth, "Come to Me" "and sin no more!"  
 All with-in, is loathsome vile-ness, All with-out, is dark de-spair.  
 But Thy goodness now we've tast-ed, In Thy robes we stand ar-rayed.  
 Let the Ho-ly Spir-it teach us, That our light may ev-er shine.

## CHORUS.



Bless-ed Je-sus, lov-ing Saviour! Tender, faith-ful, strong and true,



Break the fet-ters that have bound us, Make us in Thyself a-new. *Rit.*

*Final Chorus.*—Blessed Jesus, be Thou near us,  
 Give us of Thy grace to-day;  
 While we're calling, do Thou hear us,  
 Send us, now, Thy peace, we pray.

\*Written by one rescued from strong drink.

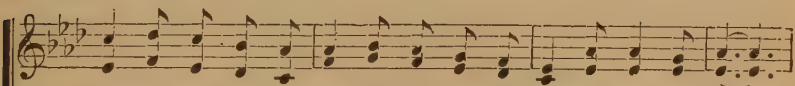
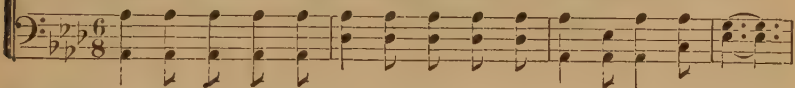
"I the Lord have called thee."—ISA. 42: 6.

Mrs. S. A. COLLINS.

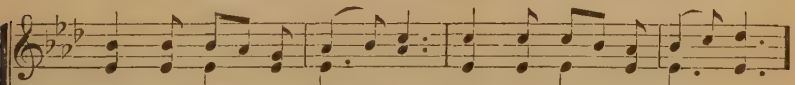
W. H. DOANE, by per.



1. Je - sus, gracious one, call - eth now to thee, "Come, O sinner, come!"
2. Still He waits for thee, pleading pa - tient - ly, "Come, O come to Me!"
3. Weary, sin - sick soul, called so gracious - ly, Canst thou dare re - fuse?



Calls so ten - der - ly, calls so lov - ing - ly, "Now, O sin - ner, come."  
 "Heavy - la - den one, I thy grief have borne, Come and rest in Me."  
 Mer - cy of - fered thee, free - ly, ten - der - ly, Wilt thou still a - buse?



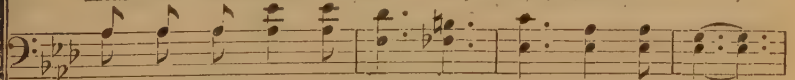
Words of peace and bless - ing, Christ's own love con - fess - ing;  
 Words with love o'er - flow - ing, Life and bliss be - stow - ing;  
 Come, for time is fly - ing, Haste, thy lamp is dy - ing;



## REFRAIN.



Hear the sweet voice of Je - sus, Full, full of love;



Call - ing ten - der - ly, call - ing lov - ing - ly, "Come, O sinner, come."





"O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer."—Ps. 19: 14.

P. P. BLISS.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. I will sing of my Redeem-er And His wond'rous love to me ;  
 2. I will tell the wond'rous story, How my lost es - tate to save,  
 3. I will praise my dear Redeemer, His tri - umph - ant pow'r I'll tell,  
 4. I will sing of my Redeemer, And His heav'n - ly love to me ;

On the cru - el cross He suffered, From the curse to set me free.  
 In His boundless love and mer - cy, He the ran - som free - ly gave.  
 How the vic - to - ry He giv - eth O - ver sin, and death, and hell.  
 He from death to life hath bro't me, Son of God, with Him to be.

## CHORUS.

Sing, oh! sing, ..... of my Re-deem - er, With His

Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, Sing, oh! sing of my Redeemer, With His

blood. ....

blood He purchased me, He purchased me, ..... On the  
 blood. .... He purchased me,

blood He purchased me, With His blood He purchased me; On the

# My Redeemer.—Concluded.

cross..... He sealed my par - don, Paid the  
cross He sealed my pardon, On the cross He sealed my pardon, Paid the

debt, and made me free, And made me free, and made me free.  
debt, and made me free,

*Repeat pp after last verse.*

## No. 230. Jesus Christ is Passing by. (G. H. 3-9.)

"He heard that it was Jesus of Nazareth."—MARK. 10: 47.

J. DENHAM SMITH.

Mrs. JOB. F. KNAPP, by per.

1. Je - sus Christ is passing by, Sin - ner, lift to Him thine eye ;  
2. Lo ! He stands and calls to thee, " What wilt thou then have of me ?"  
3. " Lord, I would Thy mercy see : Lord, re - veal Thy love to me ;  
4. Oh, how sweet the touch of power Comes,—and is sal - va - tion's hour ;

As the pre - cious moments flee, Cry, be mer - ci - ful to Me !  
Rise, and tell Him all Thy need ; Rise, He call - eth thee in - deed.  
Let it pen - e - trate my soul, All my heart and life con - trol."  
Je - sus gives from guilt re - lease, " Faith hath saved thee, go in peace !"

"The Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart; and saveth such as be of a contrite spirit."—Ps. 34: 18.

Rev. G. G. LLOYD.

J. W. BISCHOFF, by per.

*Tenderly.*

1. Come near me, O my Sav-iour; Thy ten-der-ness re-veal; O,  
 2. Come near me, my Re-deem-er, And nev-er leave my side; My  
 3. Come near me, bless-ed Je-sus, I need Thee in my joy, No  
 4. Be near me, mighty Sav-iour, When comes the lat-est strife; For

let me know the sym-pa-thy Which Thou for me dost feel, I  
 bark, when toss'd on trouble's sea, The storm can-not out-ride, Un-  
 less than when the dir-est ills My hap-pi-ness de-stroy; For  
 Thou hast thro' death's shadows pass'd, And ope'd the gates of life; And

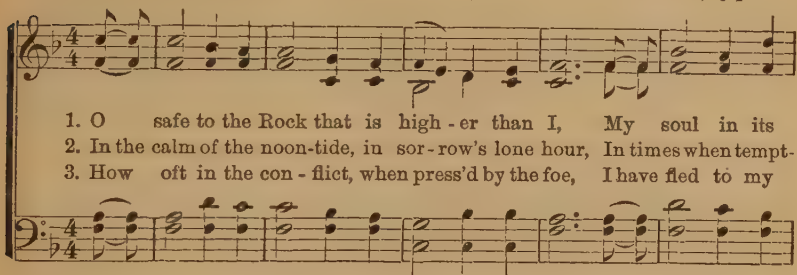
need Thee ev-ery mo-ment; Thine ab-sence brings dis-may; But  
 less Thy word of pow-er Ar-rest the surg-ing wave; No  
 when the sun shines o'er me And flow-ers strew my way, With  
 when among the ransom'd I stand with crown and palm, To

when the tempter hurls his darts, T'were death with Thee a-way.  
 voice but Thine its rage can quell, No arm but Thine can save.  
 out Thy wise and guiding hand More eas-i-ly I stray.  
 Thee, Divine, un-failing Friend, I'll raise e-ter-nal psalm.

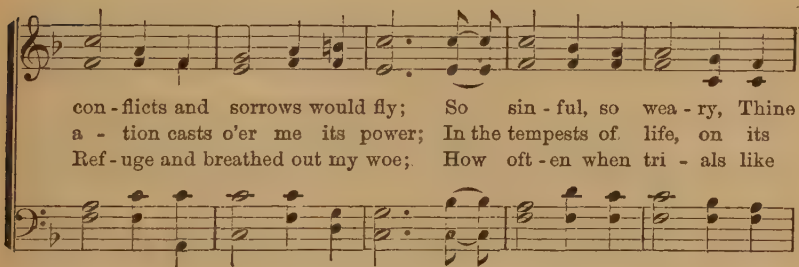
"My strong rock, for a house of defence."—Ps. 31:2.

Rev. WILLIAM O. CUSHING.

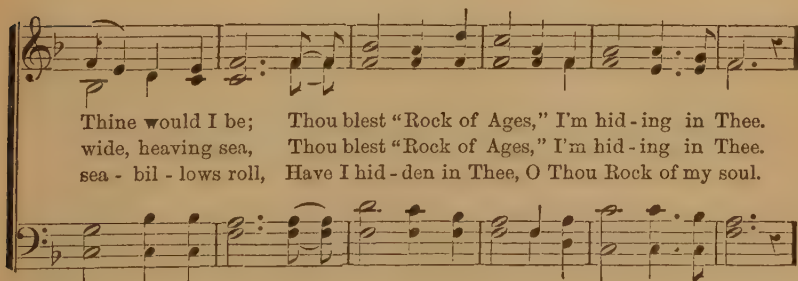
IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.



1. O safe to the Rock that is high - er than I, My soul in its  
 2. In the calm of the noon-tide, in sor - row's lone hour, In times when tempt -  
 3. How oft in the con - flict, when press'd by the foe, I have fled to my

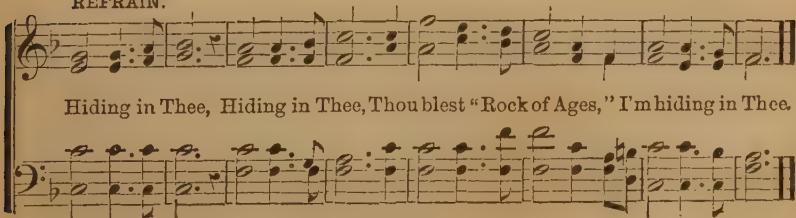


con - flicts and sorrows would fly; So sin - ful, so wea - ry, Thine  
 a - tion casts o'er me its power; In the tempests of life, on its  
 Ref - uge and breathed out my woe; How oft - en when tri - als like



Thine would I be; Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
 wide, heaving sea, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hid - ing in Thee.  
 sea - bil - lows roll, Have I hid - den in Thee, O Thou Rock of my soul.

REFRAIN.



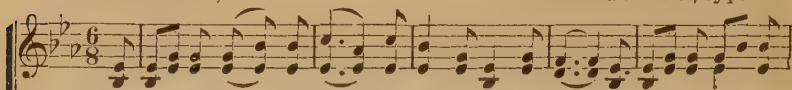
Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee, Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

# No. 233. A Light upon the Shore. (G. H. 3-12.)

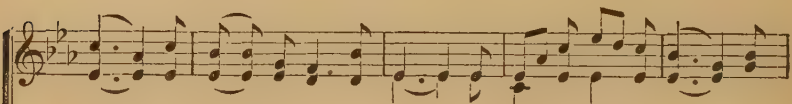
"No night there."—REV. 21: 25.

Rev. HENRY BURTON, M. A.

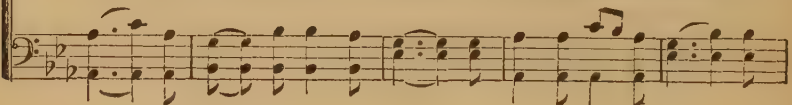
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. We've journey'd many a day Upon an ocean wide, A - mid the mist and
2. We've had our storms of doubt, Our rains of bitter tears, Our fightings fierce with-
3. O land of calm - est rest, Where suns no more go down! O haven of the



spray Of many a surging tide; But, lo! the land is near! For  
out, With-in our anxious fears; But, lo! the storms are past, They  
blest, With bliss and glo - ry crown'd! No more the storm, the dark, The



just beyond the foam I see it bright and clear, The light of home, sweet home.  
cannot reach us more; We've sighted land at last, The blessed stormless shore.  
breakers and the foam, No more the wail, for hark! We hear the songs of home.



## REFRAIN.



There's a light up - on the shore, brother, It flash - es from the





## A Light upon the Shore.—Concluded.

strand; The night is almost o'er, brother, The haven's just at hand.

No. 234.

### Consecration. (G. H. 3-13.)

"Ye are not your own."—1 COR. 6: 19.  
Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. Take my life and let it be Con-se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee ;  
 2. Take my feet and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee ;  
 3. Take my lips and let them be Fill'd with mes - sages from Thee ;  
 4. Take my moments and my days, Let them flow in endless praise ;  
 5. Take my will and make it Thine, It shall be no long - er mine ;  
 6. Take my love, my God, I pour At Thy feet its treasure store ;

Take my hands and let them move At the impulse of Thy love.  
 Take my voice and let me sing Al-ways—on - ly—for my King.  
 Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I withhold.  
 Take my in - tel - lect and use Ev - 'ry pow'r as Thou shalt choose.  
 Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.  
 Take my - self, and I will be Ev - er, on - ly, all for Thee.

*Chorus, after each stanza.*

All to Thee, all to Thee, Con - se - cra - ted, Lord, to Thee.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son."—JOHN 3: 16.

S. W. M.

S. WESLEY MARTIN, by per.

1. The Gos - pel bells are ring - ing, O - ver land, from sea to  
 2. The Gos - pel bells in - vite us To a feast pre - pared for  
 3. The Gos - pel bells give warn - ing, As they sound from day to  
 4. The Gos - pel bells are joy - ful, As they ech - o far and

sea: Blessed news of free sal - va - tion Do they of - fer you and me.  
 all; Do not slight the in - vi - ta - tion, Nor - ject the gracious call.  
 day, Of the fate which doth a - wait them Who for - ev - er will de - lay.  
 wide, Bearing notes of per - fect par - don, Thro' a Saviour cru - ci - fied.

"For God so loved the world That His on - ly Son He gave, Who - so -  
 "I am the bread of life; Eat of Me, thou hungry soul, Tho' your  
 "Es - cape ye, for thy life; Tar - ry not in all the plain, Nor be -  
 "Good tidings of great joy To all peo - ple do I bring, Un - to

e'er be - liev - eth in Him Ev - er - last - ing life shall have."  
 sins be red as crim - son, They shall be as white as wool."  
 hind thee look, oh, nev - er, Lest thou be consumed in pain."  
 you is born a Sav - iour, Which is Christ the Lord" and King.

# The Gospel Bells.—Concluded.

CHORUS.

Gospel bells,

how they ring;

Gospel

Gospel bells, how they ring; Over land from sea to sea;

bells free-ly bring

Gospel bells free-ly bring Blessed news to you and me.

— 0 —

No. 236.

## Joy to the World. (G. II. 3-15.)

"The mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace."—ISA. 9: 6.

REV. ISAAC WATTS, ARR.

GEO. F. ROOT, BY PER.

*Joyfully.*

*Reverently.*

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; The mighty God, the Ev-er-lasting

2. Joy to the world! the Sav-iour reigns, The mighty God, the Ev-er-lasting
3. Herules the world with truth and grace, The mighty God, the Ev-er-lasting

Father and the Prince of Peace. Let every heart pre- pare Him room,  
 Father and the Prince of Peace. O praise Him, floods, rocks, hills and plains,  
 Father and the Prince of Peace. And saves us by His righteousness,

The mighty God, the Ev-er-lasting Father and the Prince of Peace.

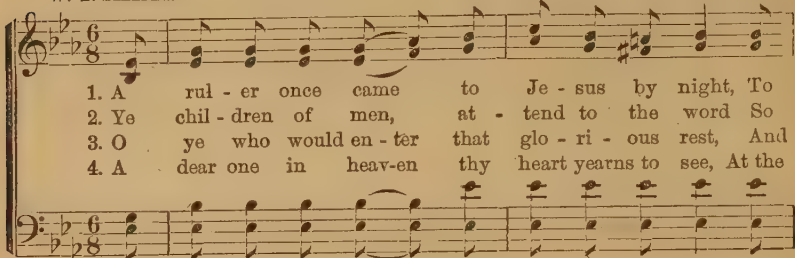
No. 237.

# We must be Born again. (G. H. 3-16.)

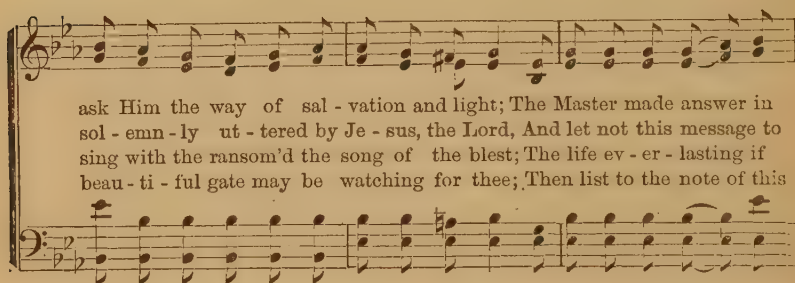
"Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God."—JOHN 3: 3.

W. T. SLEEPER.

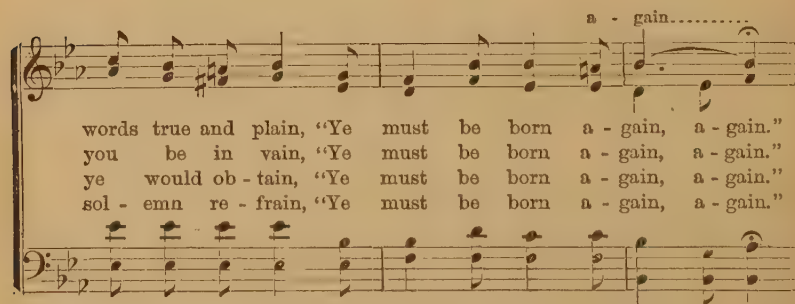
GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



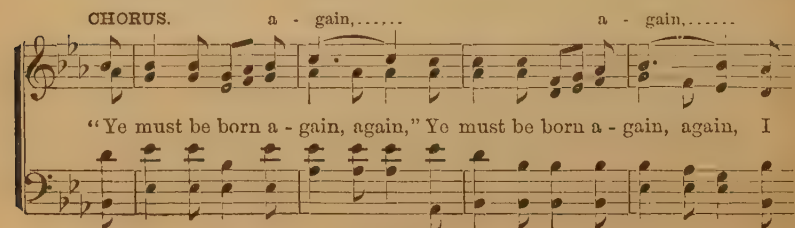
1. A      rul - er   once   came   to   Je - sus   by   night,   To  
 2. Ye      chil - dren   of   men,   at - tend   to   the   word   So  
 3. O      ye   who   would   en - ter   that   glo - ri - ous   rest,   And  
 4. A      dear   one   in   heav - en   thy   heart   yearns   to   see,   At the



ask Him the way of sal - vation and light; The Master made answer in  
 sol - emn - ly   ut - tered by Je - sus, the Lord, And let not this message to  
 sing with the ransom'd the song of   the blest; The life ev - er - lasting if  
 beau - ti - ful gate may be   watching for thee; Then list to the note of this



a - gain.....  
 words true and plain, "Ye   must   be   born   a - gain,   a - gain."  
 you   be   in   vain, "Ye   must   be   born   a - gain,   a - gain."  
 ye   would   ob - tain, "Ye   must   be   born   a - gain,   a - gain."  
 sol - emn   re - frain, "Ye   must   be   born   a - gain,   a - gain."



CHORUS.      a - gain,.....      a - gain,.....  
 "Ye must be born a - gain, again," Ye must be born a - gain, again, I

# Ye must be Born again.—Concluded.

ver-i-ly, ver-i-ly say un-to thee, Ye must be born a - gain, again.

*a - gain.....*

No. 238.

## Cut it Down. (G. H. 3-17.)

"Cut it down, why cumbereth it the ground?"—LUKE 13: 7.

P. P. BLISS.  
*Slow.*

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, Spare not the fruitless tree:
2. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more, Oh, spare the fruitless tree!
3. *Justice.* Cut it down, cut it down, And burn the worthless tree!
4. *Mercy.* One year more, one year more. For mer-cy spare the tree!
5. Still it stands, still it stands, A fair, but fruit-less tree!

It spreads a harmful shade around, It spoils what else were useful ground,  
Behold its branches broad and green, Its spreading leaves have hopeful been,  
For oth-er use the soil prepare, Some oth-er tree will flourish there,  
An-oth-er year of care bestow, On its fair form some fruit may grow,  
The Mas-ter, seek-ing fruit thereon Has come—but, griev'd at finding none,

No fruit for years on it I've found, Cut it down, cut it down.  
Some fruit thereon may yet be seen, One year more, one year more.  
And in my vine-yard much fruit bear, Cut it down, cut it down.  
If not—then lay the cumb'rer low, One year more, one year more.  
Now speaks to Justice—Mer-cy flown—Cut it down, cut it down.



"I will come again, and receive you unto Myself."—JOHN 15: 3.

H. L. TURNER.

JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.

1. It may be at morn, when the day is a - waking, When sunlight thro'  
 2. It may be at mid-day, it may be at twilight, It may be per -  
 3. While its hosts cry Hosanna, from heaven descending, With glo - ri - fied  
 4. Oh, joy! oh, delight! should we go without dying, No sickness, no

dark - ness and shadow is breaking, That Je - sus will come in the  
 chance, that the blackness of mid - night Will burst in - to light in the  
 saints and the an - gels at - tending With grace on His brow, like a  
 sad - ness, no dread and no cry - ing, Caught up thro' the clouds with our

full - ness of glo - ry, To re - ceive from the world "His own."  
 blaze of His glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."  
 ha - lo of glo - ry, Will Je - sus re - ceive "His own."  
 Lord in - to glo - ry, When Je - sus re - ceives "His own."

## CHORUS.

O Lord Jesus, how long, how long Ere we shout the glad song, Christ re -

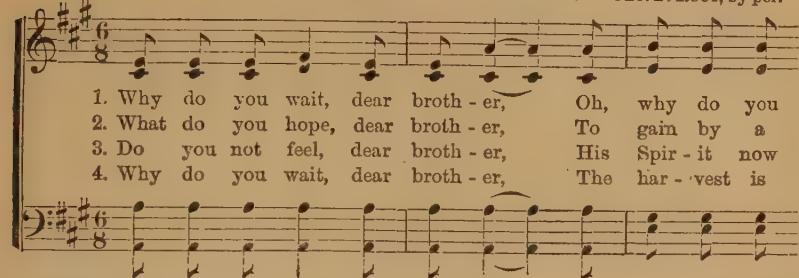
turneth, Hal - le - lujah! hal - le - lujah! A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men.

# Why do You Wait? (G. H. 3-19.)

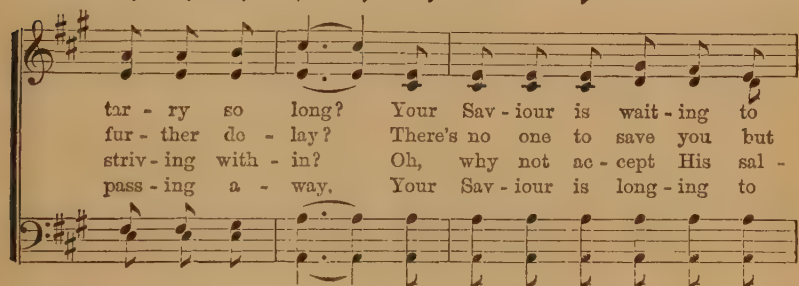
G. F. R.

"Arise, He calleth thee."—MARK 10: 49.

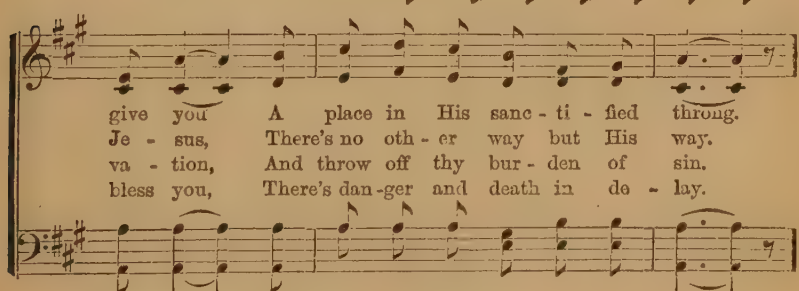
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



1. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, Oh, why do you  
 2. What do you hope, dear broth - er, To gain by a  
 3. Do you not feel, dear broth - er, His Spir - it now  
 4. Why do you wait, dear broth - er, The har - vest is

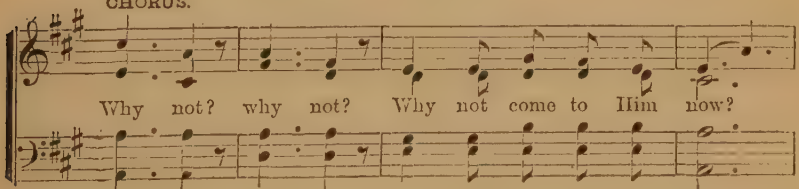


tar - ry so long? Your Sav - iour is wait - ing to  
 fur - ther do - lay? There's no one to save you but  
 striv - ing with - in? Oh, why not ac - cept His sal -  
 pass - ing a - way, Your Sav - iour is long - ing to

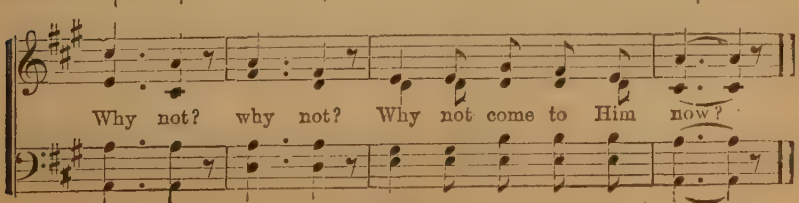


give you A place in His sanc - ti - fied throng.  
 Je - sus, There's no oth - er way but His way.  
 va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin.  
 bless you, There's dan - ger and death in de - lay.

## CHORUS.



Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?

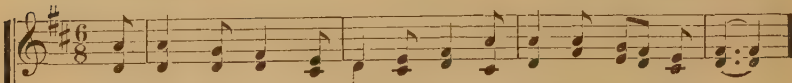


Why not? why not? Why not come to Him now?



"Come unto me all ye that labor."—MATT. 11: 28.

Mrs. A. R. COUSIN.


IRA D. SANKEY, by per.




1. Is Je - sus a - ble to re-deem A sin - ner lost, like me?  
 2. Is Je - sus will - ing to for - give A reb - el child, like me?  
 3. Is Je - sus wait - ing to re - lieve A wander - er like me,  
 4. Is Je - sus read - y now to save A guilt - y one, like me,



My sins so great, so ma - ny seem! O sin - ner, "come and see."  
 Who would not in His fa - vor live? O re - bel, "come and see."  
 Who chose the Fa - ther's House to leave? O wand'rer, "come and see."  
 Who brought Him to the cross and grave? Come, guilty one, and see.




REFRAIN.



The blood that Je - sus shed of old, Was shed for you and me:

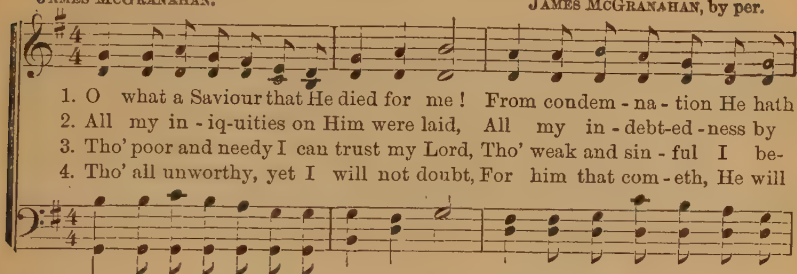
And there is room with - in the fold—O "come to Him and see."



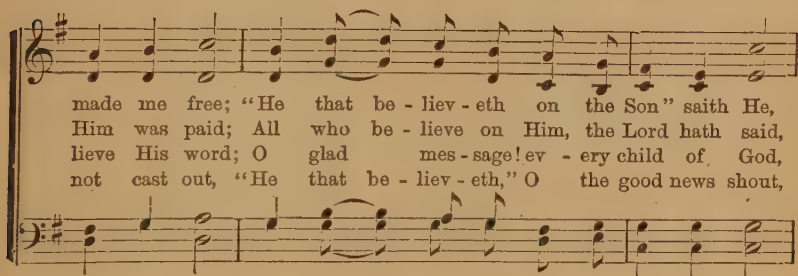
"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

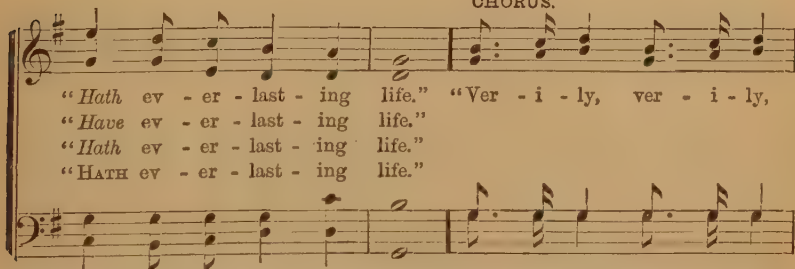


1. O what a Saviour that He died for me! From condem - na - tion He hath  
 2. All my in - i - quities on Him were laid, All my in - debt - ed - ness by  
 3. Tho' poor and needy I can trust my Lord, Tho' weak and sin - ful I be -  
 4. Tho' all unworthy, yet I will not doubt, For him that com - eth, He will

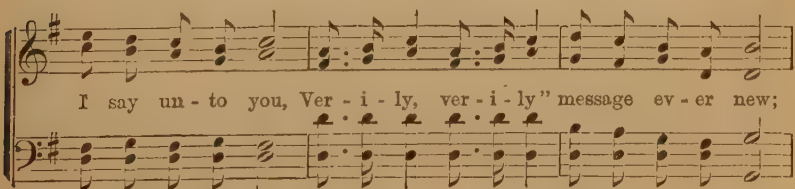


made me free; "He that be - liev - eth on the Son" saith He,  
 Him was paid; All who be - lieve on Him, the Lord hath said,  
 lieve His word; O glad mes - sage! ev - ery child of God,  
 not cast out, "He that be - liev - eth," O the good news shout,

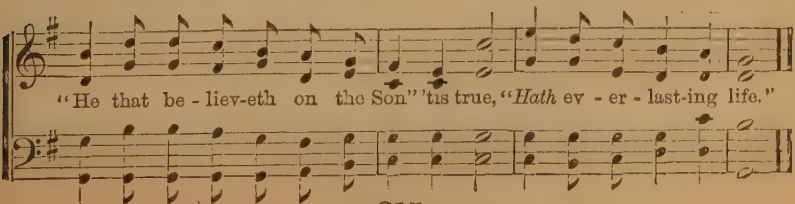
CHORUS.



"Hath ev - er - last - ing life." "Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly,  
 "Have ev - er - last - ing life."  
 "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."  
 "HATH ev - er - last - ing life."



I say un - to you, Ver - i - ly, ver - i - ly" message ev - er new;



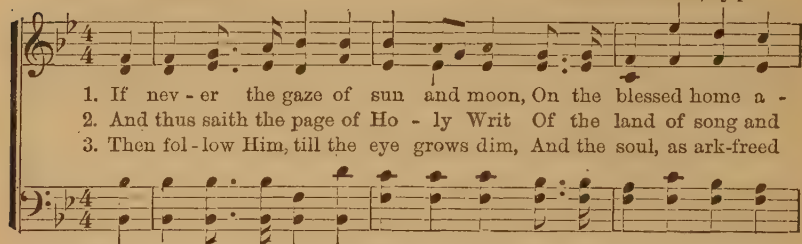
"He that be - liev - eth on the Son" 'tis true, "Hath ev - er - last - ing life."

# No. 243. The Lamb is the Light thereof. (G. H. 3-22.)

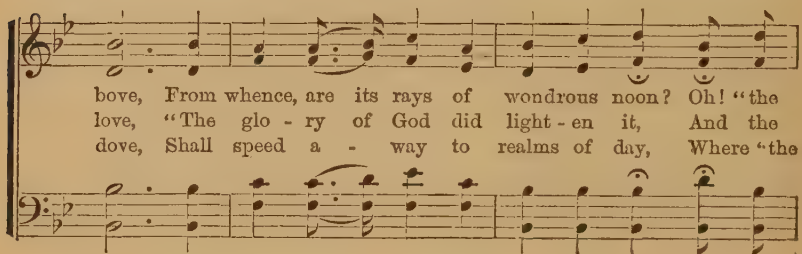
"And the Lamb is the light thereof."—REV. 21: 23.

Mrs. W. R. GRISWOLD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

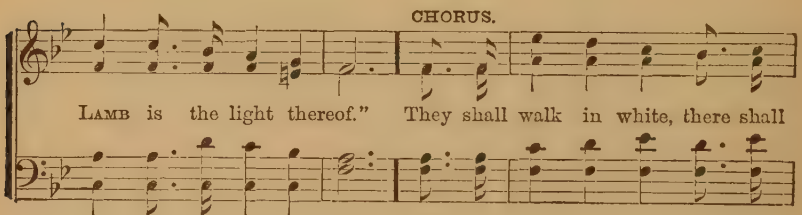


1. If nev - er the gaze of sun and moon, On the blessed home a -  
 2. And thus saith the page of Ho - ly Writ Of the land of song and  
 3. Then fol - low Him, till the eye grows dim, And the soul, as ark-freed

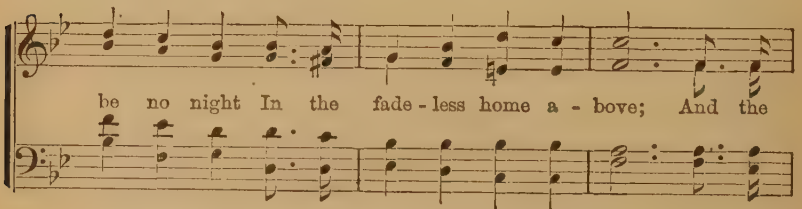


bove, From whence, are its rays of wondrous noon? Oh! "the  
 love, "The glo - ry of God did light - en it, And the  
 dove, Shall speed a - way to realms of day, Where "the

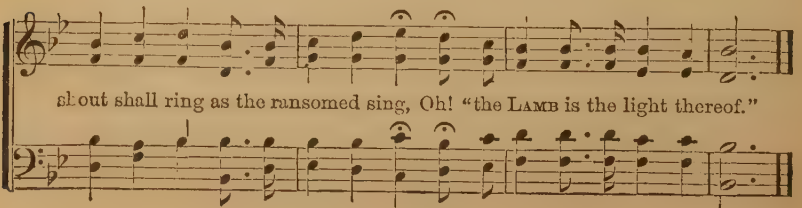
CHORUS.



LAMB is the light thereof." They shall walk in white, there shall



be no night In the fade - less home a - bove; And the



shout shall ring as the ransomed sing, Oh! "the LAMB is the light thereof."



## How Happy are We. (G. H. 3-23.)

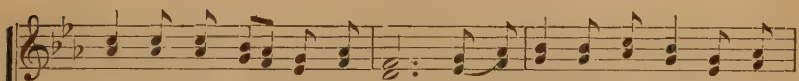
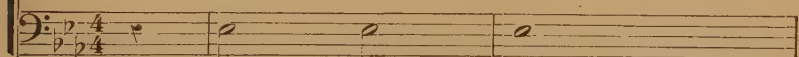
"He that keepeth the law, happy is he."—PROV. 29: 18.

P. P. R.

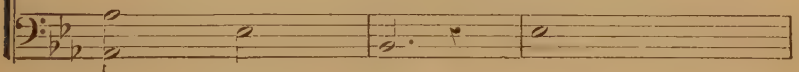
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Oh, how hap - py are we, Who in Je - sus a - gree, And ex -
2. When u - nit - ed to Him, We par - take of the stream Ev - er
3. We re - mem - ber the word Of our cru - ci - fied Lord, When He
4. Come, Lord, from the skies And com - mand us to rise To the



pect His re - turn from a - bove; We sit 'neath His vine, and de -  
 flow - ing in peace from the throne, We in Je - sus believe, and the  
 went to pre - pare us a place, "I will come in that day and will  
 mansions of glo - ry a - bove; With Thee to as - cend and e -



light - ful - ly join In the praise of His ex - cel - lent love.  
 spir - it re - ceive, That proceeds from the Fa - ther and Son.  
 take you a - way, And ad - mit to a sight of my face."  
 ter - ni - ty spend, In a rap - ture of heav - en - ly love.



## CHORUS.



Oh, how happy are we Who in Jesus agree, How happy, how happy are we.



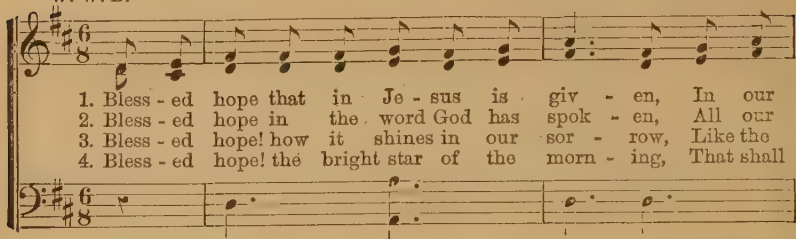
## No. 245.

## Blessed Hope. (G. H. 3-24.)

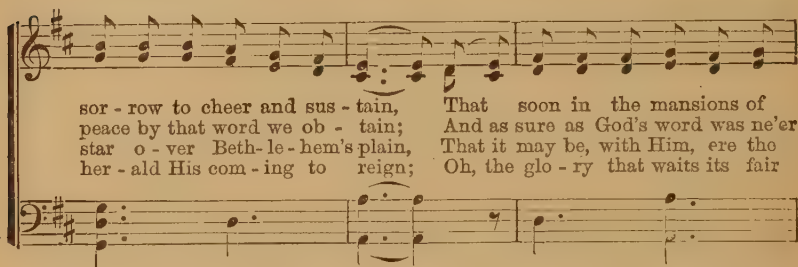
"That ye sorrow not even as others which have no hope."—1 THESS. 4: 13.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Bless - ed hope that in Je - sus is giv - en, In our  
 2. Bless - ed hope in the word God has spok - en, All our  
 3. Bless - ed hope! how it shines in our sor - row, Like the  
 4. Bless - ed hope! the bright star of the morn - ing, That shall

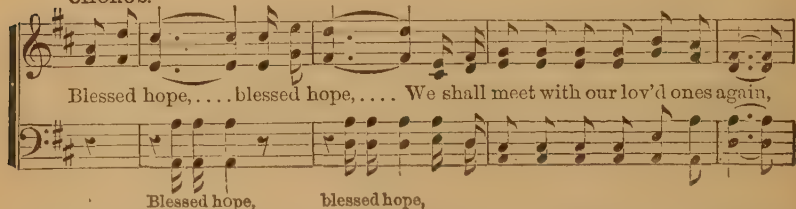


sor - row to cheer and sus - tain, That soon in the mansions of  
 peace by that word we ob - tain; And as sure as God's word was ne'er  
 star o - ver Beth - le - hem's plain, That it may be, with Him, ere the  
 her - ald His com - ing to reign; Oh, the glo - ry that waits its fair



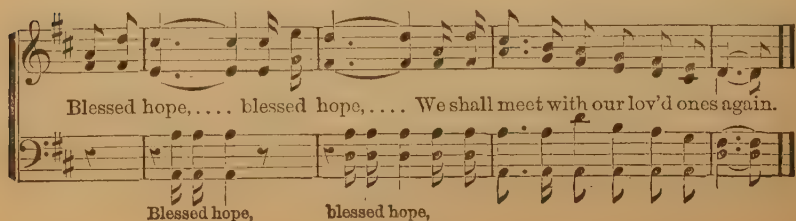
Heav - en, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.  
 bro - ken, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.  
 mor - row, We shall meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.  
 dawn - ing, When we meet with our lov'd ones a - gain.

## CHORUS.



Blessed hope, . . . blessed hope, . . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones again,

Blessed hope, blessed hope,



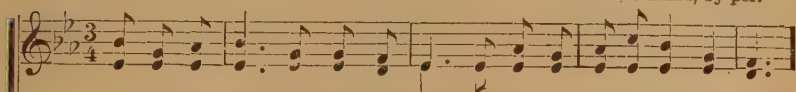
Blessed hope, . . . blessed hope, . . . We shall meet with our lov'd ones again.

Blessed hope, blessed hope,

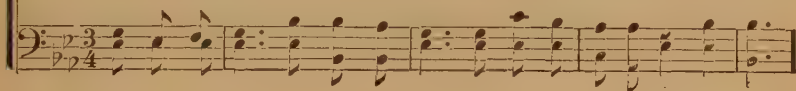
"How long halt ye between two opinions?"—1 KINGS 18: 21.

Dr. HORATIUS BONAR.

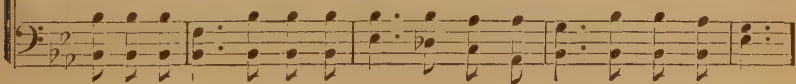
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



1. Oh! do not let the Word de-part, And close thine eyes against the light;
2. To-morrow's sun may nev - er rise, To bless thy long delud - ed sight;
3. The world has nothing left to give—It has no new, no pure de - light;
4. Our blessed Lord re - fus - es none Who would to Him their souls unite;



Poor sinner, harden not thy heart; Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?  
This is the time! Oh, then be wise! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?  
Oh, try, the life which Christians live! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?  
Then be the work of grace be-gun! Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



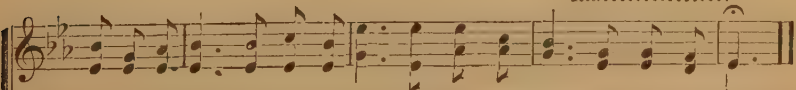
CHORUS.



Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



*Rit.*.....



Why not to-night? Why not to-night? Thou would'st be saved—Why not to-night?



"Let him come unto me."—JOHN 7: 37.

Mrs. N. K. BRADFORD.

EDWARD H. PHELPS, by per.

1. Oh, ten - der and sweet was the Mas - ter's voice As He  
 2. But my sins are many, my faith is small, Lo! the  
 3. But my flesh is weak, I tear - ful - ly said, And the  
 4. Ah, the world is cold, and I cannot go back, Press

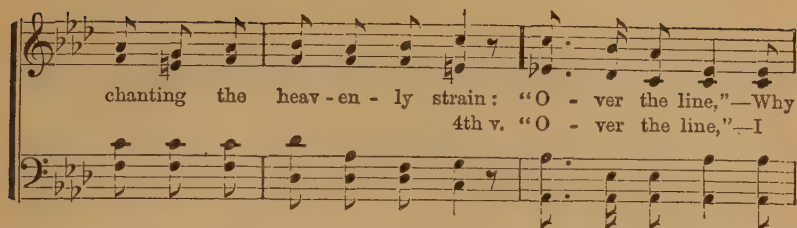
lov - ing - ly called to me, "Come o - ver the line, it is  
 an - swer came quick and clear; "Thou needest not trust in thy  
 way I can - not see; I fear if I try I may  
 for - ward I sure - ly must; I will place my hand in His

on - ly a step—I am wait - ing, my child, for thee."  
 self at all, Step o - ver the line, I am here"  
 sad - ly fail, And thus may dis - hon - or Thee.  
 wound - ed palm, Step o - ver the line and trust.

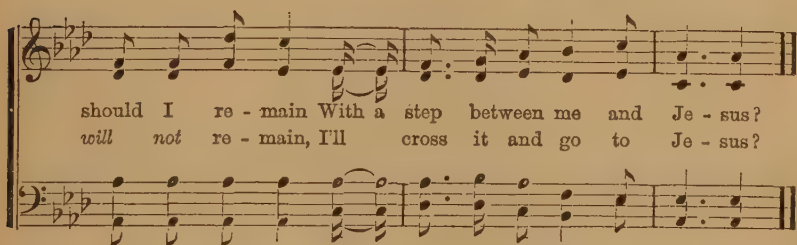
## REFRAIN.

"O - ver the line," hear the sweet re - frain, An - gels are

## Over the Line.—Concluded.



chanting the heav-en - ly strain: "O - ver the line,"—Why  
4th v. "O - ver the line,"—I



should I re - main With a step between me and Je - sus?  
will not re - main, I'll cross it and go to Je - sus?

—O—

No. 248.

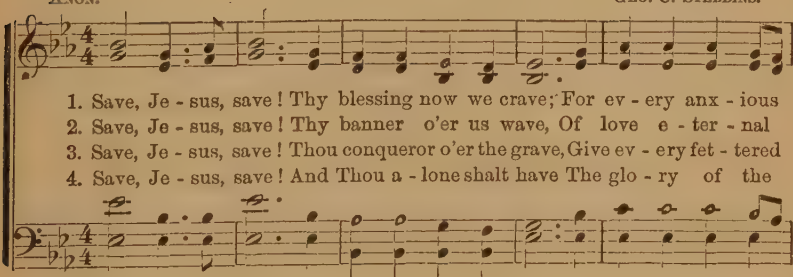
## Save, Jesus, Save!

(G. H. 3-27.)

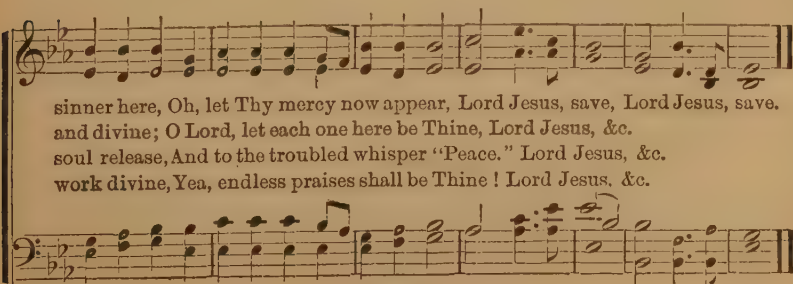
"Lord, save me."—MATT. 14: 30.

ANON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS.



1. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy blessing now we crave; For ev - ery anx - ious
2. Save, Je - sus, save! Thy banner o'er us wave, Of love e - ter - nal
3. Save, Je - sus, save! Thou conqueror o'er the grave, Give ev - ery fet - tered
4. Save, Je - sus, save! And Thou a - lone shalt have The glo - ry of the



sinner here, Oh, let Thy mercy now appear, Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.  
and divine; O Lord, let each one here be Thine, Lord Jesus, &c.  
soul release, And to the troubled whisper "Peace." Lord Jesus, &c.  
work divine, Yea, endless praises shall be Thine! Lord Jesus, &c.



"Knowing this that the trial of your faith worketh patience."—JAS. 1: 3.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. Tempted and tried! Oh! the ter-ri-ble tide May be rag-ing and  
 2. Tempted and tried There is One at thy side, And nev-er in  
 3. Tempted and tried What-e'er may be-tide, In His se-cret pa-  
 4. Tempted and tried! Yet the Lord will a-bide, Thy faith-ful Re-

deep, may be wrathful and wide! Yet its fu-ry is vain, For the  
 vain shall His children con-fide! He shall save and de-fend, For He  
 vil-ion His children shall hide, 'Neath the shadow-ing wing, Of E-  
 deem-er, thy Keep-er, and Guide, Thy Shield and thy Sword, Thine ex-

Lord shall restrain, And for-ev-er and ev-er Je-ho-vah shall reign.  
 loves to the end, A--dor-a-ble Master and glo-ri-ous Friend!  
 ter-ni-ty's King, His children shall trust, and His servants shall sing.  
 ceed-ing Re-ward, Then e-nough for the servant to be as his Lord.

CHORUS.

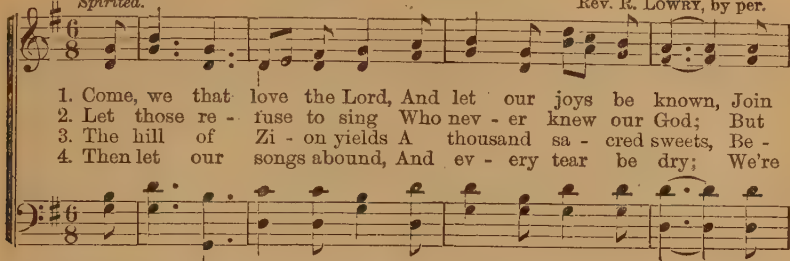
Tempted and tried, Yet the Lord at thy side, Shall guide thee, and

5. Tempted and tried,  
 The Saviour who died,  
 Hath called thee to suffer and reign by His  
 side;  
 His cross thou shalt bear,  
 And His crown thou shalt wear,  
 And forever and ever His glory shalt share.

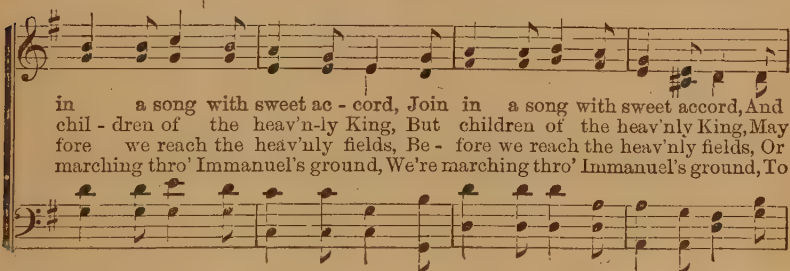
Rev. I. WATTS.

"We are journeying unto the place of which the Lord said,  
I will give it you."—NUM. 10:29.*Spirited.*

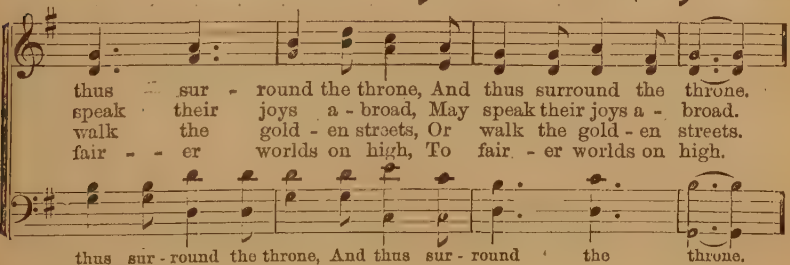
Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known, Join  
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our God; But  
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets, Be -  
4. Then let our songs abound, And ev - ery tear be dry; We're



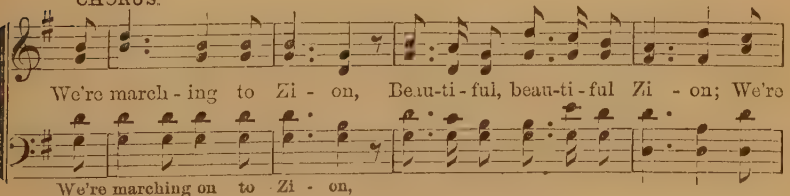
in a song with sweet ac - cord, Join in a song with sweet accord, And  
chil - dren of the heav'n - ly King, But children of the heav'nly King, May  
fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Be - fore we reach the heav'nly fields, Or  
marching thro' Immanuel's ground, We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground, To



thus sur - round the throne, And thus surround the throne.  
speak their joys a - broad, May speak their joys a - broad.  
walk the gold - en streets, Or walk the gold - en streets.  
fair - er worlds on high, To fair - er worlds on high.

thus sur - round the throne, And thus sur - round the throne.

## CHORUS.



We're march - ing to Zi - on, Beau - ti - ful, beau - ti - ful Zi - on; We're  
We're marching on to Zi - on,



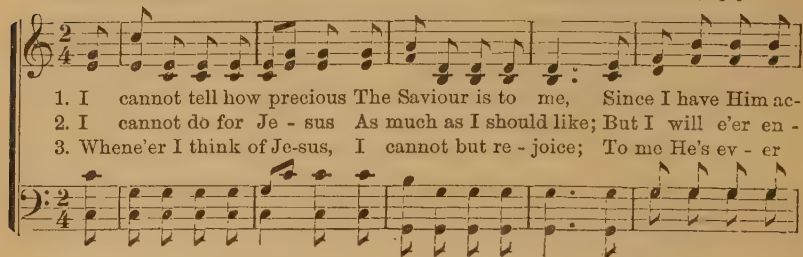
marching upward to Zi - on, The beau - ti - ful cit - y of God.  
Zi - on, Zi - on,

# No. 251. *I cannot Tell how Precious.* (G. H. 3-30.)

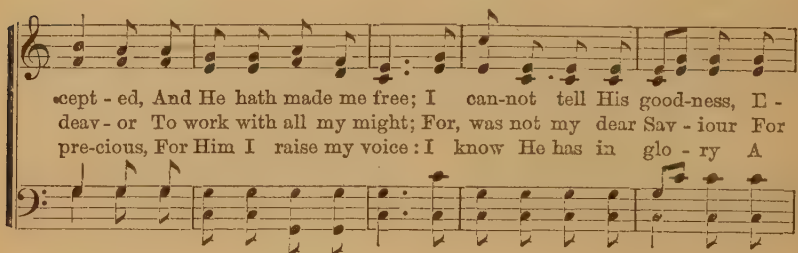
"Unto you therefore which believe he is precious."—1 PETER 2: 7.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

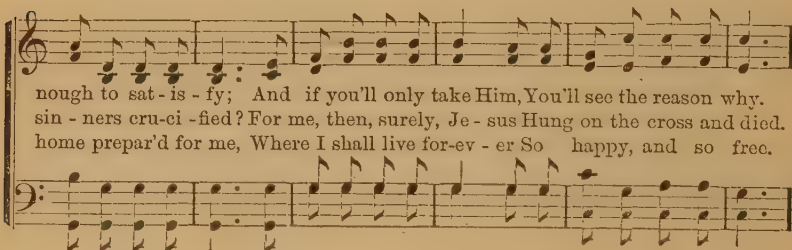
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. I cannot tell how precious The Saviour is to me, Since I have Him ac-  
 2. I cannot do for Je - sus As much as I should like; But I will e'er en -  
 3. Whene'er I think of Je-sus, I cannot but re - joice; To me He's ev - er

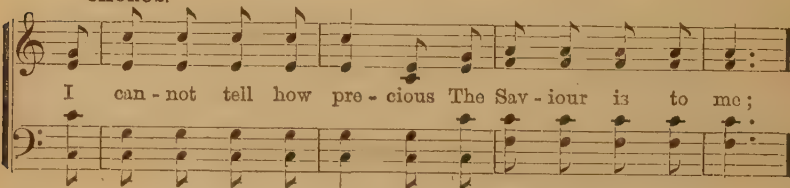


cept - ed, And He hath made me free; I can-not tell His good-ness, I -  
 deav - or To work with all my might; For, was not my dear Sav - iour For  
 pre-cious, For Him I raise my voice: I know He has in glo - ry A

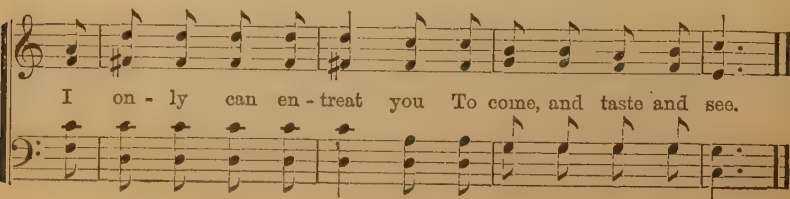


nough to sat - is - fy; And if you'll only take Him, You'll see the reason why.  
 sin - ners cru-ci - fied? For me, then, surely, Je - sus Hung on the cross and died.  
 home prepar'd for me, Where I shall live for-ev - er So happy, and so free.

## CHORUS.



I can - not tell how pre - cious The Sav - iour is to me;



I on - ly can en - treat you To come, and taste and see.

# No. 252. Beautiful Valley of Eden. (G. II. 3-31.)

"A rest to the people of God."—HEB. 4: 9.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

WM. F. SHERWIN, by per.



1. Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den! Sweet is thy noon-tide calm;
2. O - ver the heart of the mourner Shineth thy gold - en day,
3. There is the home of my Sav - iour; There, with the blood-wash'd throng,



- O - ver the hearts of the wea - ry, Breathing thy waves of balm.  
 Wafting the songs of the an - gels Down from the far a - way.  
 O - ver the highlands of glo - ry Roll - eth the great new song.



## REFRAIN.



Beau - ti - ful val - ley of E - den, Home of the pure and blest, How



the pure and blest,



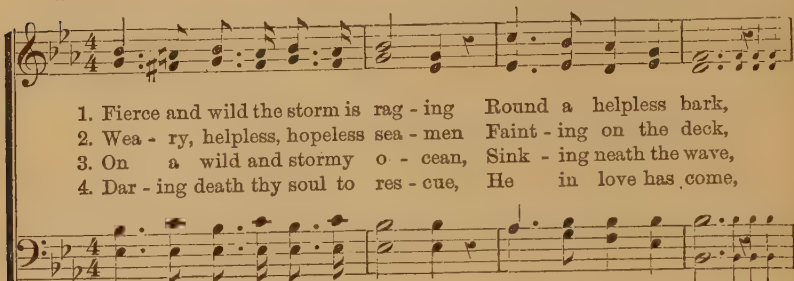
oft - en a - mid the wild bil - lows I dream of thy rest—sweet rest!



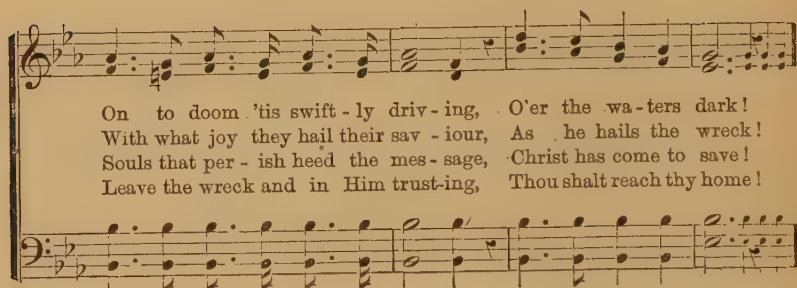
This song was suggested by a thrilling incident of a wreck and rescue at sea.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



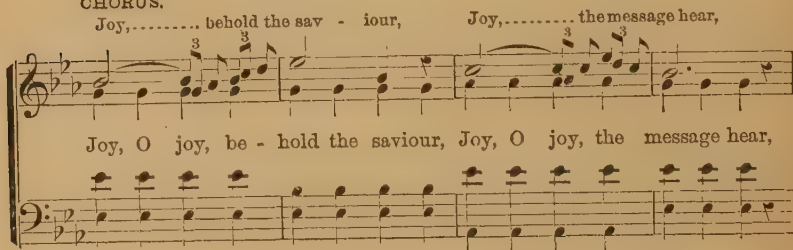
1. Fierce and wild the storm is rag - ing Round a helpless bark,  
 2. Wea - ry, helpless, hopeless sea - men Faint - ing on the deck,  
 3. On a wild and stormy o - cean, Sink - ing neath the wave,  
 4. Dar - ing death thy soul to res - cue, He in love has come,



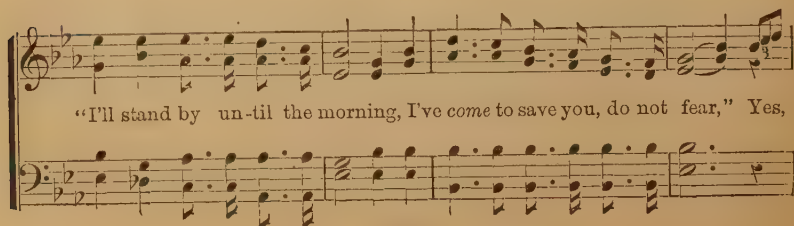
On to doom 'tis swift - ly driv - ing, O'er the wa - ters dark!  
 With what joy they hail their sav - iour, As he hails the wreck!  
 Souls that per - ish heed the mes - sage, Christ has come to save!  
 Leave the wreck and in Him trust - ing, Thou shalt reach thy home!

## CHORUS.

Joy,..... behold the sav - iour, Joy,..... the message hear,



Joy, O joy, be - hold the saviour, Joy, O joy, the message hear,



"I'll stand by un - til the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear," Yes,



# I'll Stand by You.—Concluded.

I'll stand by until the morning, I've come to save you, do not fear, do not fear.

No. 254.

## Saved by the Blood. (G.H. 3-33.)

"The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin."—1 JOHN 1: 7.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.

1. We're saved by the blood That was drawn from the side Of Je - sus our
2. O yes, 'tis the blood Of the Lamb that was slain; He conquered the
3. We're saved by the blood, We are sealed by its power; 'Tis life to the
4. That blood is a fount Where the vil-est may go, And wash till their
5. We're saved by the blood, Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain; We're saved by the

REFRAIN.

Lord, When He languished and died. Hal - le - lu - jah to God, For re-  
grave, And He liv - eth a - gain.  
soul, And its hope ev - ery hour.  
souls Shall be whi - ter than snow.  
blood, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

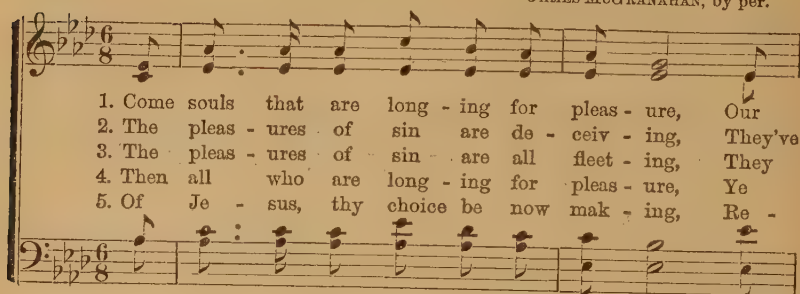
demption so free; Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Dear Saviour, to Thee.

# No. 255. Come now saith the Lord. (G. H. 3-34.)

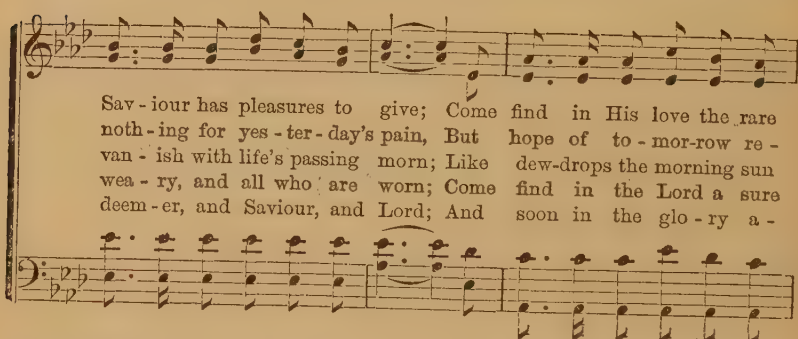
"Come now let us reason together, saith the Lord."—ISA. 1: 18.

W. W. D.

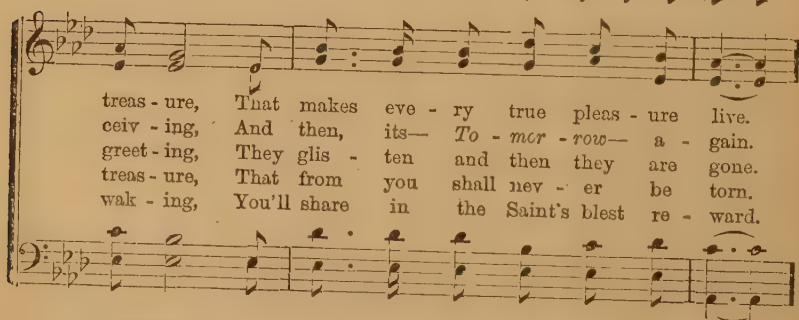
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Come souls that are long - ing for pleas - ure, Our  
 2. The pleas - ures of sin are de - ceiv - ing, They've  
 3. The pleas - ures of sin are all fleet - ing, They  
 4. Then all who are long - ing for pleas - ure, Ye  
 5. Of Je - sus, thy choice be now mak - ing, Re -

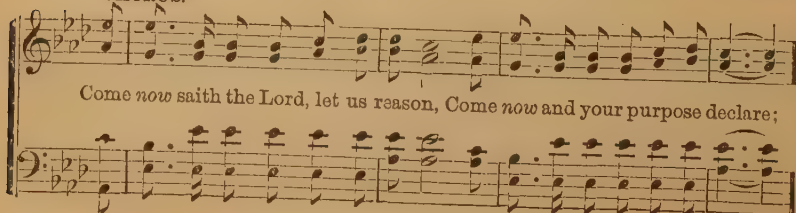


Sav - iour has pleasures to give; Come find in His love the rare  
 noth - ing for yes - ter - day's pain, But hope of to - mor - row re -  
 van - ish with life's passing morn; Like dew-drops the morning sun  
 wea - ry, and all who are worn; Come find in the Lord a sure  
 deem - er, and Saviour, and Lord; And soon in the glo - ry a -



treas - ure, That makes eve - ry true pleas - ure live.  
 ceiv - ing, And then, its To - mor - row a - gain.  
 greet - ing, They glis - ten and then they are gone.  
 treas - ure, That from you shall nev - er be torn.  
 wak - ing, You'll share in the Saint's blest re - ward.

## CHORUS.



Come now saith the Lord, let us reason, Come now and your purpose declare;

# Come now saith the Lord.—Concluded.

Is it pleasures of sin for a season, Or pleasures the glo - ri - fied share.

No. 256.

## I'm going Home. (G. II. 3-35.)

"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

Rev. WILLIAM HUNTER.

Air. by WILLIAM MILLER, M. D.

1 { My heavenly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can enter there; }  
 2 { Its glittering tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'nly mansion shall be mine. }  
 3 { My Fa - ther's house is built on high; Far, far above the starry sky; }  
 4 { When from this earth - ly pris-on free, That heav'nly mansion mine shall be. }  
 5 { Let oth - ers seek a home be - low, Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow, }  
 6 { Be mine a hap - pier lot, to own A heav'nly mansion near the throne. }  
 7 { Then fail this earth, let stars decline, And sun and moon refuse to shine, }  
 8 { All na - ture sink and cease to be, That heav'nly mansion stands for me. }

### CHORUS.

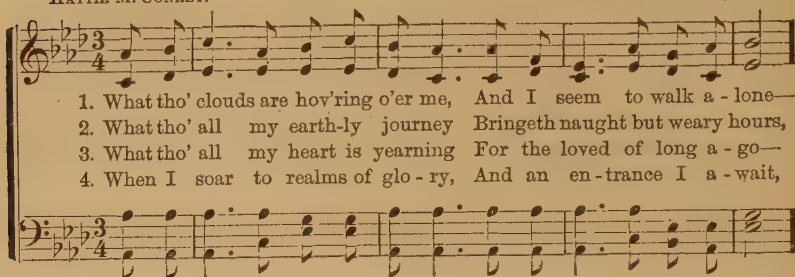
I'm going home, I'm go - ing home, I'm going home to die no more,

To die no more, To die no more, I'm going home to die no more.

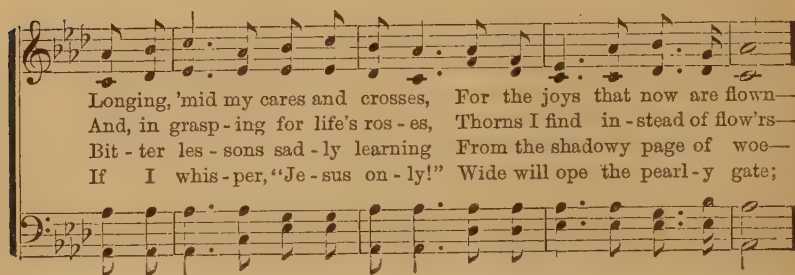
"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

HATTIE M. CONREY.

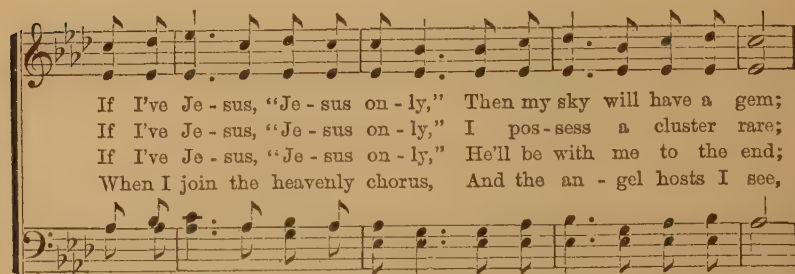
Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.



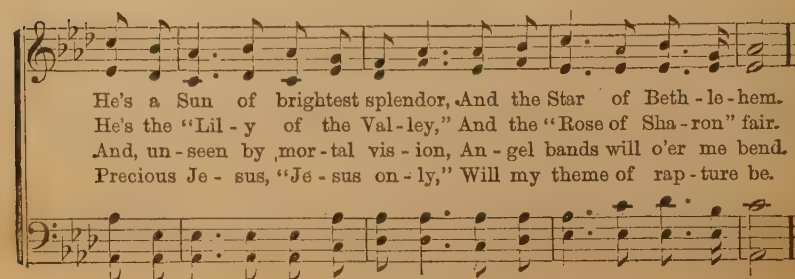
1. What tho' clouds are hov'ring o'er me, And I seem to walk a-lone—  
 2. What tho' all my earth-ly journey Bringeth naught but weary hours,  
 3. What tho' all my heart is yearning For the loved of long a-go—  
 4. When I soar to realms of glo-ry, And an en-trance I a-wait,



Longing, 'mid my cares and crosses, For the joys that now are flown—  
 And, in grasp-ing for life's ros-es, Thorns I find in-stead of flow'rs—  
 Bit-ter les-sons sad-ly learning From the shadowy page of woe—  
 If I whis-per, "Je-sus on-ly!" Wide will ope the pearl-y gate;



If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Then my sky will have a gem;  
 If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," I pos-sess a cluster rare;  
 If I've Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," He'll be with me to the end;  
 When I join the heavenly chorus, And the an-gel hosts I see,



He's a Sun of brightest splendor, And the Star of Beth-le-hem.  
 He's the "Lil-y of the Val-ley," And the "Rose of Sha-ron" fair.  
 And, un-seen by mor-tal vis-ion, An-gel bands will o'er me bend.  
 Precious Je-sus, "Je-sus on-ly," Will my theme of rap-ture be.

R. G. H.

"The Lord is my helper."—HEB. 13: 6.

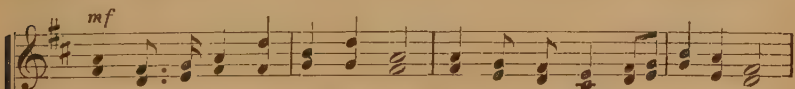
R. GEO. HALLS, by per.

*Moderato—bold.*

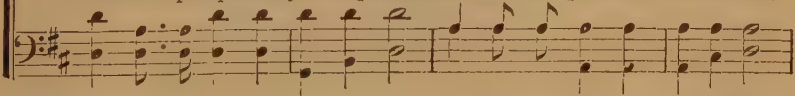
1. Whom have I, Lord, in heav'n but Thee? None but Thee! None but Thee!
2. I en - vy not the rich their joys, Christ for me! Christ for me!
3. Tho' with the poor be cast my lot, Christ for me! Christ for me!
4. Tho' I am now on hos-tile ground, Christ for me! Christ for me!
5. And when my life draws to its close, Christ for me! Christ for me!



And this my song thro' life shall be, Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 I cov - et not earth's glitt - ring toys, Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 "He knoweth best,"—I mur - mur not, Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 And sin be - set me all a - round, Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 Safe in His arms I shall re - pose, Christ for me! Christ for me!



He hath for me the wine-press trod, He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"  
 Earth can no last-ing bliss be - slow, "Fading" is stamped on all be-low;  
 Tho' "Vine and Fig-tree" blight assail, The "la-bor of the Ol-ive fail,"  
 Let earth her fiercest bat - tles wage, And foes a - gainst my soul engage,  
 When sharpest pains my frame pervade, And all the powers of nature fade,



And rec - on-ciled my soul to God, Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 Mine is a joy no end can know, Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 And death o'er flocks and herds pre-vail, Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 Strong in His strength I scorn their rage, Christ for me! Christ for me!  
 Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade, Christ for me! Christ for me!



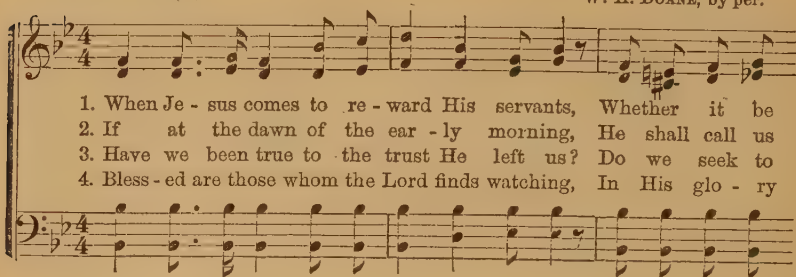


# No. 259. Will Jesus Find us Watching? (G. H. 3-38.)

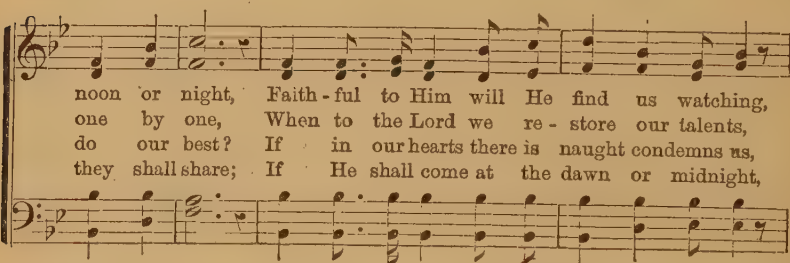
"Watch therefore; for ye know not what hour your Lord doth come."—MATT. 24: 42.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

W. H. DOANE, by per.



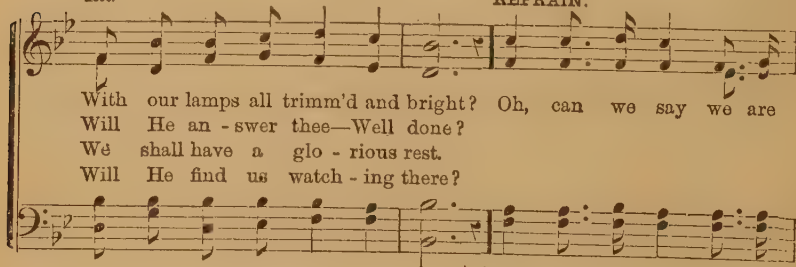
1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward His servants, Whether it be  
 2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us  
 3. Have we been true to the trust He left us? Do we seek to  
 4. Bless - ed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In His glo - ry



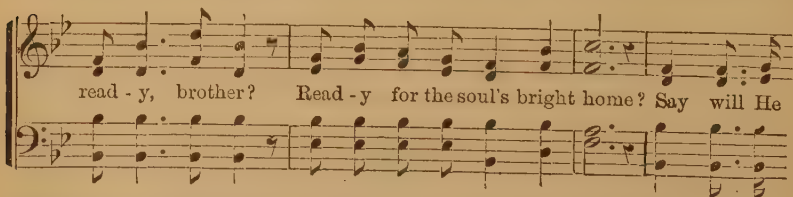
noon or night, Faith - ful to Him will He find us watching,  
 one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our talents,  
 do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,  
 they shall share; If He shall come at the dawn or midnight,

*Rit.*

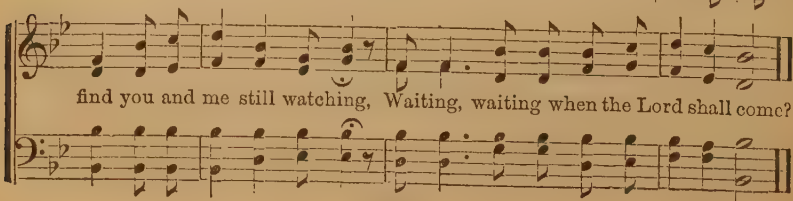
REFRAIN.



With our lamps all trimm'd and bright? Oh, can we say we are  
 Will He an - swer thee—Well done?  
 We shall have a glo - rious rest.  
 Will He find us watch - ing there?



read - y, brother? Read - y for the soul's bright home? Say will He

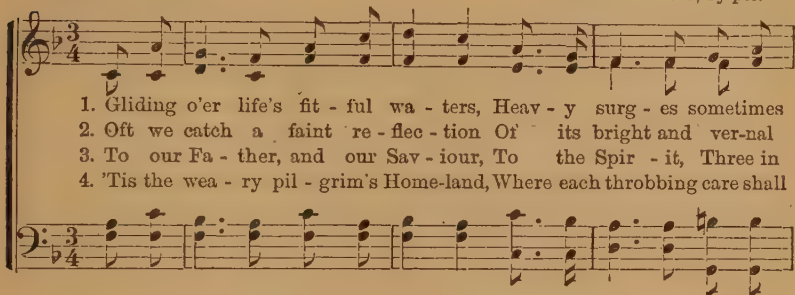


find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

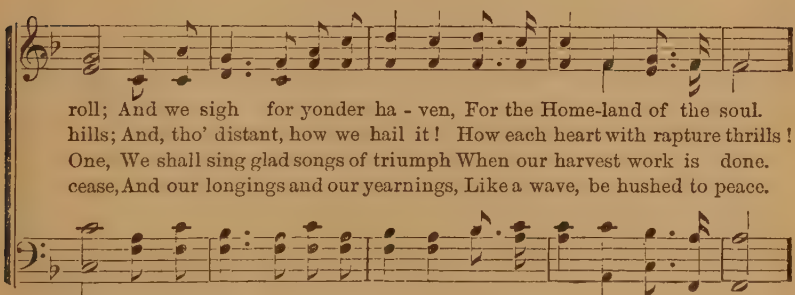
"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4:9.

FANNY J. CROSEY.

HUBERT P. MAIN, by per.



1. Gliding o'er life's fit - ful wa - ters, Heav - y surg - es sometimes  
 2. Oft we catch a faint re - flec - tion Of its bright and ver - nal  
 3. To our Fa - ther, and our Sav - iour, To the Spir - it, Three in  
 4. 'Tis the wea - ry pil - grim's Home-land, Where each throbbing care shall

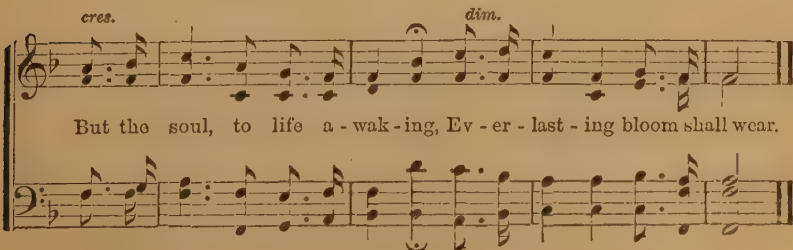


roll; And we sigh for yonder ha - ven, For the Home-land of the soul.  
 hills; And, tho' distant, how we hail it! How each heart with rapture thrills!  
 One, We shall sing glad songs of triumph When our harvest work is done.  
 cease, And our longings and our yearnings, Like a wave, be hushed to peace.

REFRAIN.



*cres.* *dim.*  
 Bless - ed Home-land, ev - er fair! Sin can nev - er en - ter there;



*cres.* *dim.*  
 But the soul, to life a - wak - ing, Ev - er - last - ing bloom shall wear.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ."—PHIL. 1: 23.

Rev. W. O. CUSHING.

IRA. D. SANKEY, by per.

1. I have heard of a land far a-way, And its  
 2. There are fore-tastes of heav-en be-low, There are  
 3. In that noon-tide of glo-ry so fair, In the  
 4. There the ran-somed with Je-sus a-bide In the

glo-ries no tongue can de-clare; But its beau-ty hangs  
 mo-ments like joys of the blest; But the splen-dors no  
 gleam of the riv-er of life, There are joys that the  
 shade of the shel-ter-ing fold; Ev-er-more by Im-

o-ver the way, And with Je-sus I long to be there.  
 mor-tal can know, Of the land where the wea-ry shall rest.  
 faith-ful shall share; O how sweet-ly they rest from the strife!  
 man-u-el's side, They shall dwell in the glo-ry un-told.

## REFRAIN.

To be there, to be there, And with Je-sus I long to be  
 To be there, to be there,

there; To be there. to be there, . . . And with Jesus I long to be there.  
 to be there, To be there, to be there,

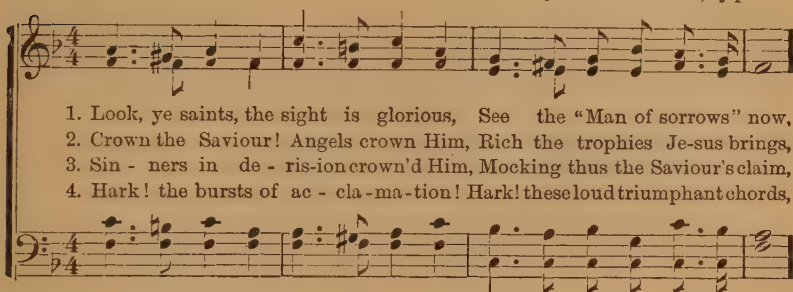
# No. 262.

# Crown Him. (G. H. 3-41.)

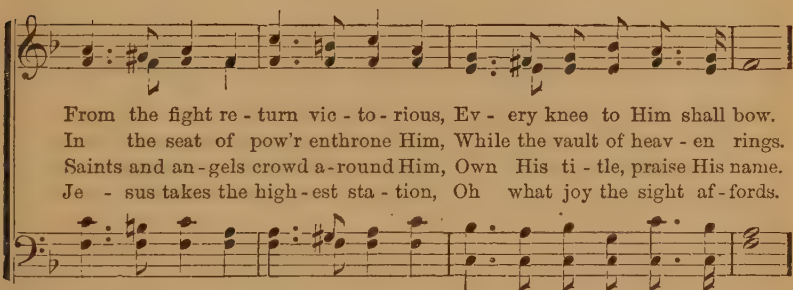
"Thou hast crowned him with glory and honor."—Ps. 8: 5.

REV. THOS. KELLY.

Arr. by GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

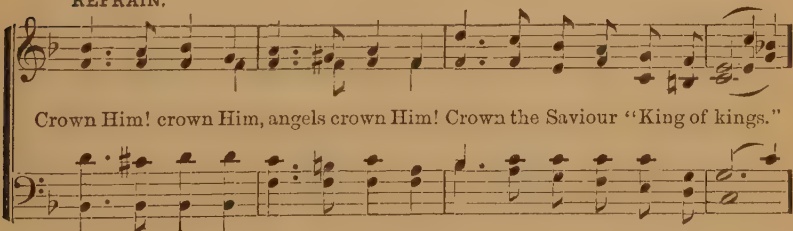


1. Look, ye saints, the sight is glorious, See the "Man of sorrows" now,  
 2. Crown the Saviour! Angels crown Him, Rich the trophies Je-sus brings,  
 3. Sin - ners in de - ris-ion crown'd Him, Mocking thus the Saviour's claim,  
 4. Hark! the bursts of ac - cla - ma - tion! Hark! these loud triumphant chords,

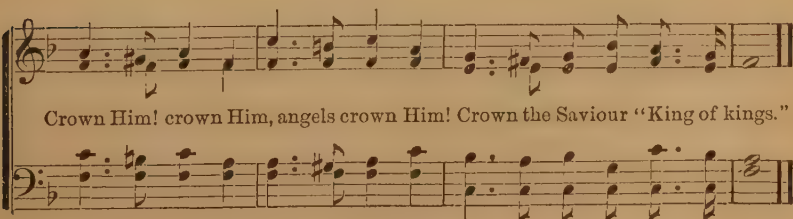


From the fight re - turn vic - to - rious, Ev - ery knee to Him shall bow.  
 In the seat of pow'r enthrone Him, While the vault of heav - en rings.  
 Saints and an - gels crowd a - round Him, Own His ti - tle, praise His name.  
 Je - sus takes the high - est sta - tion, Oh what joy the sight af - fords.

## REFRAIN.



Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."



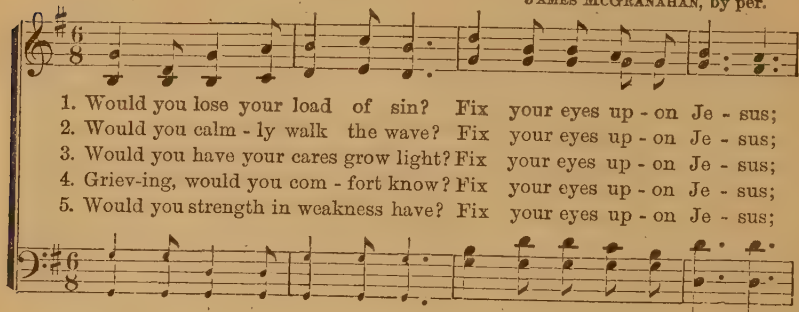
Crown Him! crown Him, angels crown Him! Crown the Saviour "King of kings."

# No. 263. *Fix your Eyes upon Jesus.* (G. II. 3-42.)

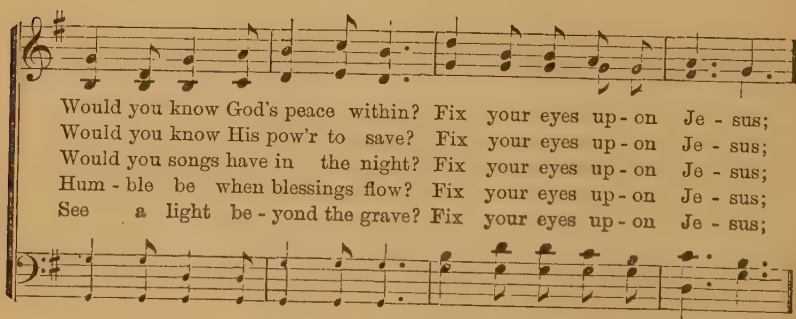
"Look unto me and be ye saved."—ISA. 45: 22.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

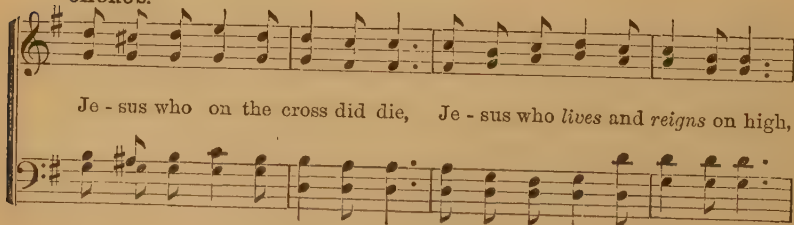


1. Would you lose your load of sin? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;  
 2. Would you calm - ly walk the wave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;  
 3. Would you have your cares grow light? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;  
 4. Griev - ing, would you com - fort know? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;  
 5. Would you strength in weakness have? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;

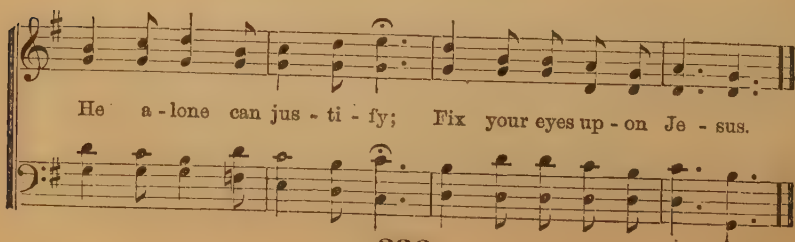


Would you know God's peace within? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;  
 Would you know His pow'r to save? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;  
 Would you songs have in the night? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;  
 Hum - ble be when blessings flow? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;  
 See a light be - yond the grave? Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus;

## CHORUS.



Je - sus who on the cross did die, Je - sus who *lives* and *reigns* on high,



He a - lone can jus - ti - fy; Fix your eyes up - on Je - sus.



"Thine eyes shall behold the land that is very far off"—ISA. 33: 17.

REV. ISAAC WATTS.

WILLIAM HENRY OAKLEY, by per.



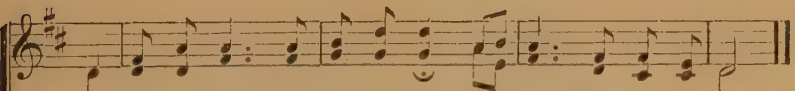
1. There is a land of pure delight, Where saints im-mor-tal reign;
2. Sweet fields, be - yond the swelling flood, Stand dress'd in liv - ing green;
3. O could we make our doubts remove, — Those gloomy doubts that rise, —



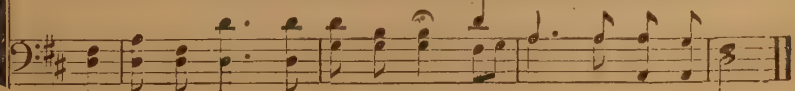
E - ter - nal day ex - cludes the night, And pleasures ban-ish pain.  
So to the Jews fair Ca - naan stood, While Jor-dan rolled between.  
And see the Ca - naan that we love, With un - be - clouded eyes, —



There ev - er - last - ing spring a - bides, And nev - er - fad - ing flow'rs;  
But tim - ous mortals start and shrink To cross this nar - row sea,  
Could we but climb where Mo - ses stood, And view the landscape o'er, —



Death, like a nar - row sea, di - vides That heavenly land from ours.  
And! lin-ger, tremb-ling on the brink, And fear to launch a - way.  
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood, Should fright us from the shore.

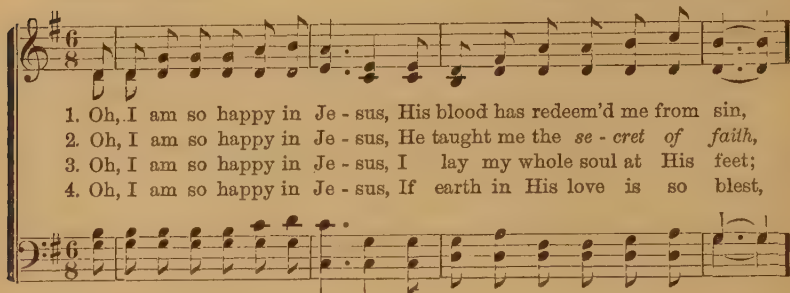


# No. 265. Oh, I am so Happy in Jesus. (G.H. 3-44.)

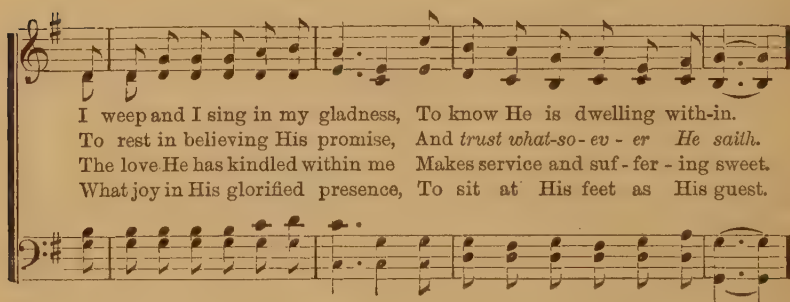
"Happy are thy men, happy are these thy servants."—1 KINGS 10: 8.

ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

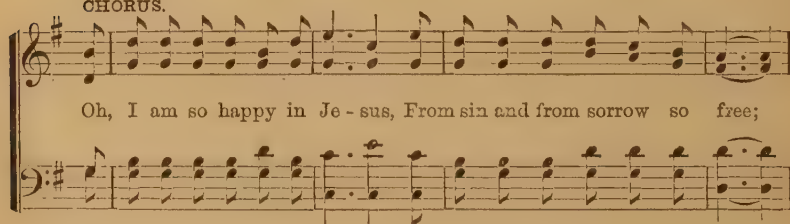


1. Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, His blood has redeem'd me from sin,  
 2. Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, He taught me the *se - cret of faith*,  
 3. Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, I lay my whole soul at His feet;  
 4. Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, If earth in His love is so blest,

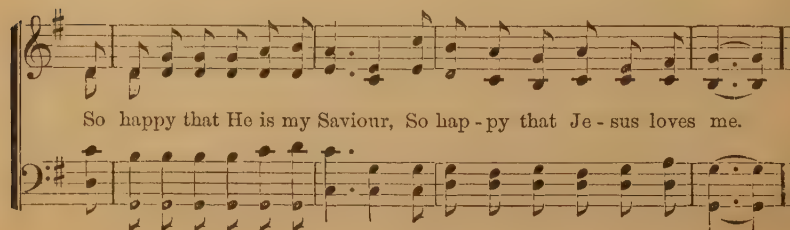


I weep and I sing in my gladness, To know He is dwelling with-in.  
 To rest in believing His promise, And *trust what-so-ev-er He saith*.  
 The love He has kindled within me Makes service and suf-fer-ing sweet.  
 What joy in His glorified presence, To sit at His feet as His guest.

## CHORUS.



Oh, I am so happy in Je - sus, From sin and from sorrow so free;



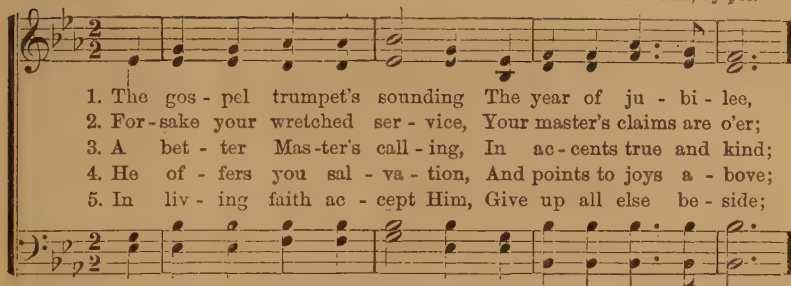
So happy that He is my Saviour, So hap-py that Je - sus loves me.

# No. 266. The Gospel Trumpet's Sounding. (G. H. 3-45.)

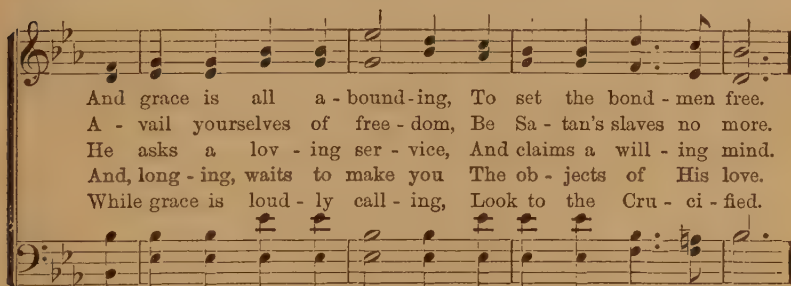
LEV. 25: 8-13.

ENGLISH

R. S. THAIN, by per.

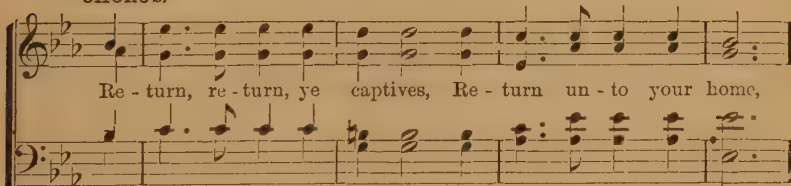


1. The gos - pel trumpet's sounding The year of ju - bi - lee,  
 2. For-sake your wretched ser - vice, Your master's claims are o'er;  
 3. A bet - ter Mas-ter's call-ing, In ac-cents true and kind;  
 4. He of - fers you sal - va - tion, And points to joys a - bove;  
 5. In liv - ing faith ac - cept Him, Give up all else be - side;

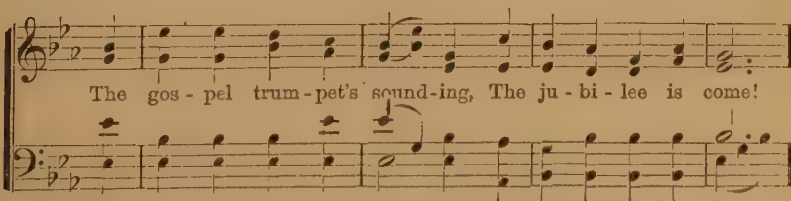


And grace is all a - bound-ing, To set the bond - men free.  
 A - vail yourselves of free - dom, Be Sa - tan's slaves no more.  
 He asks a lov - ing ser - vice, And claims a will - ing mind.  
 And, long - ing, waits to make you The ob - jects of His love.  
 While grace is loud - ly call - ing, Look to the Cru - ci - fied.

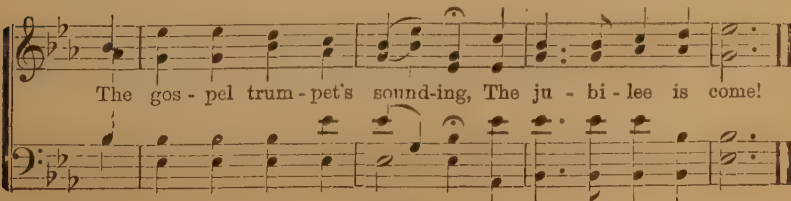
CHORUS.



Re - turn, re - turn, ye captives, Re - turn un - to your home,



The gos - pel trum - pet's sound-ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!



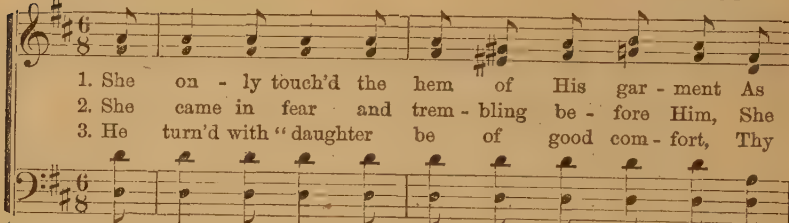
The gos - pel trum - pet's sound-ing, The ju - bi - lee is come!

# No. 267. The Hem of His Garment. (G. II. 3-46.)

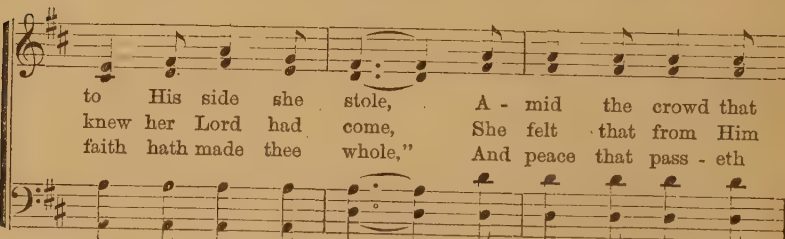
"If I may but touch his garment, I shall be whole"—MATT. 9: 21.

G. F. R.

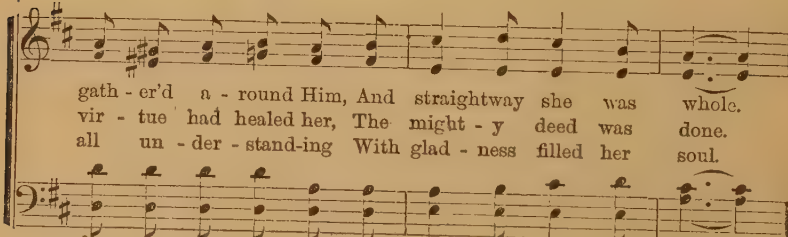
GEO. F. ROOT, by per.



1. She on - ly touch'd the hem of His gar - ment As  
 2. She came in fear and trem - bling be - fore Him, She  
 3. He turn'd with "daughter be of good com - fort, Thy

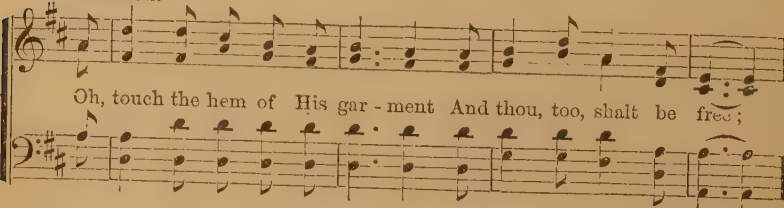


to His side she stole, A - mid the crowd that  
 knew her Lord had come, She felt that from Him  
 faith hath made thee whole," And peace that pass - eth

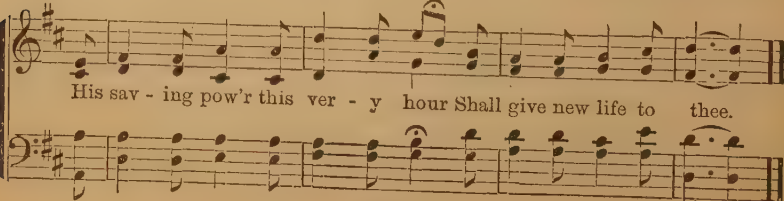


gath - er'd a - round Him, And straightway she was whole.  
 vir - tue had healed her, The might - y deed was done.  
 all un - der - stand - ing With glad - ness filled her soul.

## CHORUS.



Oh, touch the hem of His gar - ment And thou, too, shalt be free;



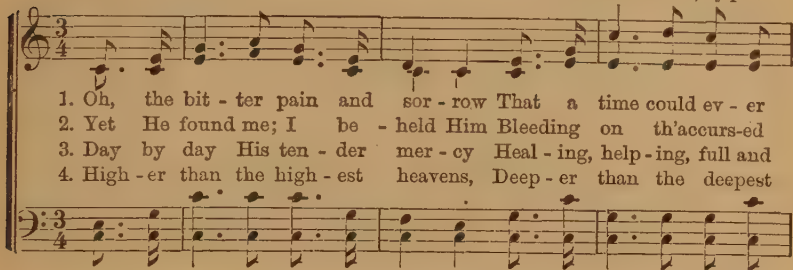
His sav - ing pow'r this ver - y hour Shall give new life to thee.

# No. 268. "None of self and all of Thee." (G.H. 3-47.)

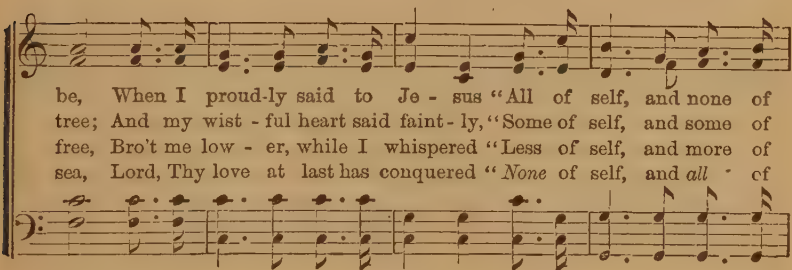
"But Christ is all and in all."—COL. 3: 11.

Rev. THEO. MONOD, arr.

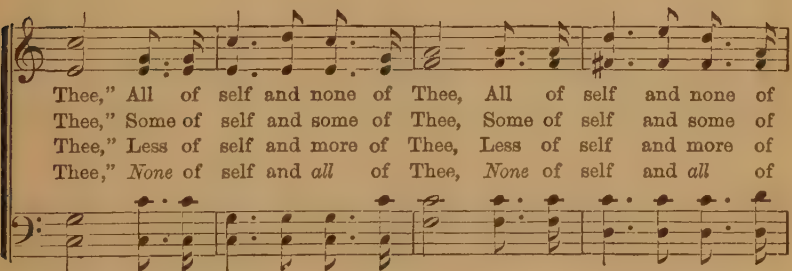
JAMES McGRANAHAN, ly per.



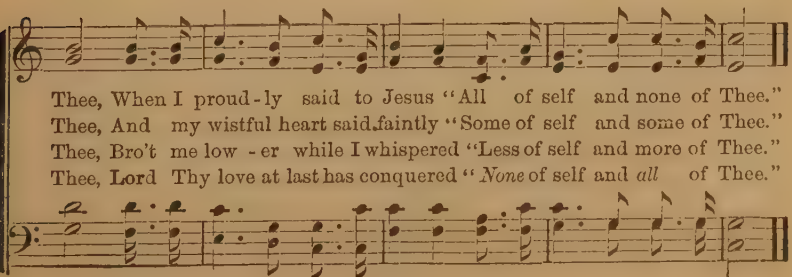
1. Oh, the bit - ter pain and sor - row That a time could ev - er  
 2. Yet He found me; I be - held Him Bleeding on th'accurs-ed  
 3. Day by day His ten - der mer - cy Heal - ing, help - ing, full and  
 4. High - er than the high - est heavens, Deep - er than the deepest



be, When I proud-ly said to Je - sus "All of self, and none of  
 tree; And my wist - ful heart said faint - ly, "Some of self, and some of  
 free, Bro't me low - er, while I whispered "Less of self, and more of  
 sea, Lord, Thy love at last has conquered "None of self, and all - of



Thee," All of self and none of Thee, All of self and none of  
 Thee," Some of self and some of Thee, Some of self and some of  
 Thee," Less of self and more of Thee, Less of self and more of  
 Thee," None of self and all of Thee, None of self and all of



Thee, When I proud-ly said to Jesus "All of self and none of Thee."  
 Thee, And my wistful heart said faintly "Some of self and some of Thee."  
 Thee, Bro't me low - er while I whispered "Less of self and more of Thee."  
 Thee, Lord Thy love at last has conquered "None of self and all of Thee."



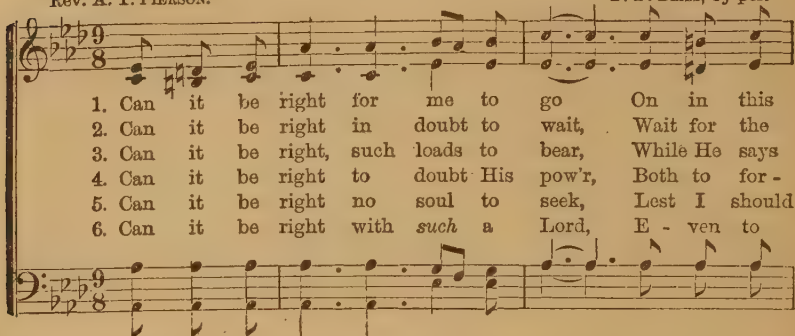
# Can it be Right?

(C.H. 3-48.)

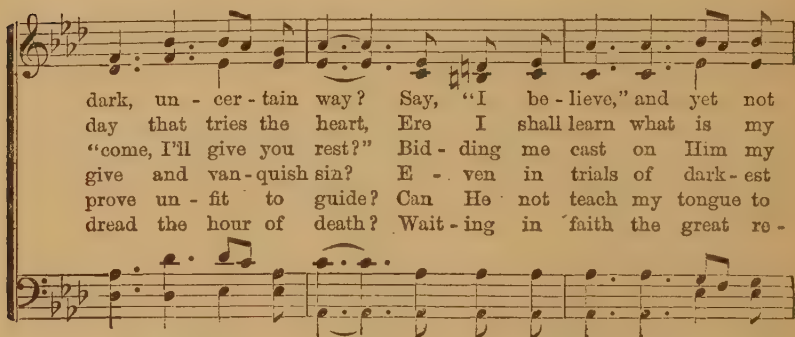
"Wherefore didst thou doubt?"—MATT. 14: 31.

Rev. A. T. PIERSON.

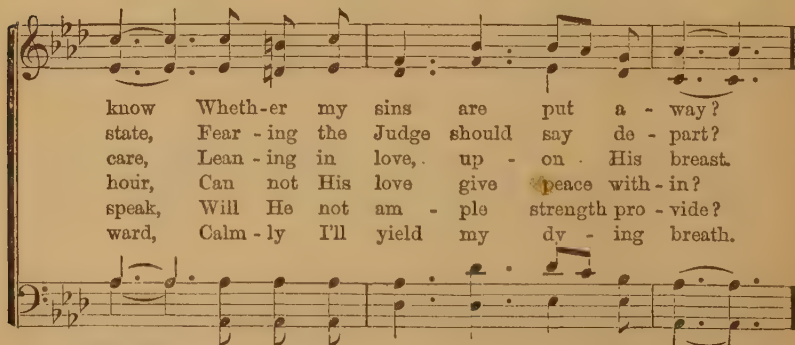
P. P. BLISS, by per.



1. Can it be right for me to go On in this  
 2. Can it be right in doubt to wait, Wait for the  
 3. Can it be right, such loads to bear, While He says  
 4. Can it be right to doubt His pow'r, Both to for-  
 5. Can it be right no soul to seek, Lest I should  
 6. Can it be right with such a Lord, E - ven to

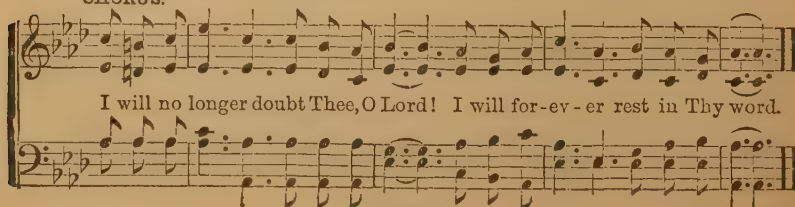


dark, un - cer - tain way? Say, "I be - lieve," and yet not  
 day that tries the heart, Ere I shall learn what is my  
 "come, I'll give you rest?" Bid - ding me cast on Him my  
 give and van - quish sin? E - ven in trials of dark - est  
 prove un - fit to guide? Can He not teach my tongue to  
 dread the hour of death? Wait - ing in faith the great re -



know Wheth - er my sins are put a - way?  
 state, Fear - ing the Judge should say de - part?  
 care, Lean - ing in love, up - on His breast.  
 hour, Can not His love give peace with - in?  
 speak, Will He not am - ple strength pro - vide?  
 ward, Calm - ly I'll yield my dy - ing breath.

## CHORUS.

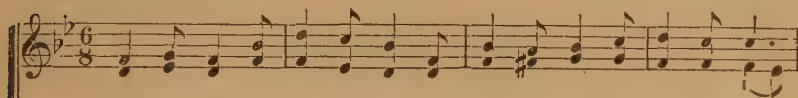


I will no longer doubt Thee, O Lord! I will for - ev - er rest in Thy word.

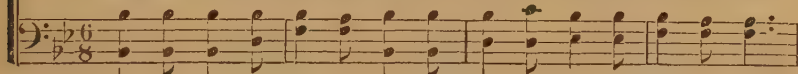

"They drank of that spiritual rock that followed them, and that rock was Christ."—1 COR. 10: 4.

GEO. C. NEEDHAM.


IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



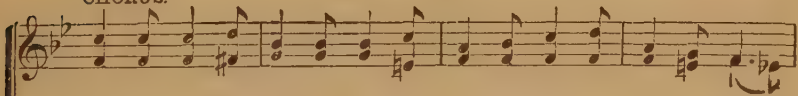
1. From the riv - en Rock there floweth, Liv - ing wa - ter ev - er clear;  
 2. "Without money, with-out mer-it," Je - sus calls, "Come unto Me,"  
 3. Fainting in the des - ert, drear-y, Guilt-y sin-ner, hark! 'tis He!



Wea-ry pilgrim, journeying onward, Know you not that Fount is near?  
 Thirsty traveller, be en - couraged, Know you not the Fount is free?  
 'Tis the Saviour still en - treating, Know you not He call - eth thee?




## CHORUS.



Je - sus is the Rock of A - ges— Smitten, stricken, lo! He dies;

From His side a liv - ing fountain, Know you not it sat - is - fies?



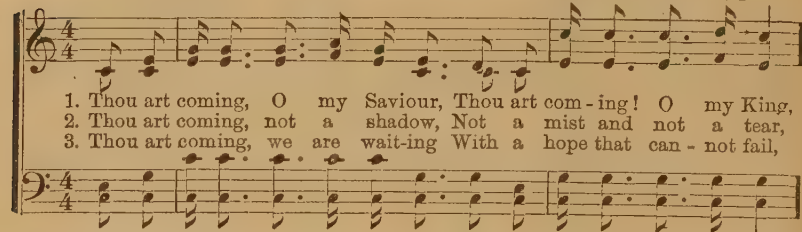
## No. 271.

## Thou art Coming! (G. II. 3-50.)

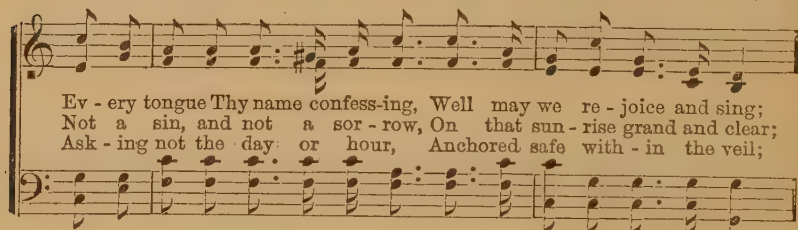
"Looking for that blessed hope, and the glorious appearing of the great God  
and our Saviour, Jesus Christ."—TITUS 2: 13.

Arr. from FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

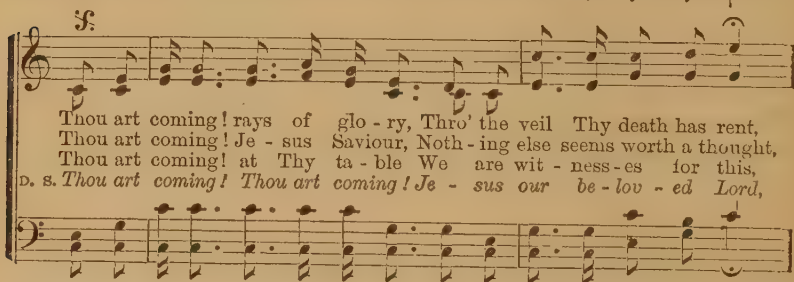
JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



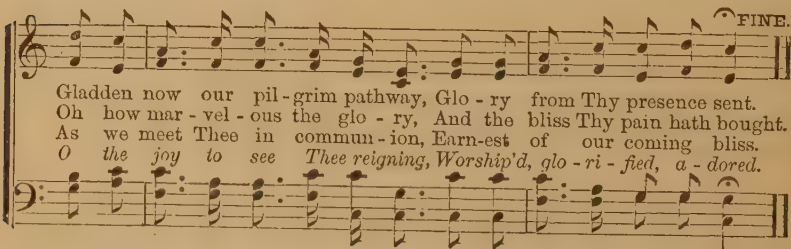
1. Thou art coming, O my Saviour, Thou art com-ing! O my King,  
2. Thou art coming, not a shadow, Not a mist and not a tear,  
3. Thou art coming, we are wait-ing With a hope that can - not fail,



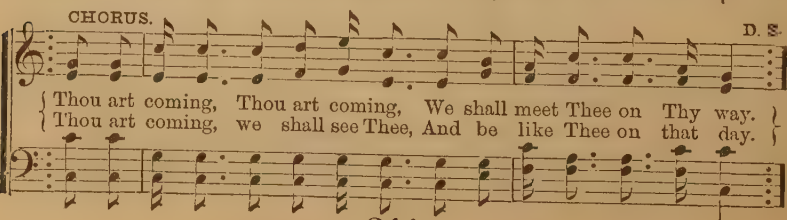
Ev - ery tongue Thy name confess-ing, Well may we re - joice and sing;  
Not a sin, and not a sor - row, On that sun - rise grand and clear;  
Ask - ing not the day or hour, Anchored safe with - in the veil;



Thou art coming! rays of glo - ry, Thro' the veil Thy death has rent,  
Thou art coming! Je - sus Saviour, Noth - ing else seems worth a thought,  
Thou art coming! at Thy ta - ble We are wit - ness - es for this,  
D. s. Thou art coming! Thou art coming! Je - sus our be - lov - ed Lord,



Gladden now our pil - grim pathway, Glo - ry from Thy presence sent.  
Oh how mar - vel - ous the glo - ry, And the bliss Thy pain hath bought.  
As we meet Thee in commun - ion, Earn - est of our coming bliss.  
O the joy to see Thee reigning, Worship'd, glo - ri - fied, a - dored.



CHORUS. D. S.


{ Thou art coming, Thou art coming, We shall meet Thee on Thy way. }  
{ Thou art coming, we shall see Thee, And be like Thee on that day. }

# No. 272. Only Trusting in my Saviour. (G. H. 3-51.)



"Jesus Christ and him crucified."—1 COR. 2: 2.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

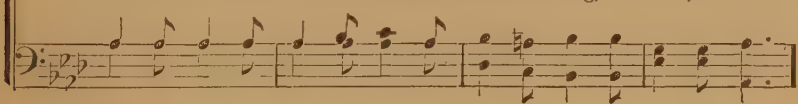
WM. F. SHEERWIN, by per.




1. On - ly trusting in my Saviour, All to Him my soul would leave;  
 2. On - ly trusting, nothing doubting, This is all that I can do;  
 3. There are breakers in the distance, Yet no dan-ger will I fear;  
 4. On - ly trusting, on - ly trusting, This is joy and life to me;

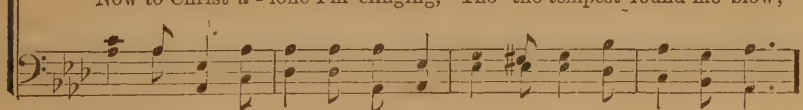

He has suffered to redeem me, And His word I now be-lieve.  
 Ev - ery tri - al that be-falls me He will safe-ly bring me thro'.  
 On the Rock my feet are rest-ing, Naught of harm can reach me here.  
 Thou wilt nev - er leave me friendless While I cling, O Christ, to Thee.



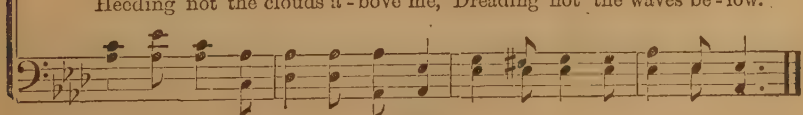
## REFRAIN.



Now to Christ a - lone I'm clinging, Tho' the tempest round me blow;

Heeding not the clouds a - bove me, Dreading not the waves be-low.

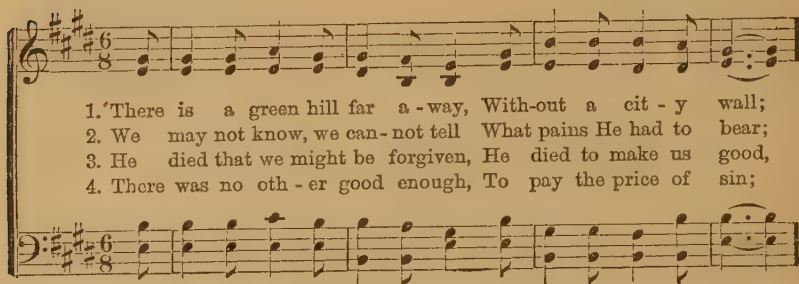


# No. 273. There is a Green Hill far away. (G. II. 3-52.)

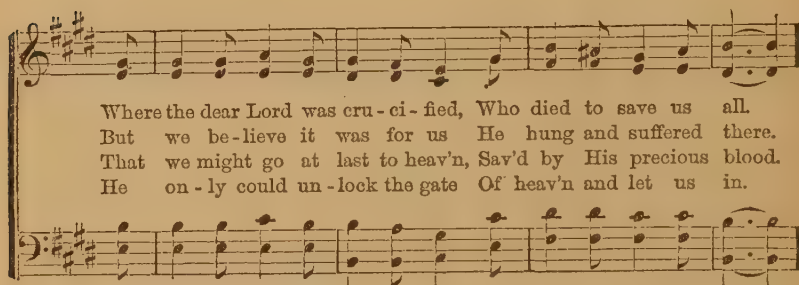
"And they took Jesus and led him away."—JOHN 19: 16.

Mrs. CECIL F. ALEXANDER.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

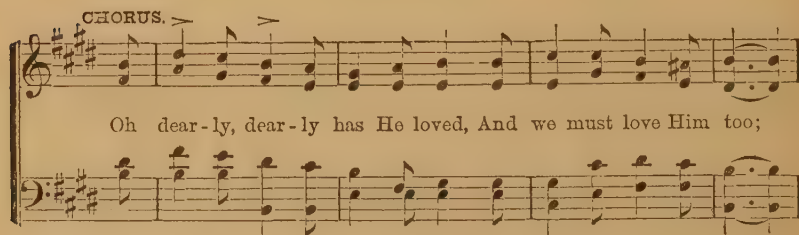


1. There is a green hill far a-way, With-out a cit-y wall;  
 2. We may not know, we can-not tell What pains He had to bear;  
 3. He died that we might be forgiven, He died to make us good,  
 4. There was no oth-er good enough, To pay the price of sin;



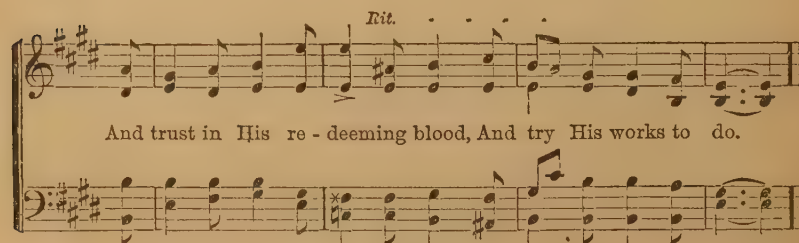
Where the dear Lord was cru-ci-fied, Who died to save us all.  
 But we be-lieve it was for us He hung and suffered there.  
 That we might go at last to heav'n, Sav'd by His precious blood.  
 He on-ly could un-lock the gate Of heav'n and let us in.

CHORUS.



Oh dear-ly, dear-ly has He loved, And we must love Him too;

*Rit.*



And trust in His re-deeming blood, And try His works to do.



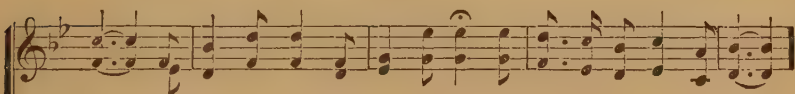
"In my Father's house are many mansions."—JOHN 14: 2.

REV. ARTHUR T. PIERSON.

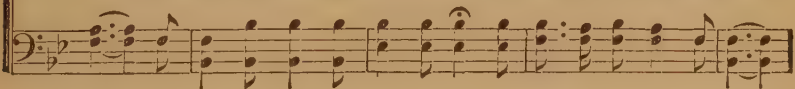
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. In my Father's house there is many a room, And my Lord has gone to pre-
2. In my Father's house there is end - less day, With no cloud of sorrow or
3. In my Father's house there's no want or woe, And there can be no more
4. In my Father's house there is no more death, For the life of God we
5. In my Father's house there are bless - ed saints, Who His holy im - age



pare A place for me; O can it be That I shall be with Him there?  
 care, No tearful eyes, no groans or sighs, They know who are with Him there.  
 pray'r; For what beside can God provide, Since we shall be with Him there.  
 share; No thought of sin can en - ter in, For we shall be with Him there.  
 bear; They find in this their sweetest bliss, That they may be with Him there.



## CHORUS.



For - ev - er with Je - sus there, For - ev - er with Je - sus there;



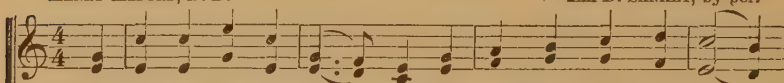
What grace divine, that He is mine! And I shall be with Him there.



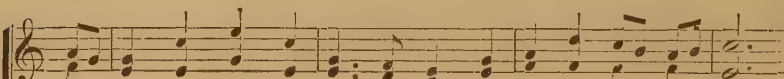
"The number of them was ten thousand times ten thousand."—REV. 5: 11.

HENRY ALFORD, D. D.

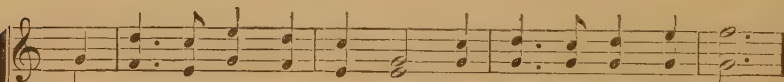
IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



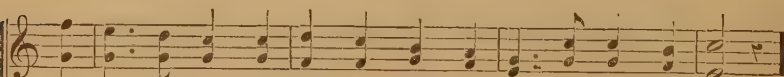
1. Ten thousand times ten thou - sand, In sparkling rai - ment bright,  
 2. What rush of hal - le - lu - jahs Fill all the earth and sky!  
 3. O, then what raptured greet - ings On Canaan's hap - py shore!



The ar - mies of the ransom'd saints Throng up the steeps of light;  
 What ring - ing of a thousand harps Bespeaks the tri - umphs nigh!  
 What knitting sev - er'd friendships up, Where partings are no more!




'Tis fin - ished, all is fin - ished, Their fight with death and sin;  
 O day for which cre - a - tion And all its tribes were made!  
 Then eyes with joy shall spar - kle, That brimm'd with tears of late;



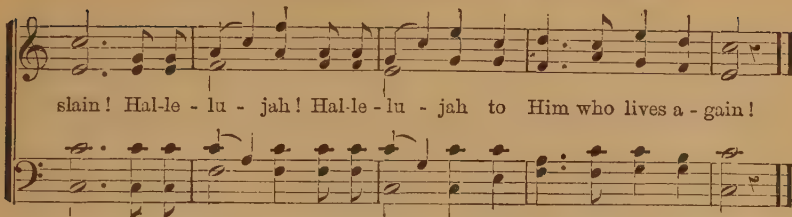
Fling o - pen wide the gold - en gates, And let the vic - tors in.  
 O joy, for all its form - er woes A thousand-fold re - paid!  
 Orphans no long - er fa - ther - less, Nor wid - ows des - o - late,

REFRAIN.



Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah to the Lamb who once was

# Ten Thousand times.—Concluded.



slain! Hal-le - lu - jah! Hal-le - lu - jah to Him who lives a - gain!

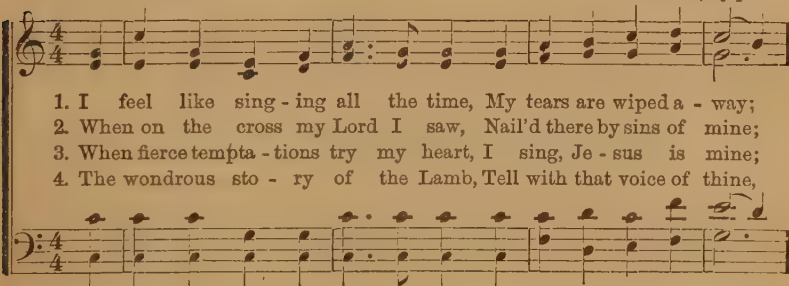
—o—

## No. 276. Singing all the Time. (G. H. 3-55.)

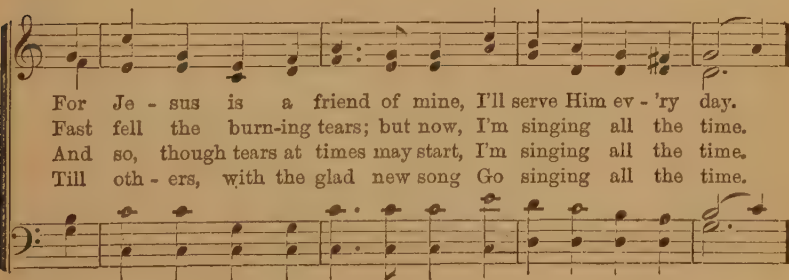
"Then was our mouth filled with singing."—Ps. 126: 2.

Rev. E. P. HAMMOND.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

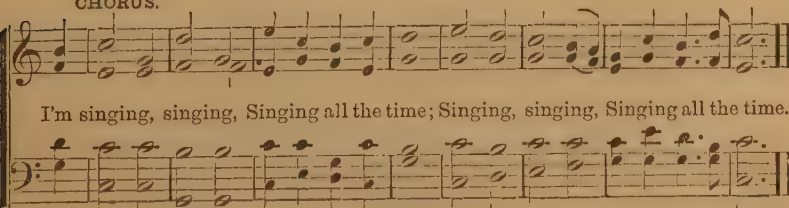


1. I feel like sing - ing all the time, My tears are wiped a - way;
2. When on the cross my Lord I saw, Nail'd there by sins of mine;
3. When fierce tempta - tions try my heart, I sing, Je - sus is mine;
4. The wondrous sto - ry of the Lamb, Tell with that voice of thine,



For Je - sus is a friend of mine, I'll serve Him ev - 'ry day.  
 Fast fell the burn - ing tears; but now, I'm singing all the time.  
 And so, though tears at times may start, I'm singing all the time.  
 Till oth - ers, with the glad new song Go singing all the time.

### CHORUS.

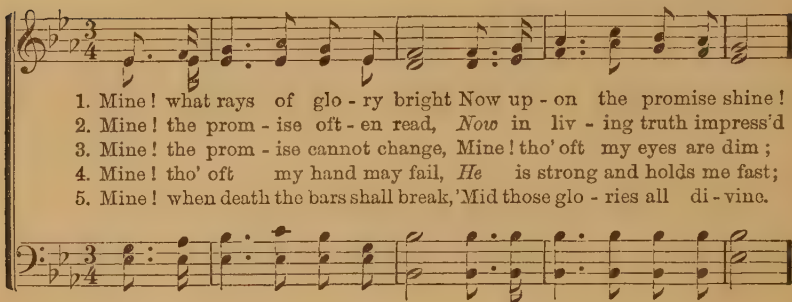


I'm singing, singing, Singing all the time; Singing, singing, Singing all the time.

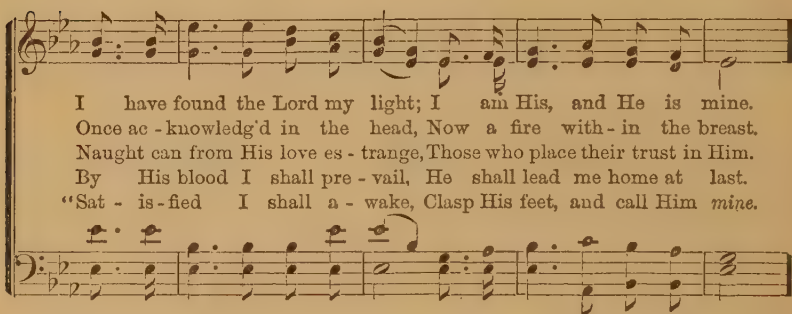
I'll praise Him, &c.

"And all mine are thine, and thine are mine"—JOHN 17: 10.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

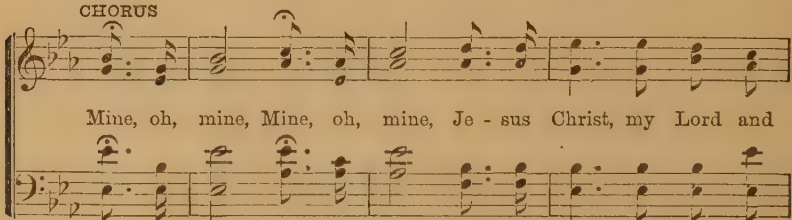


1. Mine! what rays of glo - ry bright Now up - on the promise shine!  
 2. Mine! the prom - ise oft - en read, Now in liv - ing truth impress'd  
 3. Mine! the prom - ise cannot change, Mine! tho' oft my eyes are dim;  
 4. Mine! tho' oft my hand may fail, He is strong and holds me fast;  
 5. Mine! when death the bars shall break, 'Mid those glo - ries all di - vine.

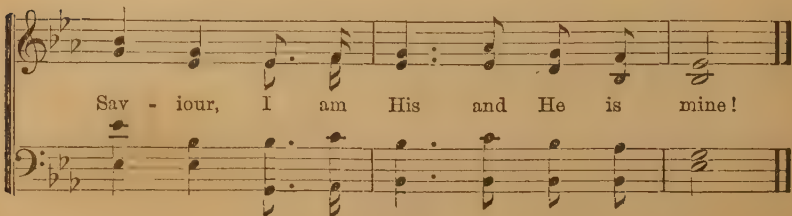


I have found the Lord my light; I am His, and He is mine.  
 Once ac - knowledg'd in the head, Now a fire with - in the breast.  
 Naught can from His love es - trange, Those who place their trust in Him.  
 By His blood I shall pre - vail, He shall lead me home at last.  
 "Sat - is - fied I shall a - wake, Clasp His feet, and call Him mine.

CHORUS



Mine, oh, mine, Mine, oh, mine, Je - sus Christ, my Lord and



Sav - iour, I am His and He is mine!

Last words of a faithful minister of Christ, who recently died in the hope of the gospel.

MARY S. WHEELER.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

1. { E - ter - ni - ty dawns on my vis - ion to - day, Gather round me my  
The shadows are past, and the veil is withdrawn, Brightly now does the

2. { E - ter - ni - ty dawns! Oh, the glo - ries that rise, How they burst on my  
With rapture the gleam of the cit - y I see, Where the crown and the

CHORUS.

loved ones to sing and to pray; }  
morn of e - ter - ni - ty dawn. } Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle -  
soul in its blissful sur - prise; }  
man - sion are waiting for me. }

lu - jah, we sing! Je - sus conquered the grave, robbing death of its sting;

Ho - san - na! a - gain let the glad anthem ring, "Sing and pray! E - ter - ni - ty dawns!"

- 3 "Eternity dawns!" There will be no more night,  
I am nearing the gates of the city of light;  
The shadows of time are all passing away,  
Tarry not, O my Saviour, come quickly, I pray.
- 4 "Eternity dawns!" Earth recedes from my view;  
Weeping friends, now farewell, I must bid you adieu;  
I'm resting in Jesus, His merits I plead,  
Fear ye not, "for my God shall supply all your need."
- 5 "Eternity dawns!" 'Tis a source of content,  
That in preaching salvation my life has been spent;  
'Tis "Jesus my All," and the Saviour of men,  
May His grace be upon you forever. Amen.



# No. 279. *Where is my Boy to-night?* (G. II. 3-58.)

"A foolish son is the heaviness of his mother."—PROV. 10: 1.

R. L.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

*With tenderness.*

1. Where is my wand'ring boy to-night—The boy of my tend'rest care, The  
 2. Once he was pure as morning dew, As he knelt at his mother's knee; No  
 3. O could I see you now, my boy, As fair as in old - en time, When  
 4. Go for my wand'ring boy to-night; Go, search for him where you will; But

boy that was once my joy and light, The child of my love and prayer?  
 face was so bright, no heart more true, And none was so sweet as he.  
 prattle and smile made home a joy, And life was a mer - ry chime!  
 bring him to me with all his blight, And tell him I love him still.

CHORUS. *Not too fast.*

O where is my boy to - night? O where is my boy to - night? My

# Where is my Boy to-night?—Concluded.

heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows; O where is my boy to - night?

## No. 280. Only for Thee. (G. H. 3-59.)

"To me to live is Christ."—PHIL. 1: 21.

ENGLISH.

JAS. McGRANAHAN, by per.

1. { Precious Saviour, may I live, On-ly for Thee! Spend the powers  
Be my spir-it's deep de-sire On-ly for Thee! May my in - tel -

2. { In my joys may I re-joice, On-ly for Thee! In my choices  
Meekly may I suf-fer grief, On-ly for Thee! Grateful-ly ac -

3. { Be my smiles and be my tears, On-ly for Thee! Be my young and  
Be my peace and be my strife On-ly for Thee! Be my love and

CHORUS.

Thou dost give On - ly for Thee! { On - ly Christ who died for me  
lect as - pire On - ly for Thee! {  
make my choice, On - ly for Thee! {  
cept re - lief, On - ly for Thee! {  
ri - per years, On - ly for Thee! {  
be my life, On - ly for Thee! {

Paid the price and made me free, Now, and thro' eter-ni - ty, On - ly for Thee!

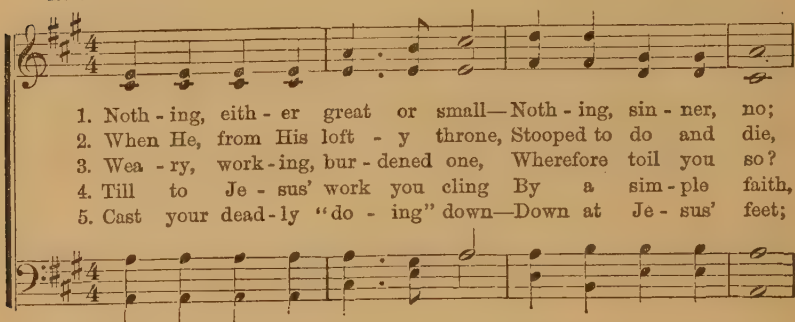
# It is Finished!

(G. H. 3-60.)

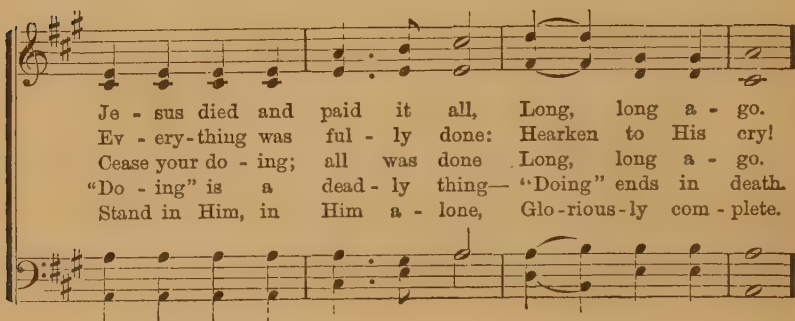
"What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"—LUKE 18: 18.

Rev. JAMES PROCTOR.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.

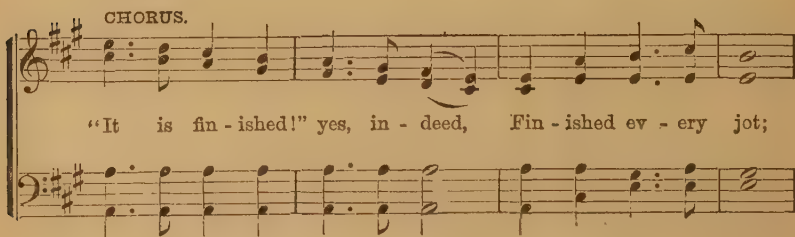


1. Noth - ing, eith - er great or small—Noth - ing, sin - ner, no;  
 2. When He, from His loft - y throne, Stooped to do and die,  
 3. Wea - ry, work - ing, bur - dened one, Wherefore toil you so?  
 4. Till to Je - sus' work you cling By a sim - ple faith,  
 5. Cast your dead - ly "do - ing" down—Down at Je - sus' feet;

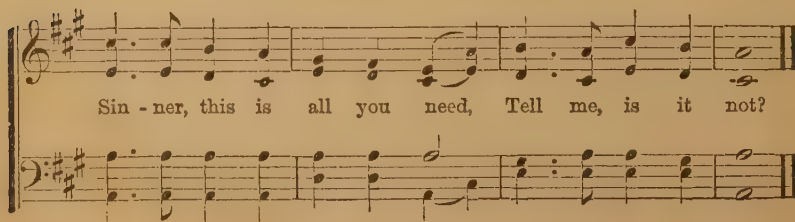


Je - sus died and paid it all, Long, long a - go.  
 Ev - ery - thing was ful - ly done: Hearken to His cry!  
 Cease your do - ing; all was done Long, long a - go.  
 "Do - ing" is a dead - ly thing— "Doing" ends in death.  
 Stand in Him, in Him a - lone, Glo - rious - ly com - plete.

CHORUS.



"It is fin - ished!" yes, in - deed, Fin - ished ev - ery jot;



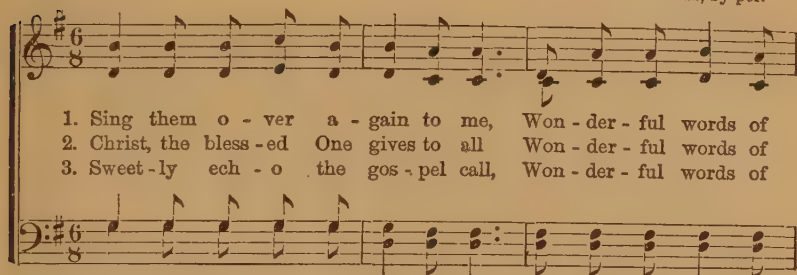
Sin - ner, this is all you need, Tell me, is it not?

# No. 282. Wonderful Words of Life. (G. H. 3-61.)

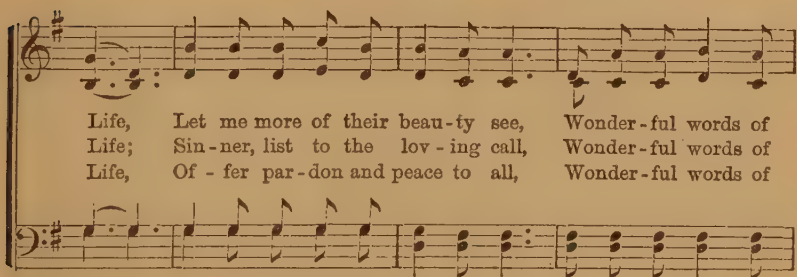
"The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit, and they are life."—JOHN 6: 61.

P. P. B.

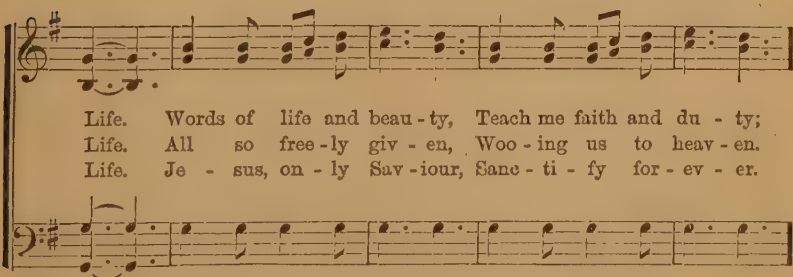
P. P. BLISS, by per.



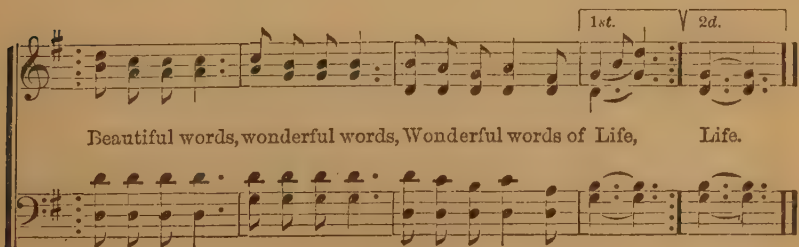
1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won - der - ful words of  
 2. Christ, the bless - ed One gives to all Won - der - ful words of  
 3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won - der - ful words of



Life, Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won - der - ful words of  
 Life; Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won - der - ful words of  
 Life, Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won - der - ful words of



Life. Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty;  
 Life. All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to heav - en.  
 Life. Je - sus, on - ly Sav - iour, Sancti - fy for - ev - er.



Beautiful words, wonderful words, Wonderful words of Life, Life.


# No. 283. What must it be to be There. (G. H. 3-62.)

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."—REV. 21: 4.


Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.


DUET.



1. We speak of the land of the blest, A  
 2. We speak of its path - ways of gold, Its  
 3. We speak of its peace and its love, The  
 4. We speak of its free - dom from sin, From  
 5. Do Thou, Lord, midst pleas - ure or woe, For




coun - try so bright and so fair, And oft are its  
 walls deck'd with jew - els so rare, Its won - ders and  
 robes which the glo - ri - fied wear, The songs of the  
 sor - row tempta - tion and care, From tri - als with -  
 heav - en our spir - its pre - pare, Then short - ly we




glo - ries con - fest, But what must it be to be there.  
 pleasures un - told, But what must it be to be there.  
 bless - ed a - bove, But what must it be to be there.  
 out and with - in, But what must it be to be there.  
 al - so shall know, And feel what it is to be there.

REFRAIN.



To be there, to be there, Oh what must it be to be there,  
 to be there, to be there, to be there,



To be there, to be there, Oh what must it be to be there.  
 to be there, to be there, to be there.

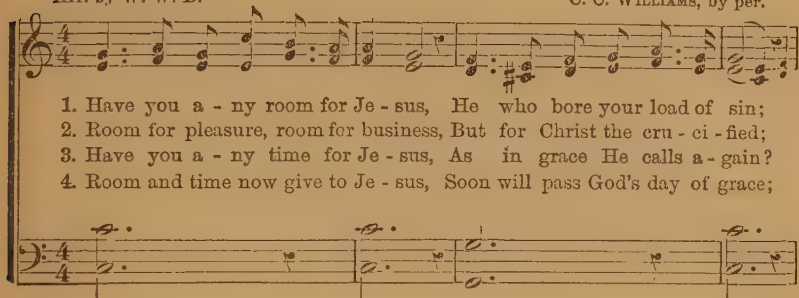


# No. 284. Have you any Room for Jesus? (G.H. 3-63.)

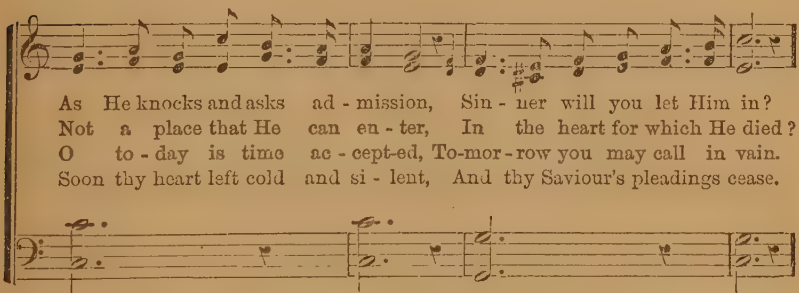
"Behold I stand at the door and knock."—REV. 3: 20.

Arr. by W. W. D.

C. C. WILLIAMS, by per.

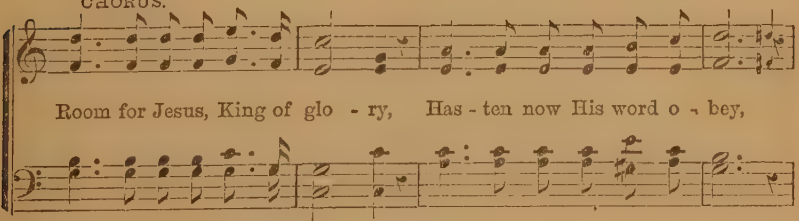


1. Have you a - ny room for Je - sus, He who bore your load of sin;
2. Room for pleasure, room for business, But for Christ the cru - ci - fied;
3. Have you a - ny time for Je - sus, As in grace He calls a - gain?
4. Room and time now give to Je - sus, Soon will pass God's day of grace;

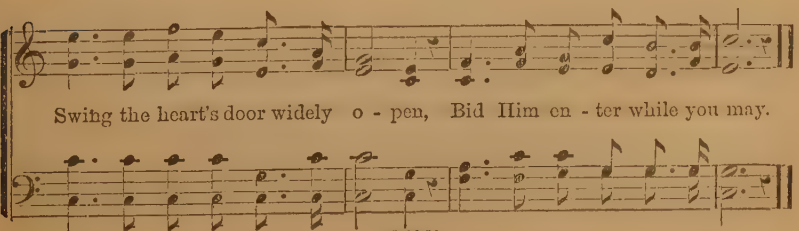


As He knocks and asks ad - mission, Sin - ner will you let Him in?  
 Not a place that He can en - ter, In the heart for which He died?  
 O to - day is time ac - cept-ed, To-mor - row you may call in vain.  
 Soon thy heart left cold and si - lent, And thy Saviour's pleadings cease.

## CHORUS.



Room for Jesus, King of glo - ry, Has - ten now His word o - bey,



Swing the heart's door widely o - pen, Bid Him en - ter while you may.

# No. 285. *There's a Work for each of Us.* (G.H. 3-64.)

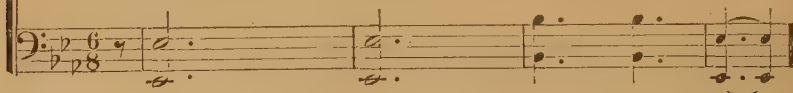
"For the Son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his home, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his work."—MARK 13: 34.

A. A. A.

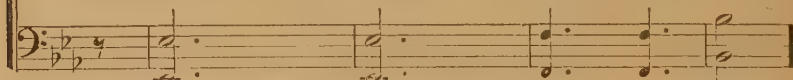
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



1. Our Mas-ter has taken His journey To a country that's far a - way,
2. In this "little while," doth it matter, As we work, and we watch, and we wait,
3. There's only one thing should concern us, To find just the task that is ours;
4. Our Mas-ter is coming most surely, To reckon with every one;



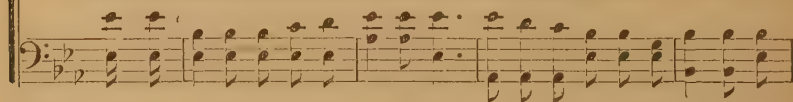
And has left us the care of the vineyard, To work for Him day by day.  
If we're filling the place He assigns us, Be its ser-vice small or great.  
And then, having found it, to do it With all our God-given pow'rs.  
Shall we then, count our toil or our sorrow, If His sentence be, "Well done."



## CHORUS.



There's a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do,



Yes, a work for me and a work for you, Something for each of us now to do.

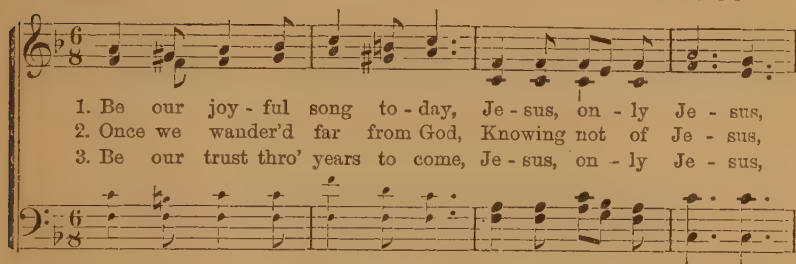


# Jesus, only Jesus. (G. H. 3-65.)

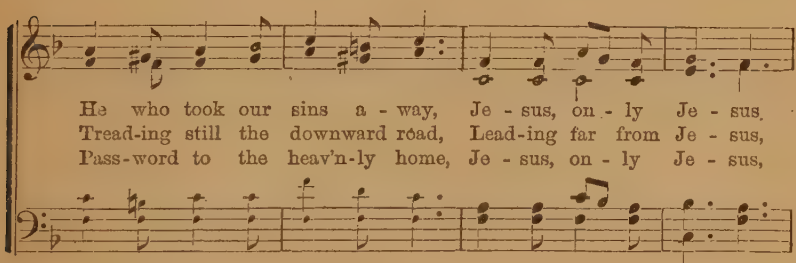
"They saw no man, save Jesus only."—MATT. 17: 8.

L. PIERCE.

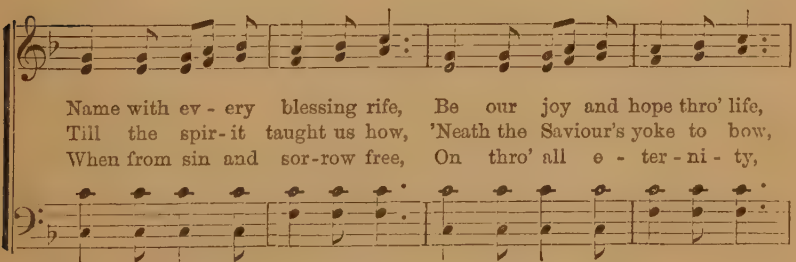
GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.



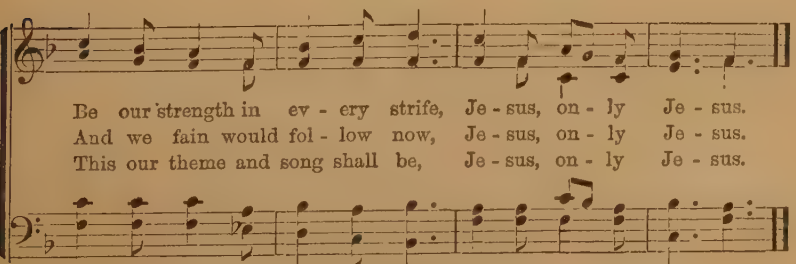
1. Be our joy - ful song to - day, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,  
 2. Once we wander'd far from God, Knowing not of Je - sus,  
 3. Be our trust thro' years to come, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,



He who took our sins a - way, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.  
 Tread-ing still the downward road, Lead-ing far from Je - sus,  
 Pass-word to the heav'n-ly home, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus,



Name with ev - ery blessing rife, Be our joy and hope thro' life,  
 Till the spir-it taught us how, 'Neath the Saviour's yoke to bow,  
 When from sin and sor-row free, On thro' all e - ter-ni - ty,

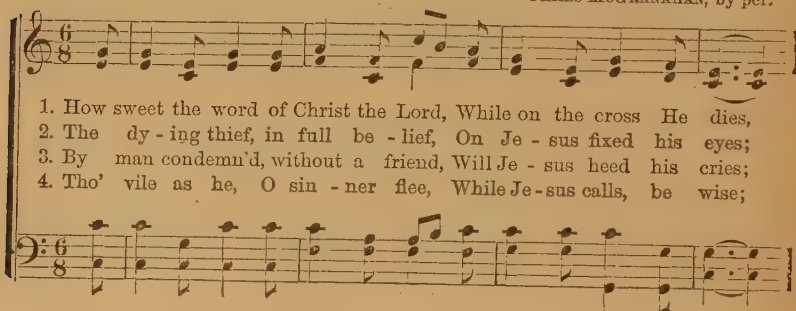


Be our strength in ev - ery strife, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.  
 And we fain would fol - low now, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.  
 This our theme and song shall be, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus.

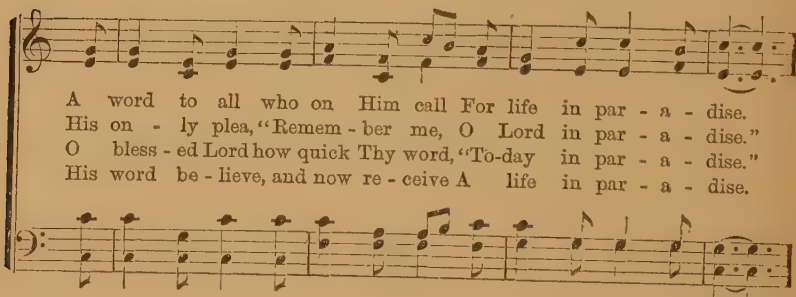
"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To day thou shalt be with me in Paradise."—LUKE 23: 43.

W. W. D.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

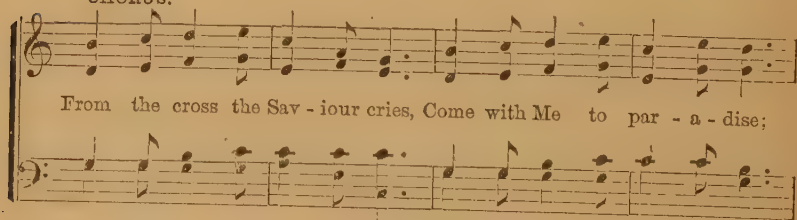


1. How sweet the word of Christ the Lord, While on the cross He dies,  
 2. The dy - ing thief, in full be - lief, On Je - sus fixed his eyes;  
 3. By man condemn'd, without a friend, Will Je - sus heed his cries;  
 4. Tho' vile as he, O sin - ner flee, While Je - sus calls, be wise;

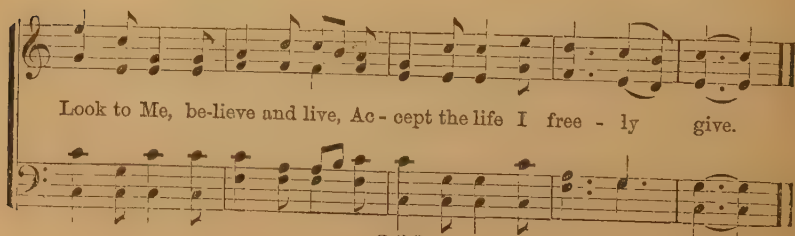


A word to all who on Him call For life in par - a - dise.  
 His on - ly plea, "Remem - ber me, O Lord in par - a - dise."  
 O bless - ed Lord how quick Thy word, "To-day in par - a - dise."  
 His word be - lieve, and now re - ceive A life in par - a - dise.

## CHORUS.



From the cross the Sav - iour cries, Come with Me to par - a - dise;

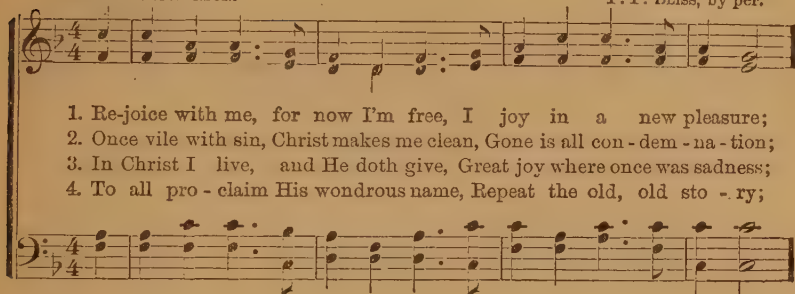


Look to Me, be - lieve and live, Ac - cept the life I free - ly give.

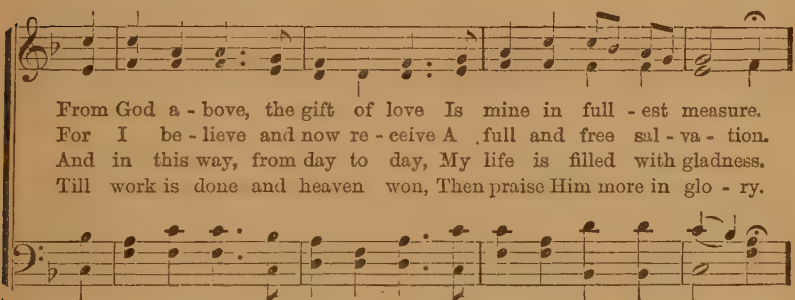
"Rejoice in the Lord alway."—PHIL. 4: 4.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

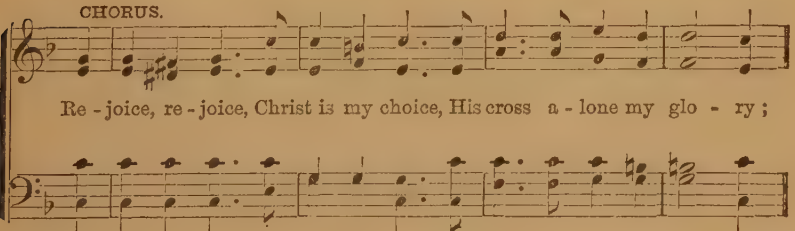


1. Re-joice with me, for now I'm free, I joy in a new pleasure;  
 2. Once vile with sin, Christ makes me clean, Gone is all con-dem-na-tion;  
 3. In Christ I live, and He doth give, Great joy where once was sadness;  
 4. To all pro-claim His wondrous name, Repeat the old, old sto-ry;

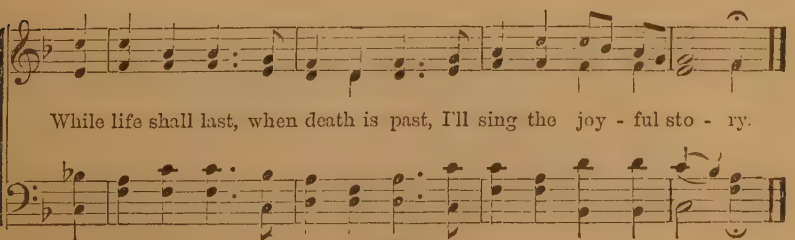


From God a-bove, the gift of love Is mine in full-est measure.  
 For I be-lieve and now re-ceive A full and free sal-va-tion.  
 And in this way, from day to day, My life is filled with gladness.  
 Till work is done and heaven won, Then praise Him more in glo-ry.

## CHORUS.



Re-joice, re-joice, Christ is my choice, His cross a-lone my glo-ry;



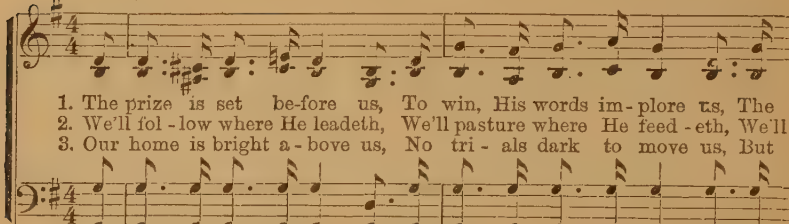
While life shall last, when death is past, I'll sing the joy-ful sto-ry.



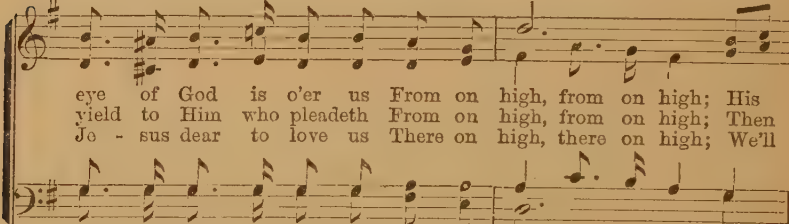
"I press toward the mark."—PHIL. 3: 14.

Dr. C. R. BLACKALL.

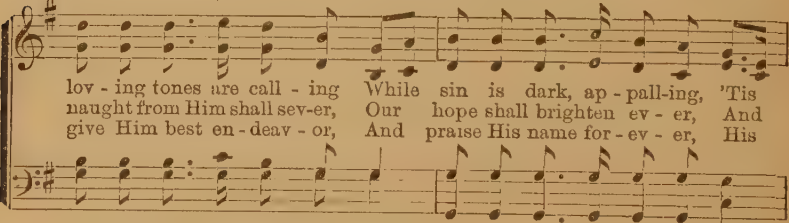
H. R. PALMER, by per.



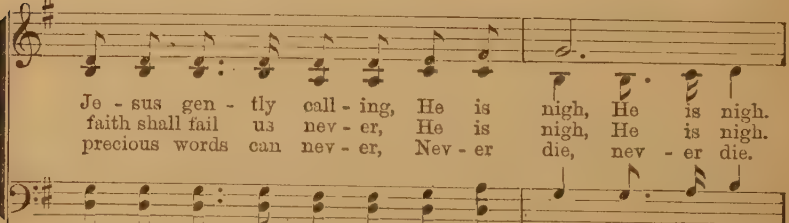
1. The prize is set be-fore us, To win, His words im-plore us, The  
 2. We'll fol-low where He leadeth, We'll pasture where He feed-eth, We'll  
 3. Our home is bright a-bove us, No tri-als dark to move us, But



eye of God is o'er us From on high, from on high; His  
 yield to Him who pleadeth From on high, from on high; Then  
 Je-sus dear to love us There on high, there on high; We'll

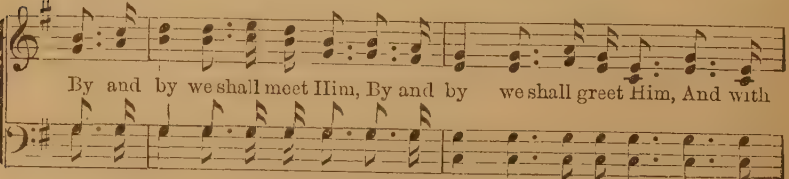


lov-ing tones are call-ing While sin is dark, ap-pall-ing, 'Tis  
 naught from Him shall sev-er, Our hope shall brighten ev-er, And  
 give Him best en-deav-or, And praise His name for-ev-er, His



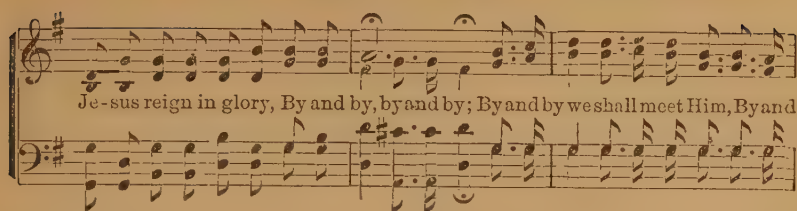
Je-sus gen-tly call-ing, He is nigh, He is nigh.  
 faith shall fail us nev-er, He is nigh, He is nigh.  
 precious words can nev-er, Nev-er die, nev-er die.

## CHORUS.

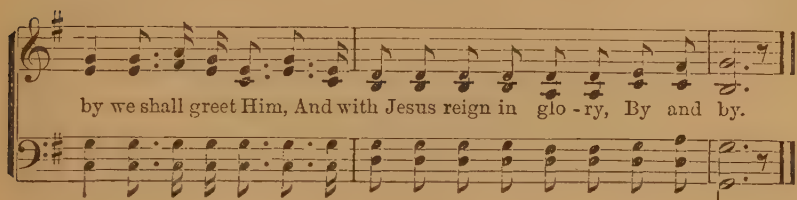


By and by we shall meet Him, By and by we shall greet Him, And with

# Triumph By and By—Concluded.



Je-sus reign in glory, By and by, by and by; By and by we shall meet Him, By and



by we shall greet Him, And with Jesus reign in glo-ry, By and by.

No. 290.

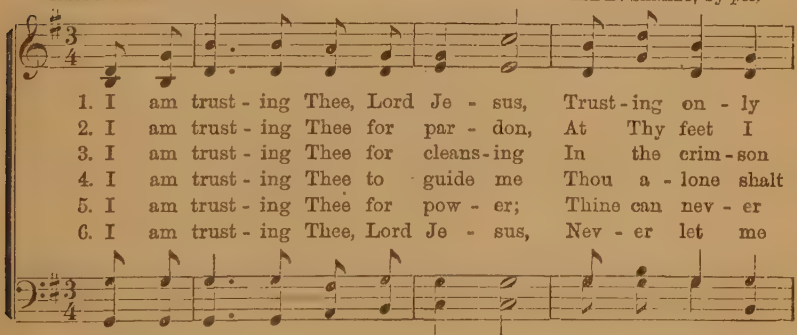
## I am Trusting Thee.

(C. M. 3-69.)

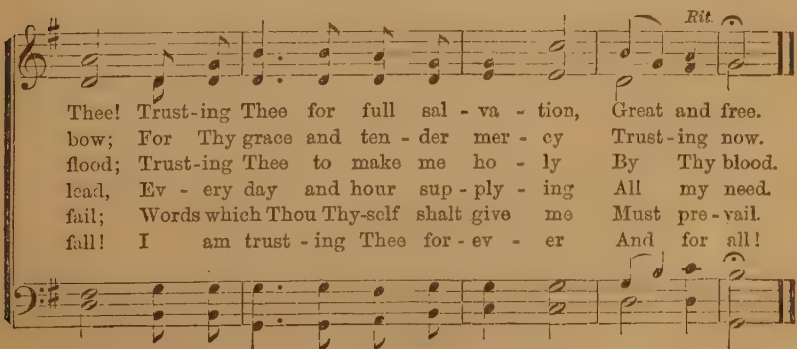
"Trusting in the Lord."—Ps. 113: 7.

Miss FRANCES R. HAVERGAL.

IRA D. SANKEY, by per.



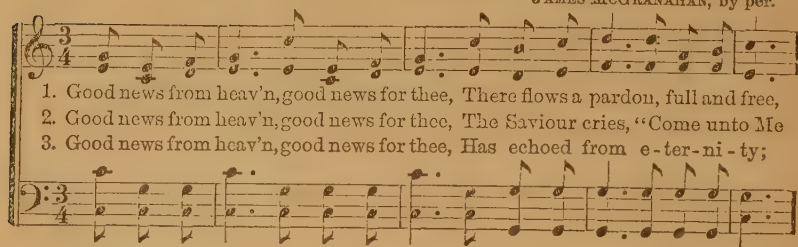
1. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Trust-ing on - ly  
 2. I am trust-ing Thee for par - don, At Thy feet I  
 3. I am trust-ing Thee for cleans-ing In the crim-son  
 4. I am trust-ing Thee to guide me Thou a-lone shalt  
 5. I am trust-ing Thee for pow-er; Thine can nev-er  
 6. I am trust-ing Thee, Lord Je - sus, Nev-er let me



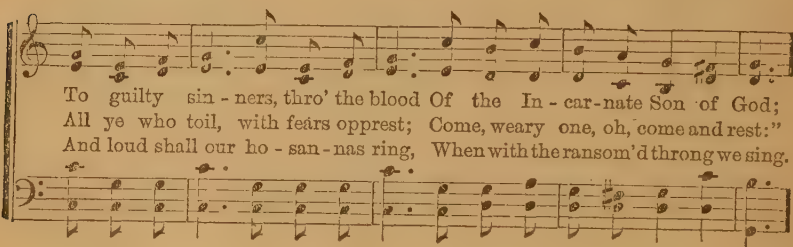
Thee! Trust-ing Thee for full sal - va - tion, Great and free.  
 bow; For Thy grace and ten - der mer - cy Trust-ing now.  
 flood; Trust-ing Thee to make me ho - ly By Thy blood.  
 lead, Ev - ery day and hour sup - ply - ing All my need.  
 fail; Words which Thou Thy-self shalt give me Must pre-vail.  
 fall! I am trust - ing Thee for - ev - er And for all!

"The glorious gospel of the blessed God."—1 TIM. 1: 11.

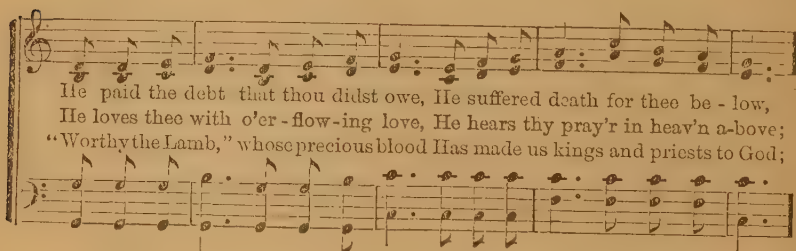
JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.



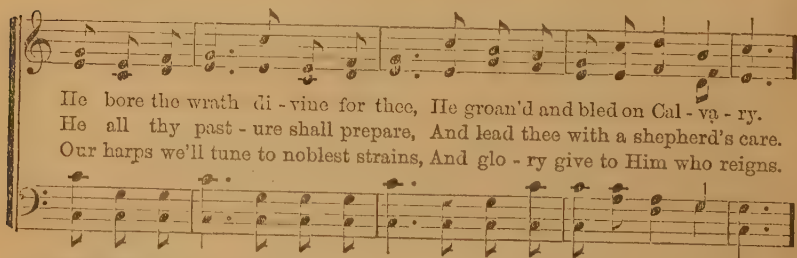
1. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a pardon, full and free,  
 2. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, The Saviour cries, "Come unto Me  
 3. Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, Has echoed from e-ter-ni-ty;



To guilty sin - ners, thro' the blood Of the In - car-nate Son of God;  
 All ye who toil, with fears opprest; Come, weary one, oh, come and rest:"  
 And loud shall our ho - san - nas ring, When with the ransom'd throng we sing.

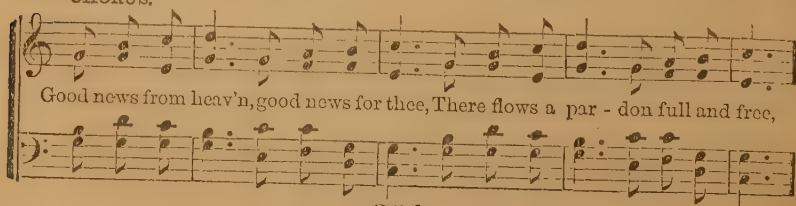


He paid the debt that thou didst owe, He suffered death for thee be - low,  
 He loves thee with o'er-flow-ing love, He hears thy pray'r in heav'n a - bove;  
 "Worthy the Lamb," whose precious blood Has made us kings and priests to God;



He bore the wrath di - vine for thee, He groan'd and bled on Cal - va - ry.  
 He all thy past - ure shall prepare, And lead thee with a shepherd's care.  
 Our harps we'll tune to noblest strains, And glo - ry give to Him who reigns.

CHORUS.



Good news from heav'n, good news for thee, There flows a par - don full and free,

## Good News.—Concluded.

To guilty sin - ners thro' the blood Of the In - car - nate Son of God.

—o—

No. 292.

## Evening Prayer. (G. H. 3-71.)

"Bless me—O my Father."—GEN. 27: 38.

J. EDMESTON.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

1. Sav - iour, breathe an eve - ning bless - ing, Ere re -  
 2. Tho' de - struc - tion walk a - round us, Tho' the  
 3. Tho' the night be dark and drear - y, Dark - ness  
 4. Should swift death this night o'er - take us, And our

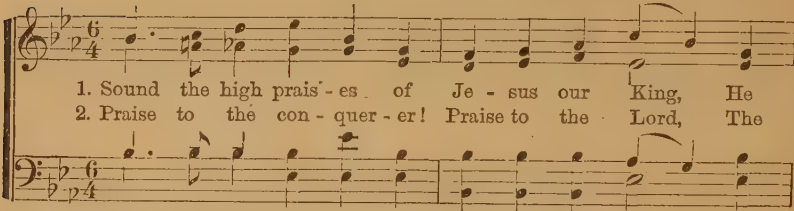
pose our spir - its seal: Sin and want we  
 ar - rows past us fly; An - gel - guards from  
 can - not hide from Thee; Thou art He who,  
 couch be - come our tomb, May the morn in

*Rit.*

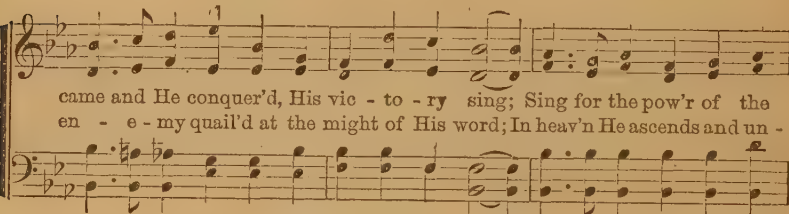
come con - fess - ing, Thou canst save and Thou canst heal.  
 Thee sur - round us, We are safe if Thou art nigh.  
 nev - er wea - ry, Watch - est where Thy peo - ple be.  
 heaven a - wake us, Clad in bright and death - less bloom.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."—REV. 5: 12.

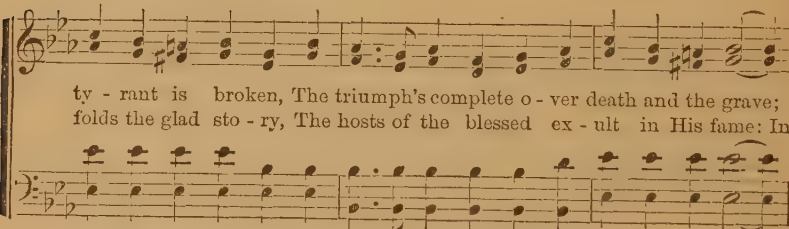
JAMES MCGRANAHAN, by per.



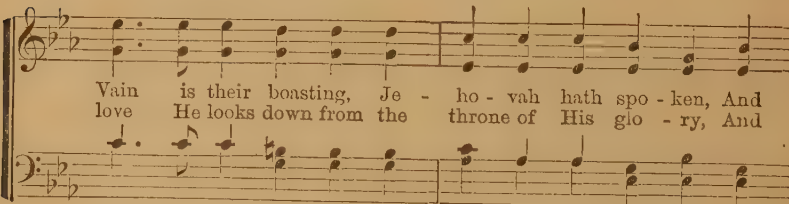
1. Sound the high prais-es of Je - sus our King, He  
2. Praise to the con - quer - er! Praise to the Lord, The



came and He conquer'd, His vic - to - ry sing; Sing for the pow'r of the  
en - e - my quail'd at the might of His word; In heav'n He ascends and un -

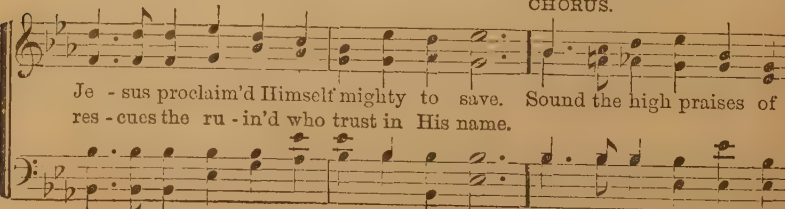


ty - rant is broken, The triumph's complete o - ver death and the grave;  
folds the glad sto - ry, The hosts of the blessed ex - ult in His fame: In



Vain is their boasting, Je - ho - vah hath spo - ken, And  
love He looks down from the throne of His glo - ry, And

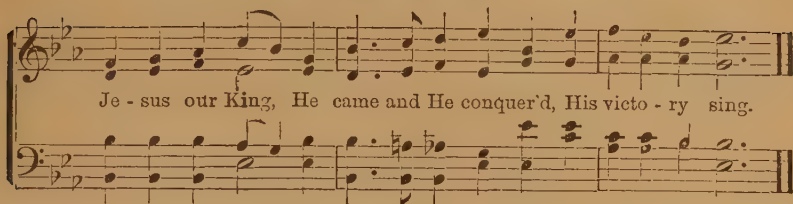
CHORUS.



Je - sus proclaim'd Himself mighty to save. Sound the high praises of  
res - cued the ru - in'd who trust in His name.



# Sound the High Praises.—Concluded.



Je - sus our King, He came and He conquer'd, His victo - ry sing.

— o —

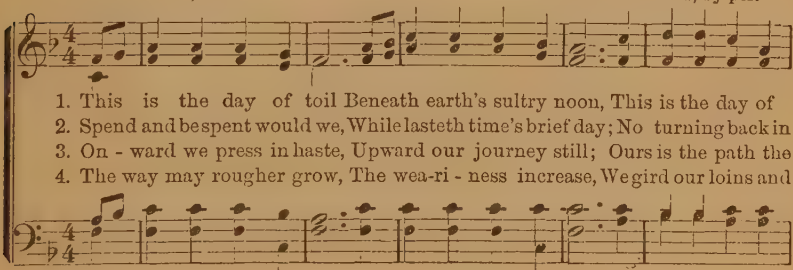
No. 294.

## Pressing On. (G. II. 3-73.)

"There remaineth therefore a rest."—HEB. 4: 9.

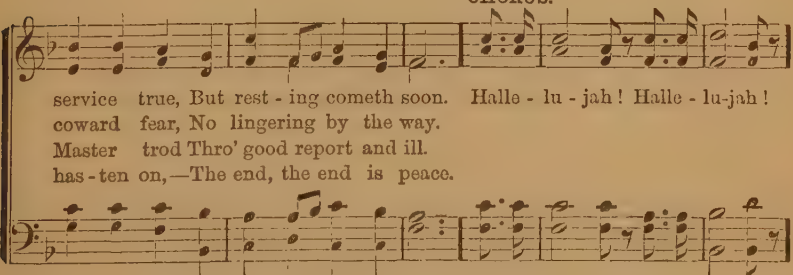
HORATIUS BONAR, D. D.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

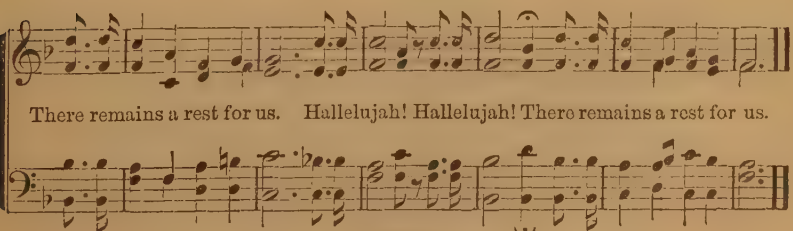


1. This is the day of toil Beneath earth's sultry noon, This is the day of
2. Spent and bespent would we, While lasteth time's brief day; No turning back in
3. On - ward we press in haste, Upward our journey still; Ours is the path the
4. The way may rougher grow, The wea - ri - ness increase, We gird our loins and

### CHORUS.



service true, But rest - ing cometh soon. Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah!  
 coward fear, No lingering by the way.  
 Master trod Thro' good report and ill.  
 has - ten on, — The end, the end is peace.



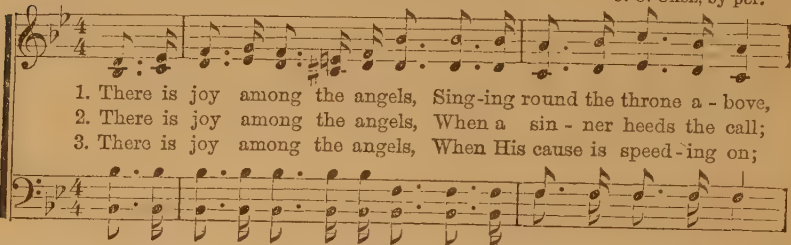
There remains a rest for us. Hallelujah! Hallelujah! There remains a rest for us.

# No. 295. *There is Joy among the Angels.* (G.H.3-74.)

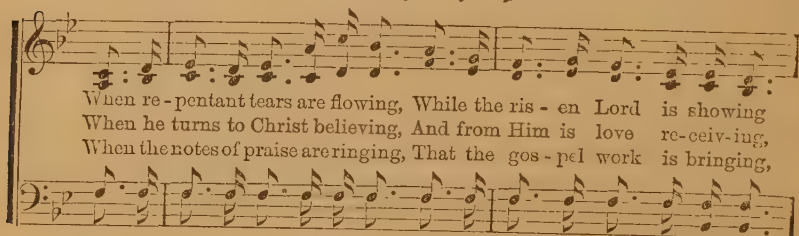
"There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth."—LUKE 15: 10.

EDWARD A. BARNES.

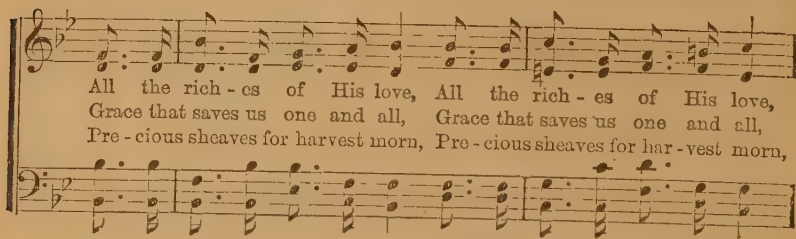
C. C. CASE, by per.



1. There is joy among the angels, Sing-ing round the throne a - bove,  
 2. There is joy among the angels, When a sin - ner heeds the call;  
 3. There is joy among the angels, When His cause is speed-ing on;

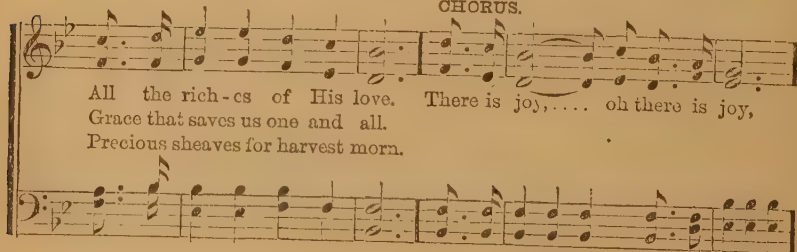


When re-pen-tant tears are flowing, While the ris - en Lord is showing  
 When he turns to Christ believing, And from Him is love re-ceive-ing,  
 When the notes of praise are ringing, That the gos-pel work is bringing,

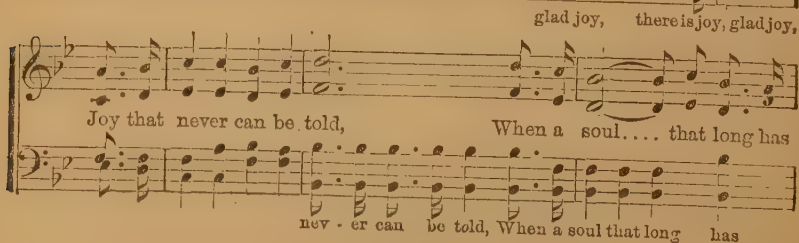


All the rich-es of His love, All the rich-es of His love,  
 Grace that saves us one and all, Grace that saves us one and all,  
 Pre-cious sheaves for harvest morn, Pre-cious sheaves for har-vest morn,

## CHORUS.



All the rich-es of His love. There is joy,.... oh there is joy,  
 Grace that saves us one and all.  
 Precious sheaves for harvest morn.



glad joy, there is joy, glad joy,  
 Joy that never can be told, When a soul.... that long has  
 nev - er can be told, When a soul that long has

# There is Joy.—Concluded.

wan - der'd, Comes with - in the Sav - iour's fold.  
 wan - der'd, long has wan - der'd,

## No. 296. Over the Ocean Wave. (G. II. 3-75.)

"I will give thee the heathen for thine inheritance."—Ps. 2: 8.

ANON.

(MISSIONARY.)

WM. B. BRADBURY, by per.

1. O - ver the o - cean wave, far, far a - way, There the poor  
 2. Here in this hap - py land we have the light Shin - ing from  
 3. Then, while the mis - sion ships glad ti - dings bring, List! as that

CHORUS.—Pit - y them, pit - y them, Christians at home, Hasten with the

FINE.

hea - then live, wait - ing for day; Groping in ig - norance,  
 God's own word, free, pure, and bright; Shall we not send to them  
 hea - then band joy - ful - ly sing, "O - ver the o - cean wave,  
 bread of life, has - ten and come.

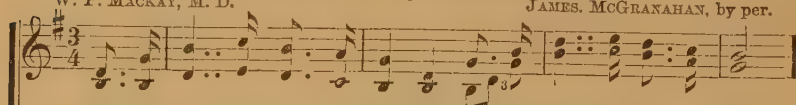
D. C. CHORUS.

Dark as the night, No bless - ed Bi - ble to give them the light.  
 Bi - bles to read, Teachers, and preachers, and all that they need?  
 oh, see them come, Bringing the bread of life, guiding us home."

"These are they which came out of great tribulation"—REV. 7: 14.

W. P. MACKAY, M. D.

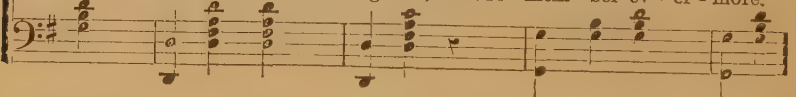
JAMES. McGRANAHAN, by per.



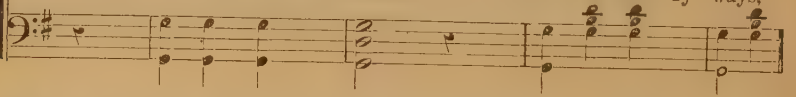
1. When we reach our Father's dwelling, On the Strong e - ter - nal hills,
2. When the paths of pray'r and du - ty, And af - flic - tion all are trod,
3. All the way by which He brought us, All the grievings that He bore,



And our praise to Him is swelling Who the vast cre - a - tion fills,  
And we wake and see the beau - ty Of our Sav - iour and our God,  
All the pa - tient love that taught us, We'll re - mem - ber ev - er - more,



Shall we then re - call the sadness, And the clouds that hung so dim,  
Shall we then re - call the sto - ry Of our mor - tal griefs and tears,  
And His rest will be the dear - er, As we think of wea - ry ways,



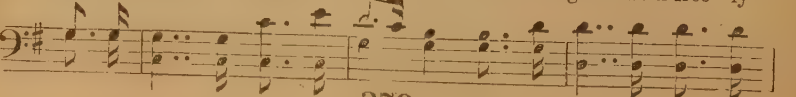
When our hearts were turn'd from hardness, And our feet from paths of sin?  
When on earth we sought the glo - ry Wrestling oft with doubts and fears?  
And His light will be the clear - er As we muse on cloudy days.



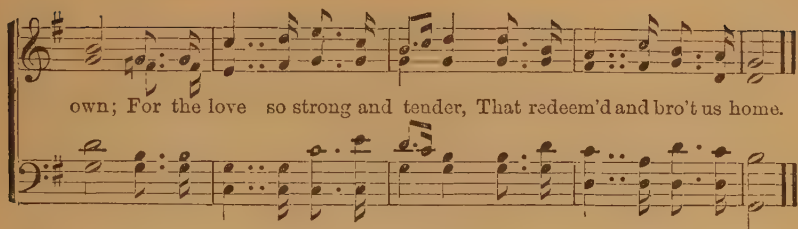
CHORUS.



Yes we sure - ly shall re - mem - ber, And His grace we'll free - ly



## Memories of Earth.—Concluded.



### No. 298. *Must I Go and Empty Handed?* (G.H. 3-77.)

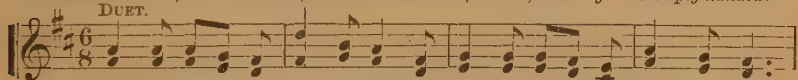
C. C. LUTHER.

(DAN. 12: 3.)

GEO. C. STEBBINS, by per.

After a month only of Christian life, nearly all of it upon a sick bed, a young man of nearly 30 years lay dying. Suddenly a look of sadness crossed his face, and to the query of a friend he exclaimed, "No, I am not afraid, Jesus saves me now; but oh, *must I go and empty handed?*"

DUET.

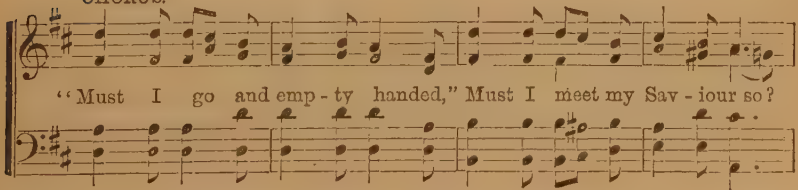


1. "Must I go and empty handed," Thus my dear Re-deem-er meet?
2. Not at death I shrink nor falter, For my Sav-iour saves me now;
3. Oh, the years of sinning wasted, Could I but re-call them now,
4. Oh, ye saints, a-rouse, be earnest, Up and work while yet 'tis day,

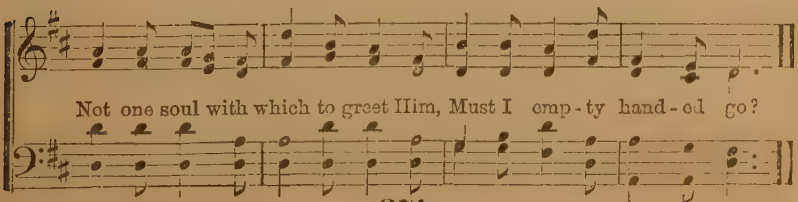


Not one day of ser-vice give Him, Lay no tro-phy at His feet.  
But to meet Him emp-ty hand-ed, Tho't of that now clouds my brow.  
I would give them to my Sav-iour, To His will I'd glad-ly bow.  
Ere the night of death o'er-takes thee, Strive for souls while still you may.

CHORUS.



"Must I go and emp-ty handed," Must I meet my Sav-iour so?



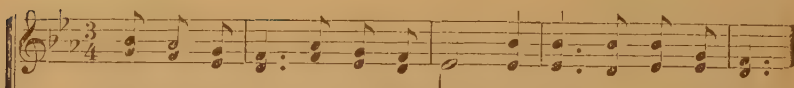
Not one soul with which to greet Him, Must I emp-ty hand-ed go?





"Watch, stand fast in the faith."—ROM. 14: 1.

REV. H. F. COLBY.


W. H. DOANE, by per.




1. My sin is great, my strength is weak, My path be - set with snares;  
 2. The world is dark without Thee, Lord, I turn me from its strife  
 3. Temptations lure and fears as - sail My frail, in - constant heart;  
 4. Un - fold Thy pre - cepts to my mind, And cleanse my blinded eyes;



But Thou, O Christ, hast died for me, And Thou wilt hear my prayers.  
 To find Thy love a sweet re - lief; Thou art the light of life.  
 But precious are Thy promis - es, And they new strength impart.  
 Grant me to work for Thee on earth, Then praise Thee in the skies.



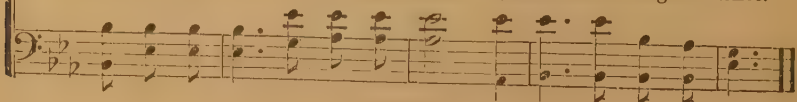
## REFRAIN.



To Thee, to Thee, the Cru - ci - fied, The sin - ner's on - ly plea,

Re - ly - ing on Thy promised grace, My faith still clings to Thee.

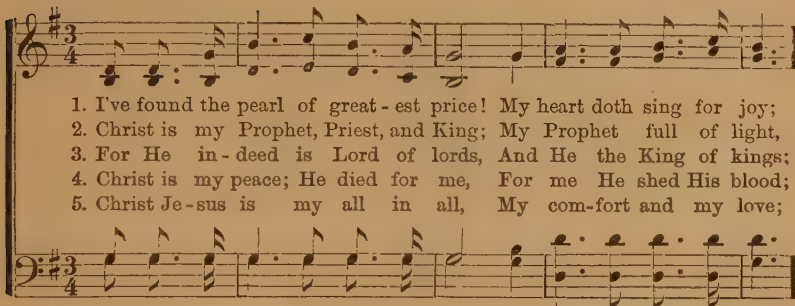


# No. 300. The Pearl of Greatest Price. (G. H. 3-79.)

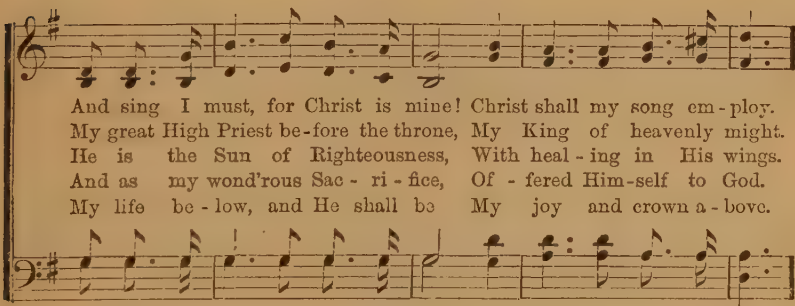
"One pearl of great price."—MATT. 13: 46.

REV. JOHN MASON.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

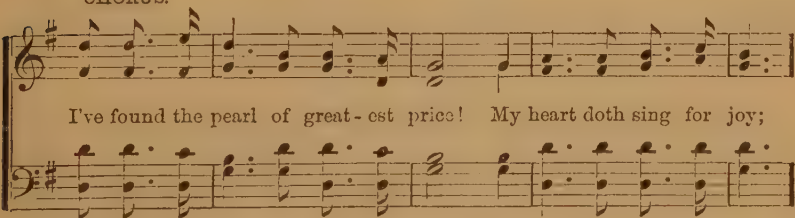


1. I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for joy;  
 2. Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King; My Prophet full of light,  
 3. For He in-deed is Lord of lords, And He the King of kings;  
 4. Christ is my peace; He died for me, For me He shed His blood;  
 5. Christ Je-sus is my all in all, My com-fort and my love;

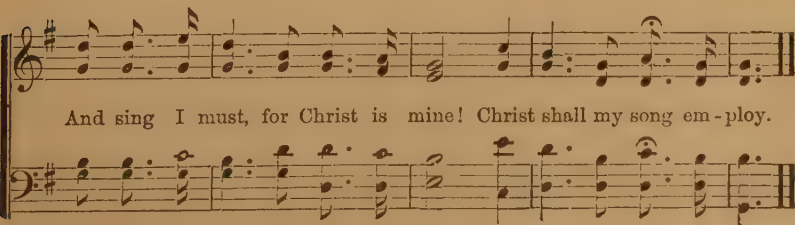


And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.  
 My great High Priest be-fore the throne, My King of heavenly might.  
 He is the Sun of Righteousness, With heal-ing in His wings.  
 And as my wond'rous Sac-ri-fice, Of-fered Him-self to God.  
 My life be-low, and He shall be My joy and crown a-bove.

## CHORUS.



I've found the pearl of great-est price! My heart doth sing for joy;



And sing I must, for Christ is mine! Christ shall my song em-ploy.

(JUDGES 8: 4).

Mrs. W. R. GRISWOLD.

GEO. C. STEBBINS, hyper.

1. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," we press our way Up to the glo-ri-ous  
 2. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," whate'er be-fall, He who has died for us,  
 3. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," till e-ven-tide, Un-der the cross of the  
 4. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," the eye a-far Sees thro' the darkness the

gates of day; Fol-low-ing Him who has gone be-fore,  
 died for all; So should they come, as a might-y throng.  
 Cru-ci-fied; Knowing, when dark-ly are skies o'er-cast,  
 Morn-ing Star, Shed-ding its ray for the wea-ry feet,

## CHORUS.

O-ver the path to the brighter shore. "Faint, yet pur-su-ing," from  
 Bear-ing His banner a-loft with song.  
 Sor-row and sighing will end at last.  
 Keeping the way, to the gold-en street.

day to day, O-ver the sure and the blood-marked way;

Strengthen and keep us, O Saviour, Friend, Ever pursuing, un-to life's end.

# No. 302. Ho, every One that Thirsteth. (G. H. 3-81.)

ANON.

"Come ye, buy and eat."—ISA. 55: 1.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

DUET.



1. Be - side the well at noon-time, I hear a sad one say,
2. Be - side the pool Be - thes - da, I hear a mournful cry;
3. While seat-ed on the hill - side, The hun - gry ones were fed



"I want that liv - ing wa - ter, Give me to drink I pray;  
 "No help, no hope is of - fered To one so weak as I;"  
 By Him who said most tru - ly, "I am the liv - ing bread;"

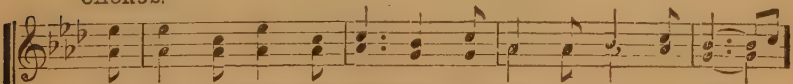


The well is deep, O pil - grim, But deep - er is my need;  
 Oh, cease thy sad com - plaining, The gos - pel gives thee cheer;  
 'Tis He, the heavenly man - na, Who doth our souls re - store;



I thirst for life e - ter - nal, The 'Gift of God' in - deed."  
 Come to the house of mer - cy, For Christ the pool is here.  
 By faith of Him par - tak - ing We live for - ev - er - more.

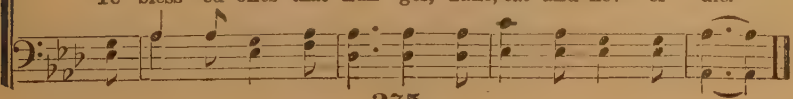
CHORUS.



Ho, ev - ery one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!  
 'Tis He, the great Phy - si - cian, Can cure the sin - sick soul;  
 Ho, ev - ery one that thirsteth, The liv - ing wa - ter buy!



Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.  
 "Rise up and walk," He bids thee, "Thy faith hath made thee whole."  
 Ye bless - ed ones that hun - ger, Take, eat and nev - er die.



# No. 303. On Jordan's Stormy Banks. (G. H. 3-82.)

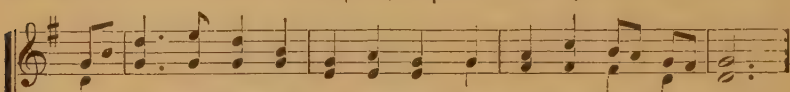
"Thine eyes shall behold the land."—ISA. 33: 17.

Rev. SAMUEL STENNETT.

T. C. O'KANE, by per.



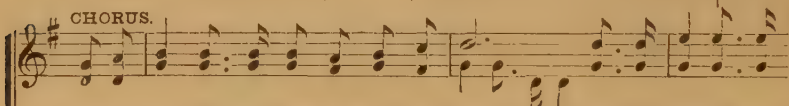
1. On Jor - dan's stormy banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide-ex - tend-ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with delight, my raptured soul Would here no long-er stay;



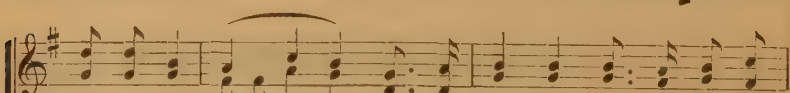
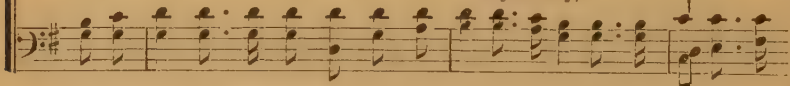
To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos-ses - sions lie.  
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat-ters night a - way.  
When shall I see my Fa-ther's face, And in His bo - som rest?  
Tho' Jor-dan's waves around me roll, Fear - less I'd launch a - way.



## CHORUS.



We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, Just a-cross on the  
by and by,



ev - er - green shore,..... Sing the song of Mo - ses and the  
ev - er-green shore,



Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er - more.



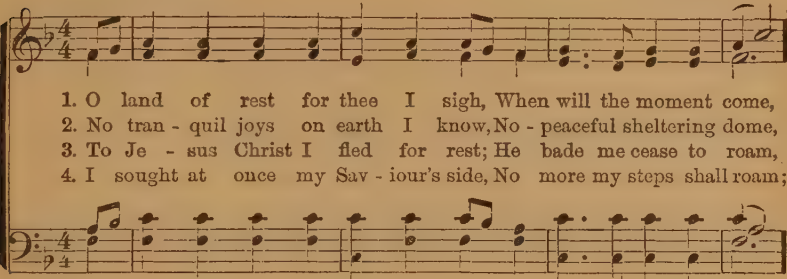


# No. 304. We'll Work till Jesus comes. (G. H. 3-83.)

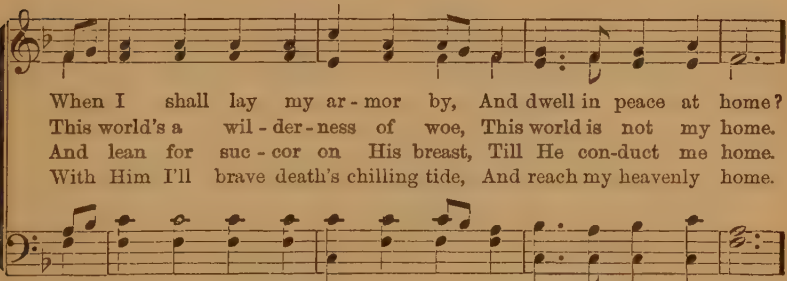
"Thy work shall be rewarded."—JER. 31: 16.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MILLS.

Dr. WM. MILLER.

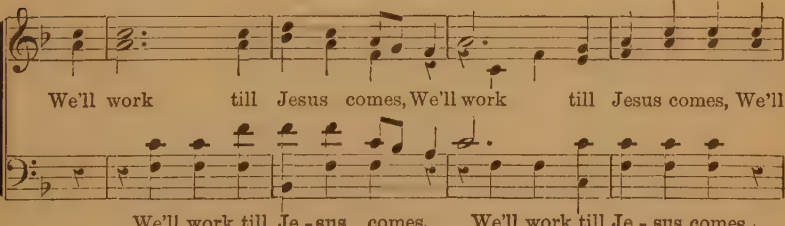


1. O land of rest for thee I sigh, When will the moment come,  
 2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know, No - peaceful sheltering dome,  
 3. To Je - sus Christ I fled for rest; He bade me cease to roam,  
 4. I sought at once my Sav - iour's side, No more my steps shall roam;

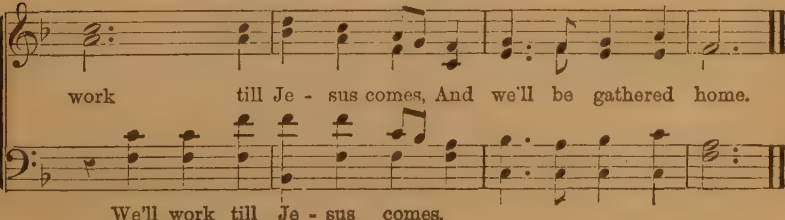


When I shall lay my ar - mor by, And dwell in peace at home?  
 This world's a wil - der - ness of woe, This world is not my home.  
 And lean for suc - cor on His breast, Till He con - duct me home.  
 With Him I'll brave death's chilling tide, And reach my heavenly home.

## CHORUS.



We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll work till Jesus comes, We'll  
 We'll work till Je - sus comes, We'll work till Je - sus comes,

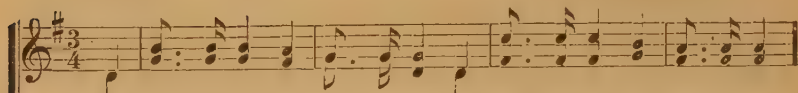


work till Je - sus comes, And we'll be gathered home.  
 We'll work till Je - sus comes,



"Sorrow and sighing shall flee away."—ISA. 35: 10.

EDGAR PAGE.


JNO. R. SWENEY, by per.




1. I've reach'd the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free-ly mine;  
 2. The Saviour comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;  
 3. A sweet perfume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er ver-nal trees,  
 4. The zephyrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of heaven's mel-o-dy,



Here shines undimm'd one blissful day, For all my night has pass'd away.  
 He gent - ly leads me with His hand, For this is heaven's bor - der-land.  
 And flow'rs that nev - er fad - ing grow Where streams of life for-ev - er-flow.  
 As angels, with the white-robed throng, Join in the sweet redemption song.



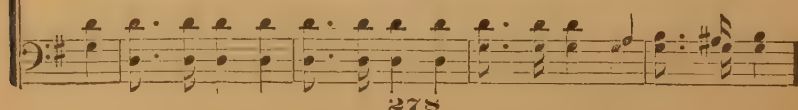
CHORUS.



O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land, As on thy highest mount I stand,

I look a-way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are prepared for me,



## Beulah Land.—Concluded.



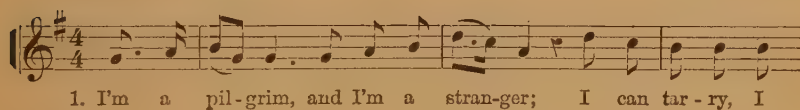
And view the shining glo - ry shore, My heav'n, my home for-ev - er-more.

No. 306.

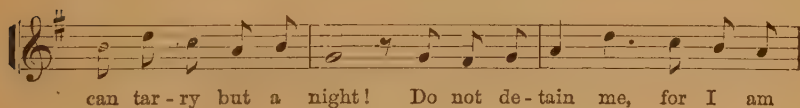
### I'm a Pilgrim. (G. H. 3-100.)

Mrs. MARY S. B. DANA.

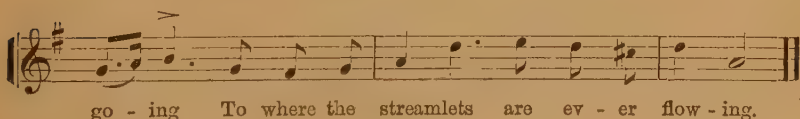
ITALIAN AIR.



1. I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stran-ger; I can tar-ry, I

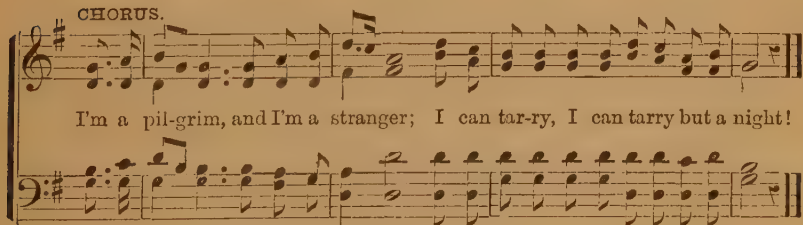


can tar-ry but a night! Do not de-tain me, for I am



go - ing To where the streamlets are ev - er flow - ing.

CHORUS.



I'm a pil-grim, and I'm a stranger; I can tar-ry, I can tarry but a night!

- 2 Of that city, to which I journey;  
 My Redeemer, my Redeemer is the light;  
 There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
 Nor any tears there, nor any dying:—*Cho.*
- 3 There the sunbeams are ever shining,  
 Oh, my longing heart, is there;  
 Here in this country, so dark and dreary,  
 I long have wandered forlorn and weary:—*Cho.*

MARY G. BRAINARD.

Words arranged by P. P. BLISS.

P. P. BLISS.

1. I know not what a - waits me, God kind - ly veils mine eyes,  
2. One step I 'see be - fore me, 'Tis all I need to see,

And o'er each step of my on - ward way He makes new scenes to rise;  
The light of heav'n more brightly shines, When earth's illusions flee;

And ev - ery joy He sends me, comes A sweet and glad sur-prise.  
And sweet-ly through the si - lence, came His lov - ing "Follow Me."

## CHORUS.

Where He may lead I'll fol - low, My trust in Him re - pose;

## He Knows.—Concluded.

And ev - ery hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows,

And ev - ery hour in per - fect peace I'll sing, He knows, He knows.

*After last verse only.*

He knows, He knows, He knows.....  
He knows.

3 O blissful lack of wisdom,  
'Tis blessed not to know;  
He holds me with His own right hand,  
And will not let me go,  
And lulls my troubled soul to rest  
In Him who loves me so.

4 So on I go not knowing,  
I would not if I might;  
I'd rather walk in the dark with God  
Than go alone in the light;  
I'd rather walk by faith with Him  
Than go alone by sight.



"Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him."—1 COR. 2: 9.

CHAS. H. GABRIEL.

JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.

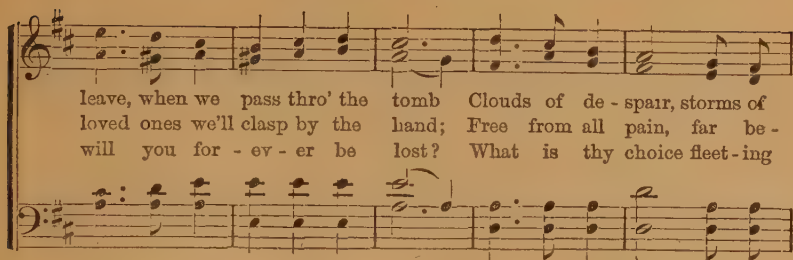
1. When we get home from our sor - row and care, And we  
 2. When we get home to the mansions a - bove, With the  
 3. When we get home, when the morning is come, And

stand with the an - gels of light, Oh, what a meet-ing in  
 loved ones gone o - ver be - fore, Oh, who can tell what a  
 forth from the cit - y of gold An - gels of God, coming

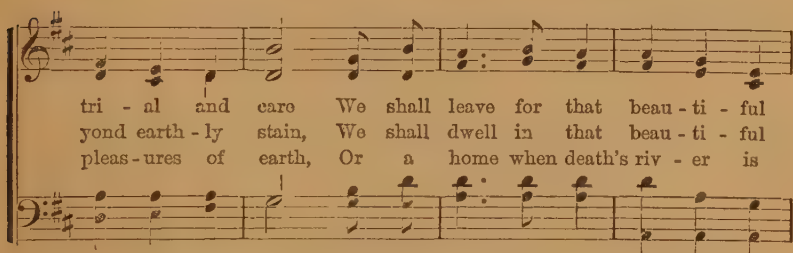
heav - en there'll be, In that land with-out shad - ow or  
 joy that will be There, to live and re - joice ev - er -  
 down, shall call home All of those who be - long to His

night; Sor - row and care, trib - u - la - tion and pain We'll  
 more: An - gels will praise, the Re - deem - er will smile, And  
 fold; Will you be there, broth - er, loved ones to greet, Or

# When we get Home.—Concluded.

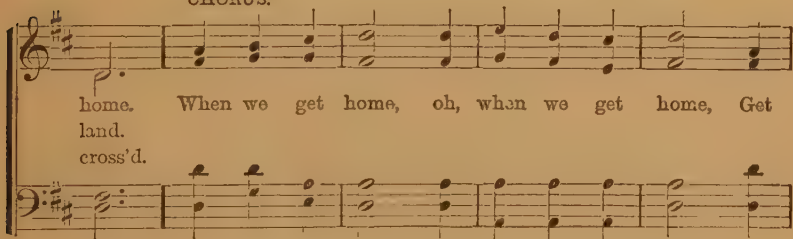


leave, when we pass thro' the tomb Clouds of de - spair, storms of  
 loved ones we'll clasp by the hand; Free from all pain, far be -  
 will you for - ev - er be lost? What is thy choice fleet-ing

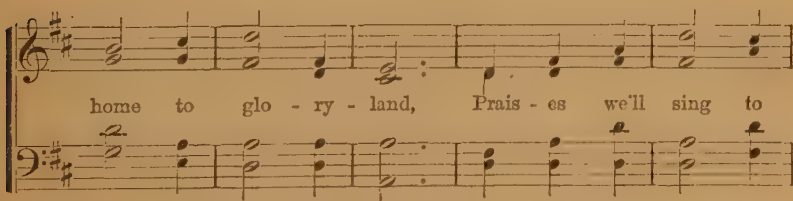


tri - al and care We shall leave for that beau - ti - ful  
 yond earth - ly stain, We shall dwell in that beau - ti - ful  
 pleas - ures of earth, Or a home when death's riv - er is

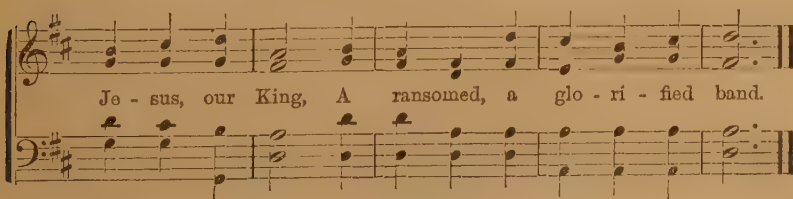
## CHORUS.



home. When we get home, oh, when we get home, Get  
 land.  
 cross'd.



home to glo - ry - land, Prais - es we'll sing to




Je - sus, our King, A ransomed, a glo - ri - fied band.

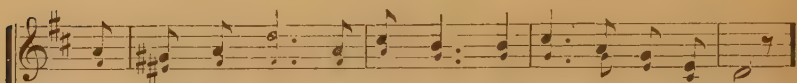
"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. 11: 28.

Mrs. JAMES GIBSON JOHNSON.


JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.




1. Oh word of words, the sweetest, Oh word, in which there lie  
 2. Oh soul! why shouldst thou wander From such a lov - ing Friend?  
 3. Oh, each time draw me near - er, That soon the "Come" may be



All prom - ise, all ful - fill - ment, And end of mys - ter - y;  
 Cling clo - ser, clo - ser to Him, Stay with Him to the end,  
 Naught but a gen - tle whis - per, To one close, close to Thee;



La - ment - ing, or re - joic - ing, With doubt or ter - ror nigh,  
 A - las! I am so help - less, So ve - ry full of sin,  
 Then, o - ver sea and mountain, Far from, or near my home,



I hear the "Come" of Je - sus, And to His cross I fly.  
 For I am ev - er wand'ring, And com - ing back a - gain.  
 I'll take Thy hand and fol - low, At that sweet whisper "Come!"

# “Come” — Concluded.

## REFRAIN.



Come, oh come to me,..... Come, oh come to me,.....



Come, come, come, come, come, come, come, Come, come,



Wea - ry, heav - y la - den, Come, oh come to me,



me, Oh



Come, oh come to me,..... Come, oh come to me,.....



come, come, come, come, come, Come, come, come, come, come.



*Rit.*.....

Wea - ry, heav - y la - den come, oh come to me.

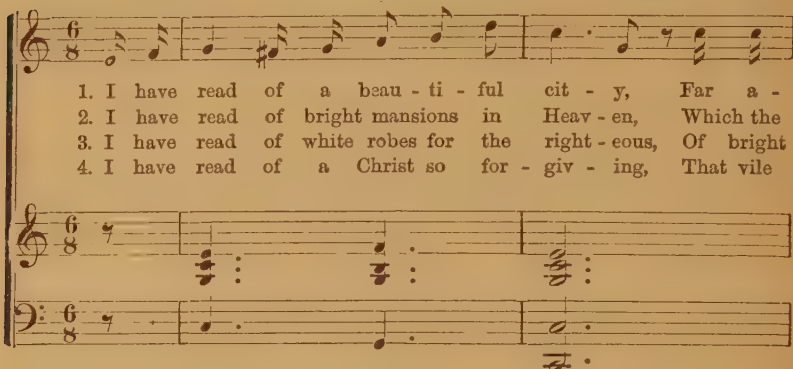


# No. 310. Not Half has ever been Told. (G.H.3-89.)

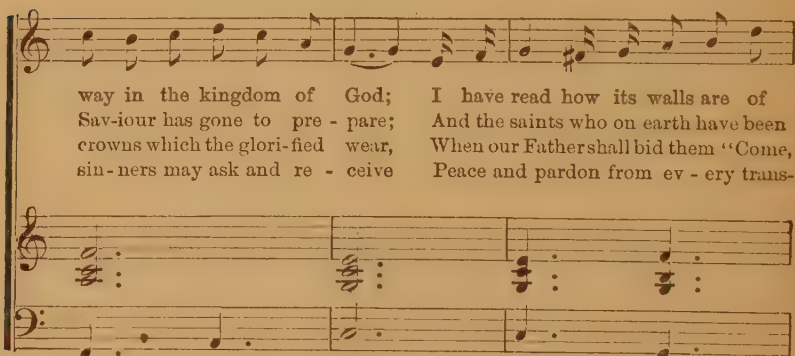
"And the building of the wall of it was of jasper; and the city was pure gold,  
like unto clear glass."—REV. 21:18.

Rev. J. B. ATCHINSON.

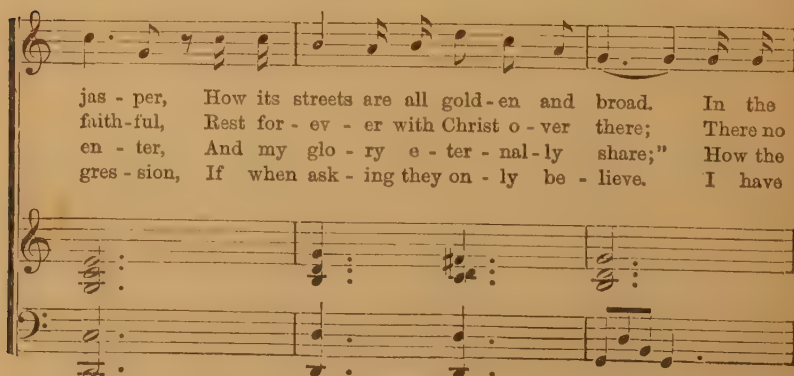
O. F. PRESBREY, by per.



1. I have read of a beau - ti - ful cit - y, Far a -  
 2. I have read of bright mansions in Heav - en, Which the  
 3. I have read of white robes for the right - eous, Of bright  
 4. I have read of a Christ so for - giv - ing, That vile



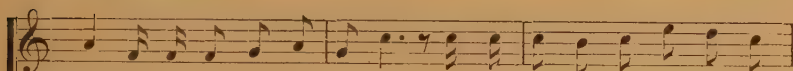
way in the kingdom of God; I have read how its walls are of  
 Sav-iour has gone to pre - pare; And the saints who on earth have been  
 crowns which the glori-fied wear, When our Father shall bid them "Come,  
 sin-ners may ask and re - ceive Peace and pardon from ev - ery trans-



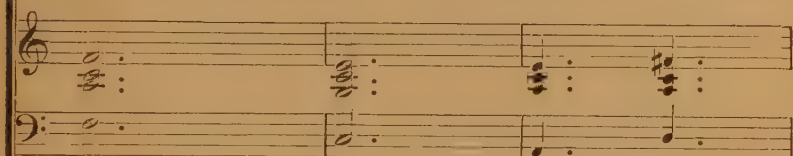

jas - per, How its streets are all gold - en and broad. In the  
 faith-ful, Rest for - ev - er with Christ o - ver there; There no  
 en - ter, And my glo - ry e - ter - nal - ly share;" How the  
 gres - sion, If when ask - ing they on - ly be - lieve. I have



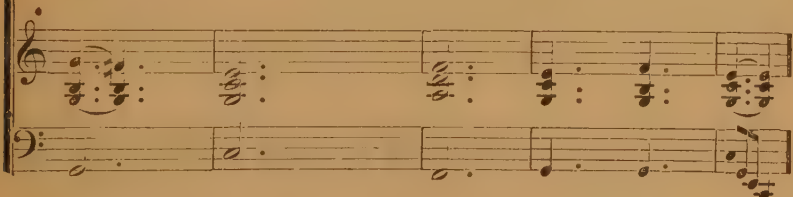
# Not Half has ever been Told.—Concluded.




midst of the street is life's riv - er, Clear as crys - tal and pure to be -  
sin ev - er en - ters, nor sor - row, The in - hab - i - tants nev - er grow  
righteous are ev - er - more blessed As they walk thro' the streets of pure  
read how He'll guide and protect us, If for safe - ty we en - ter His

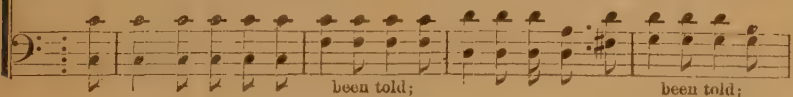
hold; But not half of that city's bright glory To mortals has ever been told.  
old; But not half of the joys that await them To mortals has ever been told.  
gold; But not half of the wonderful sto - ry To mortals has ever been told.  
fold; But not half of His goodness and mercy To mortals has ever been told.



## CHORUS.




Not half has ev - er been told;... Not half has ev - er been told;... Not

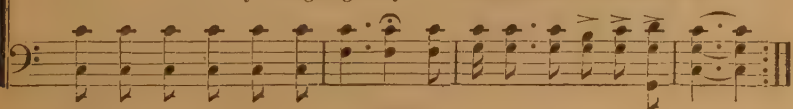


been told; been told;

*Repeat the Chorus p.*



half of that cit - y's bright glo - ry To mortals has ever been told.




# No. 311. Are you coming Home to-night? (G.H.3-90.)



"All things are ready, come."—MATT. 22: 4.

Arranged.



JAMES McGRANAHAN, by per.





1. Are you coming Home, ye wand'ers Whom Jesus died to win,  
 2. Are you coming Home, ye lost ones? Be - hold your Lord doth wait:  
 3. Are you coming Home, ye guilt - y, Who bear the load of sin;


All foot-sore, lame and wea - ry, Your garments stain'd with sin;  
 Come, then no long - er lin - ger, Come ere it be too late;  
 Out - side you've long been stand - ing, Come now and venture in;

Will you seek the blood of Je - sus To wash your garments white;  
 Will you come and let Him save you, O trust His love and might;  
 Will you heed the Saviour's prom - ise, And dare to trust Him quite;

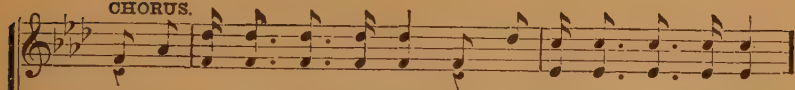



*Rit.*  
 Will you trust His precious promise, Are you coming Home to - night?  
 Will you come while He is calling, Are you coming Home to - night?  
 ♪ "Come un - to me," saith Jesus, Are you coming Home to - night?

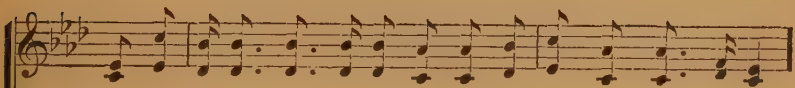


# Are you coming Home?—Concluded.

## CHORUS.



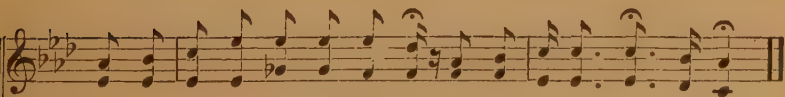
Are you coming Home to - night, Are you coming Home to-night,



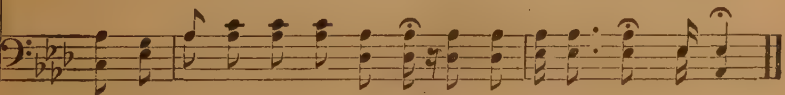
Are you coming Home to Je - sus, Out of darkness in - to light?



Are you coming Home to - night, Are you coming Home to-night



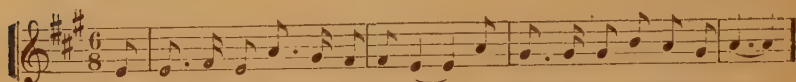
To your loving, heavenly Father, Are you coming Home to-night?



"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul."—MATT. 16: 26.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

SILAS J. VAIL, by per.



1. Say, where is thy refuge, poor sinner, And what is thy prospect to-day?
2. The Master is calling thee, sinner, In tones of compassion and love,
3. As summer is waning poor sinner, Re - pent, ere the season is past;



Why toil for the wealth that will perish, The treasures that rust and decay?  
To feel that sweet rapture of pardon, And lay up thy treasure a - bove:  
God's goodness to thee is ex - tend-ed, As long as the day-beam shall last;

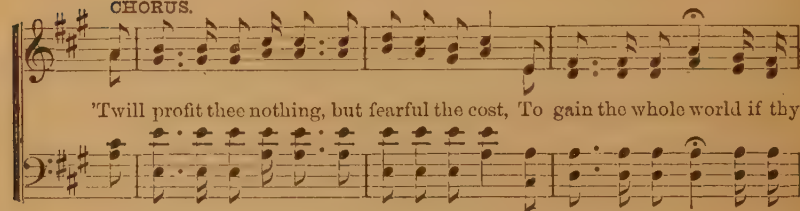


Oh! think of thy soul, that forev - er Must live on e - ter - ni - ty's shore,  
Oh! kneel at the cross where He suffered, To ransom thy soul from the grave;  
Then slight not the warning repeated With all the bright moments that roll,

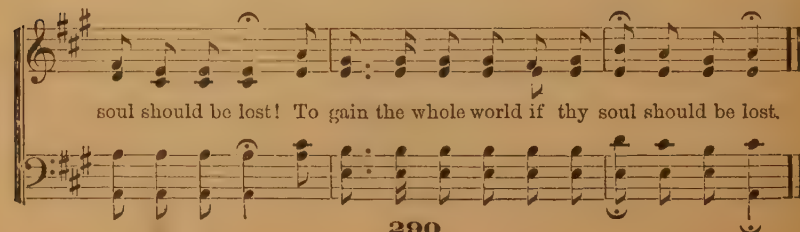


When thou, in the dust art for - got - ten, When pleasure can charm thee no more.  
The arm of His mercy will hold thee, The arm that is mighty to save.  
Nor say, when the harvest is end-ed, That no one hath cared for thy soul.

## CHORUS.



'Twill profit thee nothing, but fearful the cost, To gain the whole world if thy



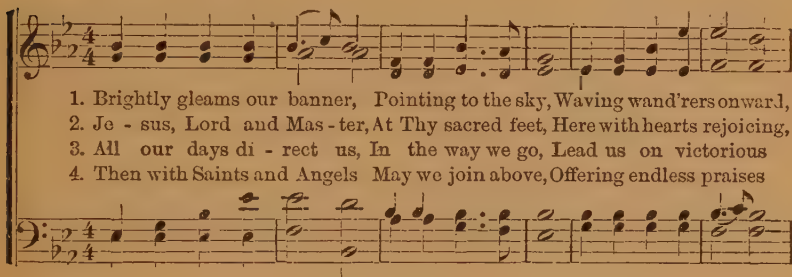
soul should be lost! To gain the whole world if thy soul should be lost.

# No. 313. **Brightly Gleams our Banner.** (G. II. 3-92.)

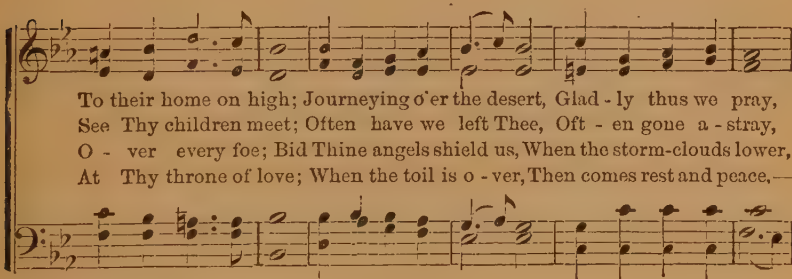
"Lift ye up a banner upon the high mountains."—Isa. 13: 2.

Rev. THOMAS J. POTTER.

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

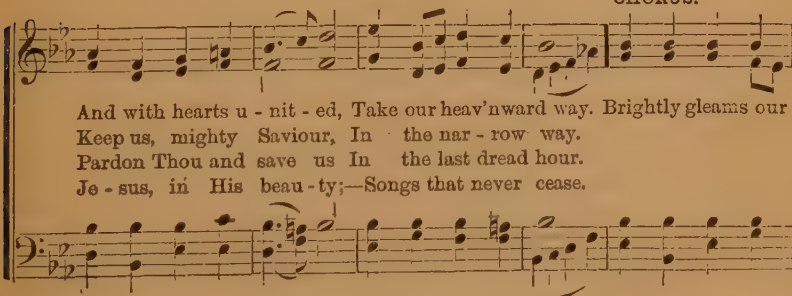


1. Brightly gleams our banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward,  
 2. Je - sus, Lord and Mas - ter, At Thy sacred feet, Here with hearts rejoicing,  
 3. All our days di - rect us, In the way we go, Lead us on victorious  
 4. Then with Saints and Angels May we join above, Offering endless praises

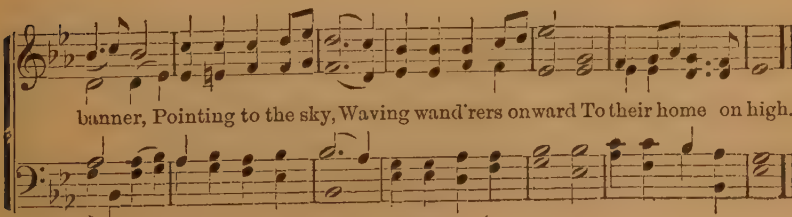


To their home on high; Journeying o'er the desert, Glad - ly thus we pray,  
 See Thy children meet; Often have we left Thee, Oft - en gone a - stray,  
 O - ver every foe; Bid Thine angels shield us, When the storm-clouds lower,  
 At Thy throne of love; When the toil is o - ver, Then comes rest and peace,—

## CHORUS.



And with hearts u - nit - ed, Take our heav'nward way. Brightly gleams our  
 Keep us, mighty Saviour, In the nar - row way.  
 Pardon Thou and save us In the last dread hour.  
 Je - sus, in His beau - ty;—Songs that never cease.



banner, Pointing to the sky, Waving wand'ers onward To their home on high.



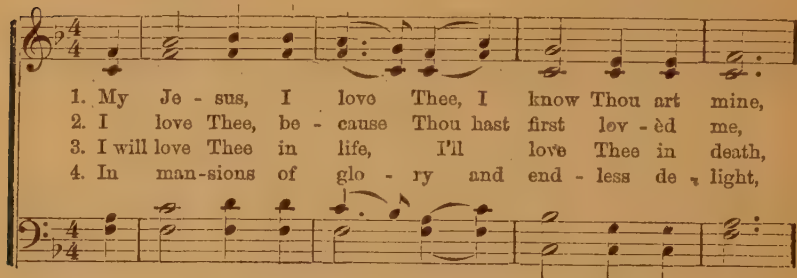
No. 314.

# My Jesus, I Love Thee. (G. H. 3-93.)

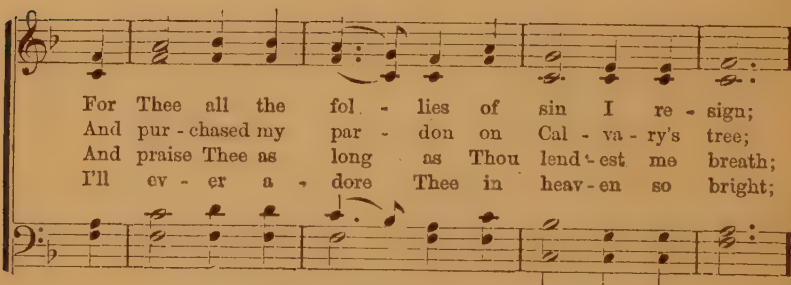
"Mine are thine and thine are mine."—JOHN 17: 10.

London Hymn Book, 1864.

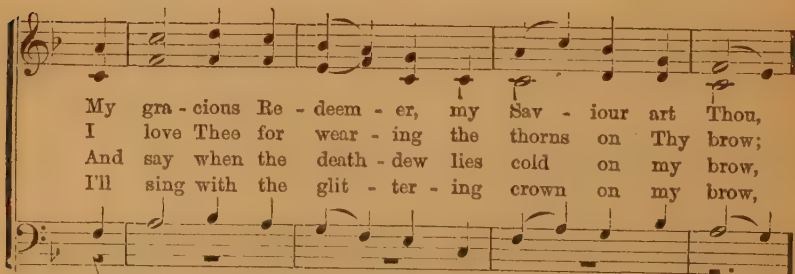
A. J. GORDON, by per.



1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine,  
 2. I love Thee, be - cause Thou hast first lov - ed me,  
 3. I will love Thee in life, I'll love Thee in death,  
 4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light,



For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;  
 And pur - chased my par - don on Cal - va - ry's tree;  
 And praise Thee as long as Thou lend - est me breath;  
 I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav - en so bright;



My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - iour art Thou,  
 I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow;  
 And say when the death - dew lies cold on my brow,  
 I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow,

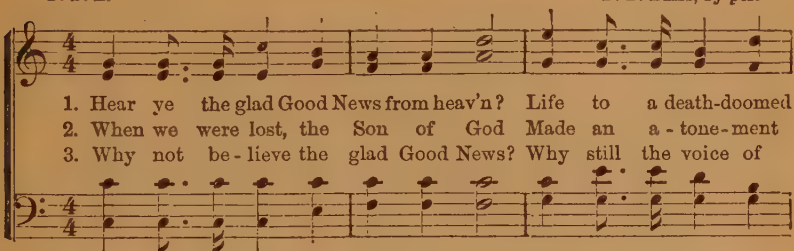


If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

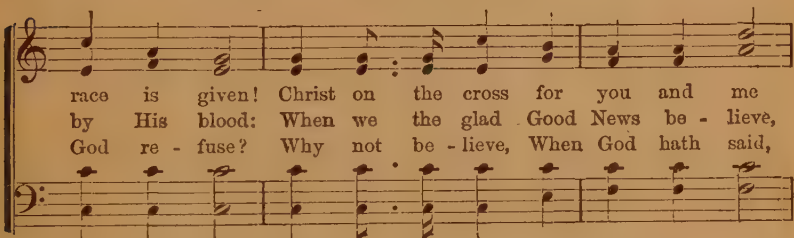
"He that believeth on me hath everlasting life."—JOHN 6: 47.

P. P. B.

P. P. BLISS, by per.

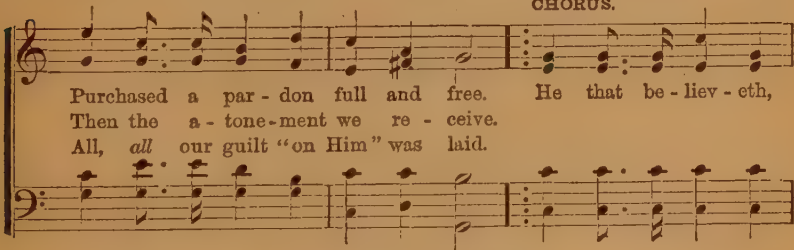


1. Hear ye the glad Good News from heav'n? Life to a death-doomed  
 2. When we were lost, the Son of God Made an a - tone - ment  
 3. Why not be - lieve the glad Good News? Why still the voice of

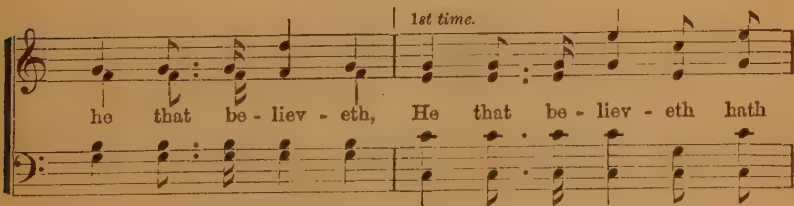


race is given! Christ on the cross for you and me  
 by His blood: When we the glad Good News be - lieve,  
 God re - fuse? Why not be - lieve, When God hath said,

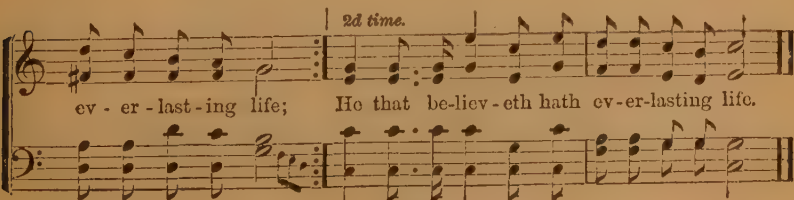
## CHORUS.



Purchased a par - don full and free. He that be - liev - eth,  
 Then the a - tone - ment we re - ceive.  
 All, all our guilt "on Him" was laid.



1st time.  
 he that be - liev - eth, He that be - liev - eth hath



2d time.  
 ev - er - last - ing life; He that be - liev - eth hath ev - er - lasting life.

"For thy name's sake lead me, and guide me."—Ps. 31: 3.

Rev. H. N. Conn.

S. J. VAIL, by per.

1. The way is dark, my Father! || Cloud upon cloud Is gathering thickly  
o'er my head, and loud The thunders

roar a - bove me, || Yet see, I stand like one } bewildered! Father, } take my hand, And thro' the gloom

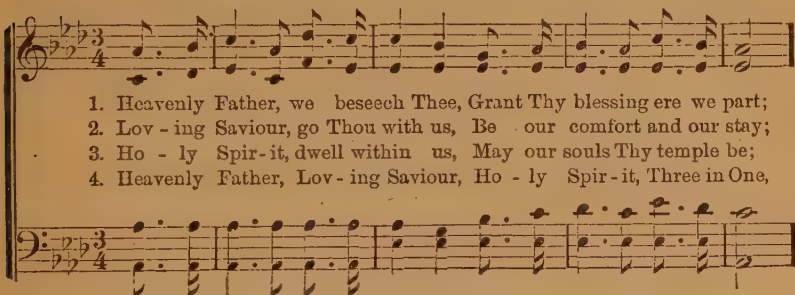
safe - ly home, safe - ly home, Safe - ly home, Lead safely home Thy child!

- 2 The day declines, my Father! || and the night  
Is drawing darkly down. My faithless sight  
Sees | ghostly | visions. || Fears like a spectral band  
Encompass me. O Father, | take my | hand,  
And from the night lead up to light,  
Up to light, up to light,  
Lead up to light Thy child!
- 3 The way is long, my Father! || and my soul  
Longs for the rest and quiet | of the | goal; ||  
While yet I journey through this weary land,  
Keep me from wandering. Father, | take my | hand,  
And in the way to endless day,  
Endless day, endless day,  
Lead safely on Thy child!
- 4 The path is rough, my Father! || Many a thorn  
Has pierced me; and my feet, all torn  
And bleeding, | mark the | way. || Yet Thy command  
Bids me press forward. Father, | take my | hand;  
Then safe and blest, O lead to rest,  
Lead to rest, lead to rest,  
O lead to rest Thy child!
- 5 The throng is great, my Father! || Many a doubt  
And fear of danger compass me about;  
And foes op-|press me | sore. || I cannot stand  
Or go, alone. O Father! | take my | hand;  
And through the throng, lead safe along,  
Safe along, safe along,  
Lead safe along Thy child.
- 6 The cross is heavy, Father! || I have borne  
It long, and | still do | bear it. || Let my worn  
And fainting spirit, rise to that bright land  
Where crowns are given. Father, | take my | hand;  
And, reaching down, lead to the crown,  
To the crown, to the crown.  
Lead to the crown Thy child.

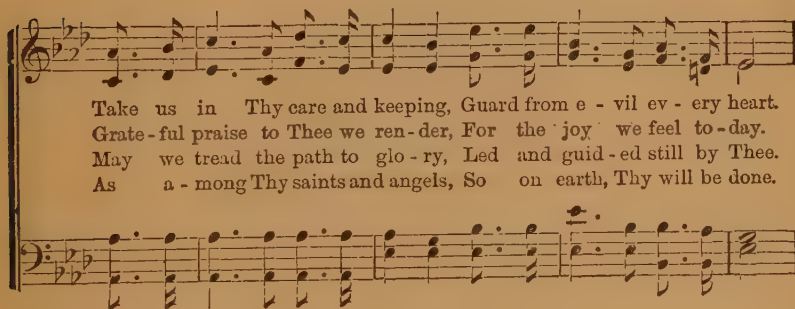
"The blessing of the Lord be upon you."—Ps. 129: 8.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

Rev. R. LOWRY, by per.

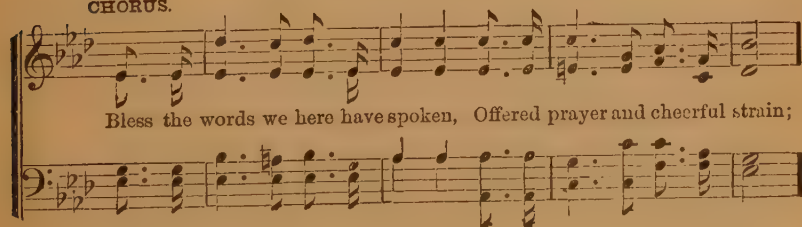


1. Heavenly Father, we beseech Thee, Grant Thy blessing ere we part;  
 2. Lov-ing Saviour, go Thou with us, Be our comfort and our stay;  
 3. Ho-ly Spir-it, dwell within us, May our souls Thy temple be;  
 4. Heavenly Father, Lov-ing Saviour, Ho-ly Spir-it, Three in One,

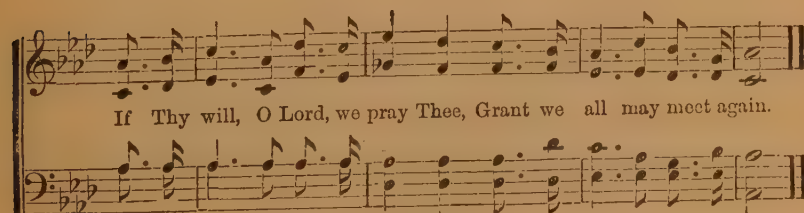


Take us in Thy care and keeping, Guard from e-vil ev-ery heart.  
 Grate-ful praise to Thee we ren-der, For the joy we feel to-day.  
 May we tread the path to glo-ry, Led and guid-ed still by Thee.  
 As a-mong Thy saints and angels, So on earth, Thy will be done.

CHORUS.



Bless the words we here have spoken, Offered prayer and cheerful strain;



If Thy will, O Lord, we pray Thee, Grant we all may meet again.

# No. 318.

# Mercy's Free. (G. H. 3-97.)

R. JUKES.

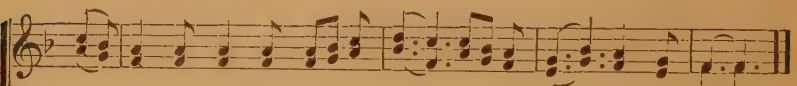
From D. F. E. AUBER.



1. { By faith I view my Saviour dy-ing, On the tree, On the tree; }  
 { To ev-ery na-tion He is cry-ing, Look to me, Look to me; }



He bids the guilty now draw near, Repent, believe, dismiss their fear:



Hark, hark, what precious words I hear, Mercy's free, Mercy's free.



2 Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,  
 Pity me, Pity me?  
 And did He snatch my soul from ruin?  
 Can it be, Can it be?  
 Oh, yes! He did salvation bring;  
 He is my Prophet, Priest, and King;  
 And now my happy soul can sing,  
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

3 Jesus my weary soul refreshes;  
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.  
 And every moment Christ is precious  
 Unto me, Unto me;  
 None can describe the bliss I prove,  
 While through this wilderness I rove,  
 All may enjoy the Saviour's love,  
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

4 Long as I live, I'll still be crying,  
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.  
 And this shall be my theme when dying,  
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.  
 And when the vale of death I've passed,  
 When lodged above the stormy blast,

I'll sing, while endless ages last,  
 Mercy's free, Mercy's free.

## No. 319. Tune—MEAR. C. M. (G. H. 3-98.)

Key F.

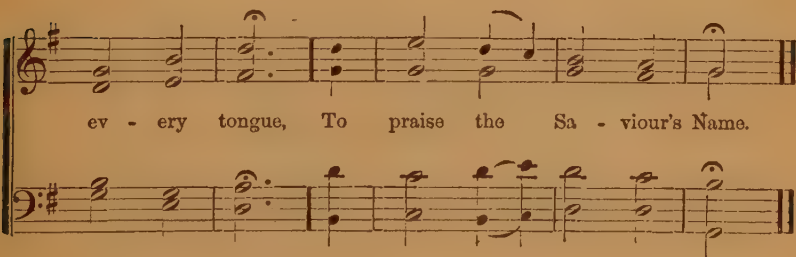
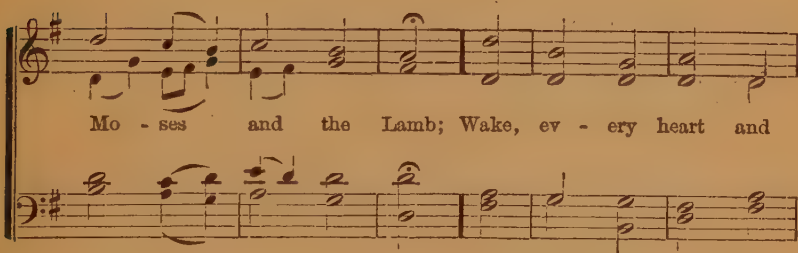
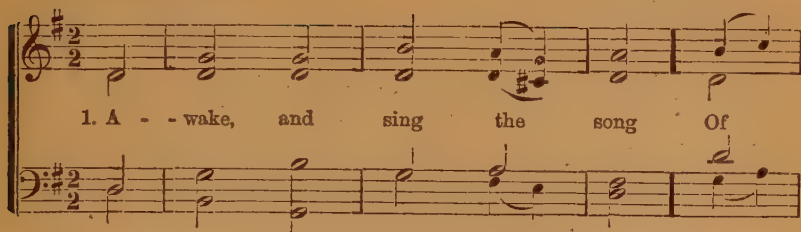
- 1 Spirit of truth, oh let me know  
 The love of Christ to me;  
 Its conquering quickening power bestow,  
 To set me wholly free.
- 2 I long to know its depth and height,  
 To scan its breath and length;  
 Drink in its ocean of delight,  
 And triumph in its strength.
- 3 It is Thine office to reveal  
 My Saviour's wond'rous love;  
 Oh, deepen on my heart Thy seal,  
 And bless me from above.
- 4 Thy quickening power to me impart,  
 And be my constant Guide;  
 With richer gladness fill my heart;  
 Be Jesus glorified.

ANON



Rev. WM. HAMMOND.

Arr. by AARON WILLIAMS.



- 2 Sing of His dying love;  
Sing of His risen power;  
Sing how He intercedes above  
For those whose sins He bore.
- 3 Ye pilgrims, on the road  
To Zion's city, sing;  
Rejoice ye in the Lamb of God, —  
In Christ, th'eternal King.
- 4 There shall each raptured tongue  
His endless praise proclaim;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

### No. 321. Tune—DUKE STREET. L. M. (G. H. 3-101.)

- 1 From all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung,  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends Thy word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to  
shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

ISAAC WATTS.

**No. 322.** Tune—WARD. L. M.  
(G. H. 3-104.)

1 Jesus, and shall it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?  
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine thro' endless days?

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;  
He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus, that dear Friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!  
No, when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere His Name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fear to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then, nor is my boasting vain,  
Till then I boast a Saviour slain;  
And O, may this my glory be,  
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

JOSEPH GRIGG.

**No. 323.** Tune—WINDHAM. L. M.  
(G. H. 3-105.)

1 Stay, Thou insulted Spirit, stay,  
'Tho' I have done Thee such despite,  
Cast not the sinner quite away,  
Nor take Thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have most unfaithful been  
Of all who e'er Thy grace received;  
Ten thousand times Thy goodness seen,  
Ten thousand times Thy goodness  
grieved.

3 Yet O, the chief of sinners spare,  
In honor of my great High Priest;  
Nor in Thy righteous anger swear  
I shall not see Thy people's rest.

4 O Lord, my weary soul release,  
Upraise me by Thy gracious hand;  
Guide me into Thy perfect peace,  
And bring me to the promised land.

CHARLES WESLEY.

**No. 324.** Tune—ST. THOMAS. S. M.  
(G. H. 3-106.)

1 O Holy Spirit come,  
And Jesus' love declare;  
Oh, tell us of our heavenly home,  
And guide us safely there.

2 Our unbelief remove  
By Thine almighty breath;  
Oh, work the wondrous work of love,  
The mighty work of faith.

3 Come with resistless power,  
Come with almighty grace,  
Come with the long-expected shower,  
And fall upon this place.

OSWALD ALLEN.

**No. 325.** Tune—NO. 1, NO. 119.  
(G. H. 3-108.)

1 Come every joyful heart,  
That loves the Saviour's name!  
Your noblest powers exert  
To celebrate His fame;  
Tell all above, and all below,  
The debt of love to Him we owe.

2 He left His starry crown,  
And laid His robes aside;  
On wings of love came down,  
And wept, and bled, and died;  
What He endured, no tongue can tell,  
To save our souls from death and hell.

3 From the dark grave He rose—  
The mansion of the dead;  
And thence His mighty foes  
In glorious triumph led;  
Up thro' the sky the Conqueror rode,  
And reigns on high the Saviour God.

4 From thence He'll quickly come—  
His chariot will not stay—  
And bear our spirits home  
To realms of endless day;  
There shall we see His lovely face,  
And ever be in His embrace.

SAMUEL STENNET.

**No. 326.** LOOKING HOME. (G. H. 3-122.)  
Tune—BRADBURY TRIO, p. 160.

1 Ah, this heart is void and chill,  
'Mid earth's noisy thronging;  
For my Father's mansion, still  
Earnestly, I'm longing.

CHO.—Looking home, looking home,  
T'wards the heavenly mansion,  
Jesus hath prepared for me,  
In His Father's kingdom.

2 Soon the glorious day will dawn,  
Heavenly pleasures bringing;  
Night will be exchanged for morn,  
Sighs give place to singing.

3 Oh, to be at home, and gain  
All for which we're sighing;  
From all earthly want and pain  
To be swiftly flying.

4 Blessed home! oh, blessed home!  
There no moie to sever;  
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C. J. T. SPITAL

**Titles in Small Caps.—First Lines in Roman.**

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